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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

VII.

I HAVE given the whole story here as though it had been thought out and written that Sunday afternoon which brought me good news of Juste Duvarney and the sweet messages from his sister. But it was not so. I did not choose to break the run of the tale to tell of other things and of the passing of time. I made the story bit by bit, and learned it as I sat upon my couch, or walked back and forth—short travel—between it and the wall, that I might not tread down the blades of corn, which were become such a comfort to me. The making took me many, many weeks, and in all that time I had seen no face but Gabord's, and heard no voice but his, when he came twice a day to bring me bread and water, and stayed but a few moments each time. He was strangely silent, and would answer no questions at all concerning Juste Duvarney, or Voban, or Monsieur Doltaire, nor tell me anything of what was forward in the town. He had had his orders precise enough, he said, and he was set to keep to them. I would not entreat, but I approached him in many ways to win him to speak, talking of things to interest him as a soldier. I think he understood my motive, but he did not resent it, and he used to stand and watch me, with a quizzical but not ungenial glance; never, however, rising to the bait. At the end

of my hints and turnings and approaches, stretching himself up, and maybe touching the walls with his hand, or turning the corn about with his foot, but not crushing it, for he saw that I prized the poor little comrades, he would say:—

"Snug, snug, quiet and warm! The cosiest nest in the world. Rock-a-bye, beggar; nobody 'll find you here—aho!"

There was no coaxing him; he was inflexible when he so willed. I had not asked for paper on which to write my story, for I knew it would not be granted; and besides, I had no light save that from my pipe, for the torch lasted only a few days, and there was nothing to burn or give light save my field of corn, and I would not have burned that for a hundred days of light. But I had my tobacco, and with its burning bowl I could light a little space about me for a moment or so, though I could not waste my good comfort by smoking it so fast. With that resolution which might have fitted some momentous enterprise, I set my mind to see in the dark, and at the end of a month I was able to note the outlines of my dungeon; nay, more, I was able to see my field of corn; and at last what joy I had when, hearing a little rustle near me, I looked closely and beheld a mouse running across the floor! I straightway began to scatter crumbs of bread, that it might, perhaps, come near

me. I could not think that it had been here ever since I came; I fancied it had come in when Gabord opened the door. And yet I could not tell then, for it might have fed — it and its kind — for a long time upon the leaves of corn. There was nothing strange in its not having nibbled my bread, for this had lain on the board covering the earthen jar, and it could not climb the smooth sides of the vessel. But now I laid a piece of bread beside the jar to tempt my shy companion. I had had nothing but bread and water since I entered the dungeon, but I had not fretted because of that, for the bread was always sweet and the water pure, and there was my tobacco for stimulant — how often I thanked Gabord for fetching it!

I have not spoken at all of my wounds, though they gave me some painful hours, and I had no attendance but my own and Gabord's, which, I will say, was comforting and sensible. The wound in my side was long healing, for it was more easily disturbed as I turned in my sleep, while I could save my arm at all times, and it came on slowly.

I will not say that I was always cheerful as I lay there in my dark abode, for, as may be seen, I had much to try me. Then, before, even in my captivity, I had had good nourishing food and wine, and I had always been free, if not sumptuous, in my living. My wounds drew on my flesh, my blood, and my spirits, and to this was added that wearing disease inaction, that corrosion solitude, the fever of uncertainty and suspense as to Juste Duvarney and Alixe, the anxiety as to my fate, and the sorrow for our cause. There were hours when the tabernacle of flesh seemed too small for my fighting spirit, which beat and beat against it like a caged thing. I suffocated, and I felt my eyes staring wildly towards freedom, which presented itself to me always as light and sky and air and woods and streams. I have often noticed how the thing which we desire,

thinking upon it much as an abstract matter, though it be concrete, by some alchemy of the mind changes its real form to the form of our imagination. Maybe it is well so, else there were no permanent charm in life. I will not call it keeping our illusions; I will say it is throwing about the things we see the divinity of our souls, which at their worst preserve a love and desire for something: which is, therefore, imagination or sincere illusion.

I say that I felt like a caged thing. I feel now that I looked it. I have often fancied that I could, as it were, stand outside my living presence, and see and pity myself in a half-curious, unsentimental, even ironical way. I saw a pale cheek, a forehead shining with a cold sweat, and a hot eye, while my hair, almost white, waved about my head. I was perfectly visible to myself so, though, as you can see, it was but imagination.

I think I know what must have given me the idea. A year or so past, soon after Juste Duvarney came from Montreal, he brought in one day from hunting a young live hawk, and put it in a cage. When I came the next morning, Alixe met me, and asked me to see what he had brought. There, beside the kitchen door, overhung with morning-glories and flanked by hollyhocks, was a large green cage, and in it the gray-brown hawk. "Poor thing, poor prisoned thing!" Alixe said. "Look how strange and hunted it seems! See, oh see how its feathers stir! And those flashing, watchful eyes, they seem to read through you, and to say, Who are you? What do you want with me? Your world is not my world; your air is not my air; your homes are holes, and mine hangs high up between you and God. Who are you? Why do you pen me? You have shut me in that I may not travel, not even die out in the open world. All the world is mine; yours is only a stolen field. Who are you? What do you want with me? There is a fire within my head, it

eats to my eyes, and I burn away. The air blows in my cage, but it does not cool me; the moisture comes from the trees and grass, but my feathers are parched; the noise of the stirring leaves, the branches brushing the water, the stream trickling from the rock, the creak of the locust, the high call of the bobolink, trouble me in this cage, and I have no gladness in the flying clouds nor in the warm light of my father the sun. Who are you? What do you want with me?"

She did not speak these words all at once as I have written them here, but little by little, as we stood there beside the cage, talking. Yet, as she talked, her mind was on the bird, her fingers running up and down the cage bars soothingly. I was greatly charmed at her words. She ever had the beauty and the awe, ay, the sorrow of imagination, and I know full well that by it she opened up new powers of vision in my own heavier nature. She was full of fancies, and yet these had ever a deep meaning, though she did not guess their significance. And indeed, not often did I, till afterwards, sometimes long afterwards, such was the permanency of much she said.

At last I asked her, "Shall I set it free?"

She turned upon me and replied, "Ah, monsieur, I hoped you would — without my asking. You are a prisoner too," she added; "one captive should feel for another."

"And the freeman for both," I answered meaningly, as I softly opened the cage.

I think that was the first day that ever I touched upon this chord even faintly, which waking, and singing ever so little, sends the girl into the wide halcyon garden where are the bowers of which she never even dreamed. When that knowledge comes, it does so suddenly, and it is at once a revelation and a pain; for the joy of understanding, the sight of

the new world, brings sweet apprehensions. Rough soldier as I am, and little like to be versed in knowledge of women, I know I am not speaking wildly when I say that most women can point to the very day when a new world opened up to them, flushing their cheeks, putting a flying glory in their eyes, making happy weather about them, wherein they basked and trembled too.

When I spoke as I did, she did not drop her eyes, but raised them shining honestly to mine, and said, "I wished you to think that."

But when she had said it, something in my look, as I held open the door of the cage, caused her to turn her head away; and that moment the larger dream of life came to her: not from me, not through me, but from Life itself, which had been waiting for the moment when a sudden word should touch the hidden spring of womanhood, and let the tide in along the courses of her understanding.

I did not look again lest she should be confused, but stood apart, and, opening the cage door wide, called the little captive to freedom. But while we stood close by it would not stir, and the look in its eyes became wilder. I moved away, and Alixe followed me. Standing beside an old well, we waited and watched. Presently the hawk dropped from the perch, hopped to the door, then with a wild spring was gone, up, up, up, and was away over the maple woods beyond, lost in the sun and the good air.

I know not quite why I dwell on this scene, save that it throws some little light upon her nature, and shows how simple, and yet deep, she was in soul, and what was the fashion of our friendship. It was such things as this, such scenes coming out of memory to my thoughts again, revealing and charming, that made me dote upon her long before that day when, in the very thick of trouble, and facing peril to my life and fame, we spoke words which bound us close through

many and sore trials. But I can perhaps give a deeper insight of her character if I here set down the substance (I omit some trifling matters) of a letter which she wrote about that time. It was her custom to write her letters first in a book, and then copy them for posting. This she did that they might be an impulse to her friendships and a record of her feelings. This letter was written the year that Juste came home from Montreal. The words would have touched me, if I had seen them in those dark days of mine; they touch me now, for I see that warm, living face bend over the paper, and the bright eyes that flashed wit into the written words, the dear fingers that traced the small, firm writing. It all speaks to me out of her youth — and mine. Dangers passed, honors won, many fightings over, large duties of long years accomplished, with blood as warm as then, but less of it in my veins — one of those days out of her excellent youth is worth a thousand others in my memory. Pass on, pass on, industrious and venturesome years, fightings and vexings and hopings and losings and desirings and attainings; leave me alone with the gallant-hearted maid who gave a tempered glory to my life from the splendor of her own. But then I forget: this record is for the world to read when I am gone, and few will be patient with the flickering reveries of a vain old man, though even yet his arm is strong and his heart light.

But here is her letter: —

ALIXE DUVARNEY TO LUCIE LOTBINIÈRE.

QUEBEC CITY, the 10th of May, 1756.

MY DEAR LUCIE, — I wish I knew how to tell you all I have been thinking since we parted at the door of the Ursulines, a year ago. Then we were going to meet again in a few weeks, and now twelve months have gone. How have I spent them? Not wickedly, I hope, and yet sometimes I wonder if Mère St. George would quite approve of me; for

I have such wild spirits now and then, and I shout and sing in the woods and along the river as if I were a mad youngster home from school. But indeed, that is the way I feel at times, though again I am so quiet that I am frightened of myself, and shrink when I look in the glass. I am a hawk to-day and a dove to-morrow, and I am fond of pleasure all the time. Ah, what good days I have had with Juste! You remember him before he went to Montreal? He is gay, full of fancies, as brave as can be, and plays and sings well, but he is very hot-headed, and likes to be the tyrant. I will not let him be so, it is not good for him or me either, and so we have some bad quarter-hours now and then. But we love each other better for it; he respects me, and he does not get spoiled, as you will see when you come to us — and you *are* coming, are you not?

I have had no society yet. My mother thinks sixteen years too few to warrant my going into the gay world. I wonder will my wings be any stronger, will there be less danger of scorching them, at twenty-six? Years do not make us wise; one may be as wise at twenty as at fifty. And they do not save us from the scorching. I know more than they guess how cruel the world may be to the innocent as to the other. One cannot live within sight of the Intendant's palace and the Château St. Louis without learning many things; and, for myself, though I hunger for all the joys of life, I do not fret because my mother holds me back from the gay doings in the town. I have my long walks, my fishing and rowing, and sometimes hunting, with Juste and my sweet sister Georgette, my drawing, painting, music, and needlework; and, more, I have my housework. My mother insists that I must know all things to be done in a house, though I may never have to do things in my own — if I ever have one, which I do not expect. Yes, dear, I mean that, though I would not have you think me silly in saying so.

But I enjoy nearly all that I do. You should see me hunting with Juste. I can bring down a pigeon or a duck; I can land a bass of four pounds — and a bass is a strong fighter; and my apple jelly, my corn cakes, and my toasted chicken, even Juste says, are full of relish.

Yet I do not know quite why, but I am not entirely happy. Do you ever feel as if there were some sorrow far back in you, which now and then rushed in and flooded your spirits, and then drew back, and you could not give it a name? Well, that is the way with me. Yesterday, as I stood in the kitchen beside our old cook Joyce, she said a kind word to me, and my eyes filled, and I ran up to my room, and burst into tears as I lay upon my bed. I could not help it. I thought at first it was because of the poor hawk that Captain Stobo and I set free yesterday morning; but it could not have been that, for it was *free* when I cried. You know how kind and brave a gentleman Captain Stobo is, — you have seen him; well, it seemed to me he never showed better than when he pitied the poor hawk and set it free. It was a little thing, but big things may come from the head, while little ones come from the heart. You know, of course, that he saved my father's life, some years ago? That is one reason why he has been used so well in Quebec, for otherwise no one would have lessened the rigors of his captivity. But there are tales that he is too curious about our government and state, and so he may be kept close jailed, though he only came here as a hostage. He is much at our home, and sometimes walks with Juste and me and Georgette, and accompanies my mother in the streets. All this is not to the liking of the notorious Intendant, who loves not my father, because he is such a friend of our cousin the Governor, who, as you know, opposes the Intendant often; and, if their lives and characters be anything to the point, the Governor must be right.

In truth, things are in a sad way here,

for there is robbery on every hand, and who can tell what the end may be? Perhaps that we go to the English, after all. Monsieur Doltaire — you do not know him, I think — says, "If the English eat us, as they swear they will, they'll die of megrims, our affairs are so indigestible." At another time he said, "Better to be English than to be damned." And when some one asked him what he meant, he said, "Is it not read from the altar, 'Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man'? The English trust nobody, and we trust the English." That was aimed at Captain Stobo, who was present, and I felt it a cruel thing for him to say; but Captain Stobo, smiling at the ladies, said, "Better to be French and damned than not to be French at all." And this pleased Monsieur Doltaire, who does not love him. I know not why, but there are vague whispers that he is acting against the Englishman for causes best known at Versailles, which have nothing to do with our affairs here. I do believe that Monsieur Doltaire would rather hear a clever thing than get ten thousand francs. His face lights up, he is at once on his mettle, his eyes look almost fiendishly beautiful. He is a handsome man, but he is wicked, and I do not think he has one little sense of morals. I do not suppose he would stab a man in the back, or remove his neighbor's landmark in the night, though he'd rob him of it in open daylight, and call it "enterprise," a usual word with him.

He is a favorite with Madame Cournal, who influences Bigot most, and one day we may see the boon companions at each other's throats; and if either falls, I hope it may be Bigot, for Monsieur Doltaire is, at least, no robber. Indeed, we all know that he is kind to the poor in a disdainful sort of way. He gives to them and scoffs at them at the same moment; a bad man, with just enough natural kindness to make him dangerous. I have not seen much of the world, but some things we know by instinct; we feel them; and

I often wonder if that is not the way we know everything in the end. Sometimes when I take my long walks, and maybe go and sit beside the Falls of Montmorenci, looking out to the great city on the great Heights, to dear Orleans, where we have our pretty villa (we are to go there next week for three months — happy summer months), up at the blue sky and into the deep woods, I have strange feelings, which afterwards become thoughts; and sometimes they fly away like butterflies, but oftener they stay with me, and I give them a little garden to roam in — you can guess where. Now and then I call them out of the garden and make them speak, and then I set down what they say in my journal; but I think they like their garden best. You remember the song we used to sing at school?

“Where do the stars grow, little Garaine?

The garden of moons, is it far away?

The orchard of suns, my little Garaine,

Will you take us there some day?”

“If you shut your eyes,” quoth little Garaine,

‘I will show you the way to go

To the orchard of suns, and the garden of moons,

And the field where the stars do grow.

“But you must speak soft,” quoth little Garaine,

‘And still must your footsteps be,

For a great bear prowls in the field of the stars,

And the moons they have men to see.

“And the suns have the Children of Signs to guard,

And they have no pity at all;

You must not stumble, you must not speak,

When you come to the orchard wall.

“The gates are locked,” quoth little Garaine,

‘But the way I am going to tell?

The key of your heart it will open them all:

And there’s where the darlings dwell.”

You may not care to read these lines again, but it helps to show what I mean: that everything is in the heart, and that nothing is at all if we do not feel it. Sometimes I have spoken of these things to my mother, but she does not see as

I do. I dare not tell my father all I think, and Juste is so much a creature of moods that I am never sure whether he will be sensible and kind, or scoff. One cannot bear to be laughed at. And as for my sister, she never thinks; she only lives; and she looks it — looks beautiful. Have you not noticed that people who think much never have good complexions? If they have beauty, it comes from other things. But there, dear Lucie, I must not tire you with my childish philosophy, though I feel no longer a child. You would not know your friend. I cannot tell what has come over me. *Voilà!*

To-morrow we go to visit General Montcalm, who has just arrived in the colony. Bigot and his gay set are not likely to be there. My mother insists that I shall never darken the doors of his palace. Both on the public and on the private side of his character he is impossible, my mother says; for she is always thinking of that cheating King’s magazine which the people call *La Friponne*, and of some homes here which will never be happy again because of him.

Do you still hold to your former purpose of keeping a daily journal? If so, I beg you to copy into it this epistle and your answer; and when I go up to your dear turreted manor house at Portneuf next summer, we will read over our letters and other things set down, and gossip of the changes come since we met last. I long to meet you by the gay *Chaudière* among the noble elms. Do sketch the old place for me (as will I our new villa on dear *Isle Orleans*), and make interest with the good *curé* to bring it to me with your letter, since there are no posts, no postmen, yet between here and Portneuf. The *curé* most kindly bears this to you, and says he will gladly be our messenger. Yesterday he said to me, shaking his head in a whimsical way, “But no treason, mademoiselle, and no heresy or schism.” I am not quite sure what he meant. I dare hardly think he

had Captain Stobo in his mind. I would not for the world so lessen my good opinion of him as to think him suspicious of me when no other dare; and so I put his words down to chance hitting, to a humorous fancy.

Be sure, dear Lucie, I shall not love you less for giving me a prompt answer. Tell me of what you are thinking and what doing. If Juste can be spared from the Governor's establishment, may I bring him with me next summer? He is a difficult, sparkling sort of fellow, but you are so steady-tempered, so full of tact, getting your own way so quietly and cleverly, that I am sure I should find plenty of straw for the bricks of my house of hope, my castle in Spain.

Do not give too much of my share of thy heart elsewhere, and continue to think me, my dear Lucie, thy friend, loyal and loving,

ALIXE DUVARNEY.

P. S. Since the above was written we have been to the General's. Both Monsieur Doltaire and Captain Stobo were there, but neither took much note of me, — Monsieur Doltaire not at all. Those two either hate each other lovingly, or love hatefully, I know not which, they are so biting, yet so friendly to each other's cleverness, though their style of word-play is so different: Monsieur Doltaire's like a bodkin-point, Captain Stobo's like a musket-stock a-clubbing, but not wanting for all that. Be not surprised to see the British at our gates any day. Though we shall beat them back, I shall feel no less easy because I have a friend in the enemy's camp. You may guess who. Do not smile. *He is old enough to be my father.* He said so himself six months ago.

ALIXE.

VIII.

Gabord, coming in to me one day after I had lain down to sleep, said, "See, m'sieu' the dormouse, 't is holiday-eve; the King's sport comes to-morrow."

I sat up in bed with a start, for I knew not but that my death had been decided on without trial; and yet on second thought I was sure this could not be, for every rule of military conduct was against it. Besides, it would not be like my jailer to use such brutal words if death were intended, for he had a human heart, and also, I think, a feeling of kindness for me.

"Whose holiday?" asked I after a moment; "and what is King's sport?"

He laughed. "Holiday for the dormouse, which is sport for the King — aho!" answered he.

I knew that I must let him take his own time.

"'T is snug and tight here, too," he added, looking round. "Dry, dry as a bone. Why should dickey-bird wing away?"

"'T was dormouse a minute ago," said I complacently.

"'T will be a bear in the streets to-morrow," he retorted; "we lead you by a rope, and you dance the quickstep to please our ladies."

"A ring through the nose, too?" droned I.

"And nuts and sugar when dancing's done," answered he in good humor, slapping his leg.

"Is that all?" asked I. "No more sport for the King!"

"That's the procession!" he roared; "the play comes on at the Château. They bring the bear to the drumhead."

"Who sits behind the drum?" questioned I.

"The Marquis de Vaudreuil," he replied, "the Intendant, and the little masters." By these last he meant officers of the marines, the colonial soldiery.

So then, at last I was to be tried, to be dealt with definitely on the abominable charge. I should at least again see light and breathe fresh air, and feel about me the stir of the world. For a long year I had heard no voice but my own and Gabord's, had had no friends

but my pale blades of corn and a timid mouse, day after day no light at all; and now winter was at hand again, and without fire and with poor food my body was chilled and starved. I had had no news of the world, nor of her who was dear to me, nor of Juste Duvarney save that he lived, nor of our cause. But succeeding the thrill of delight I had at thought of seeing the open world again there came a feeling of lassitude, of indifference; I shrank from the jar of activity. I had been sunk so long in a kind of stupor of body that action now brought with it a sort of timorousness. I felt all this while Gabord stood there waiting for me to speak. How insidious is disease! The mind and body fade, and we do not know it till we are called upon in some exigent moment, and where the robust picture stood there is only a pale image. But I think that through it all I had kept a cheerful spirit and manner, and had never shown to my rough jailer a shaking courage.

So now I got upon my feet, and with a little air of drollery straightened out my clothes and flicked a handkerchief across my gaiters. Then I twisted my head over my shoulder as if I were noting the shape of my back and the set of my clothes in a mirror, and thrust a leg out in the manner of an exquisite. I had need to do some mocking thing at the moment, or I should have given way to tears like a woman, so suddenly weak had I become.

Gabord burst out laughing. "Dickey-bird dusts his down, but feathers are few in his tail."

An idea came to me. "I must be fine to-morrow," was my remark. "I must not shame my jailer." At that I rubbed my beard. I had none when I came into this dungeon first.

"Aho!" said he, his eyes wheeling. "Aho!"

I knew he understood me. I did not speak, but went on running my fingers through my beard.

"As vain as Absalom," he added. "Do you think they 'll hang you by the hair?"

"I 'd have it off," said I, "to be clean for the sacrifice."

"Voban?" asked he.

"Voban," answered I, "if I may."

"You had Voban before," he rejoined; "we know what happened,—a dainty bit of a letter all rose-lily scented, and comfits for the soldier. The pretty wren perches now in the Governor's house—a-cousining, a-cousining. Think you it is that she may get a glimpse of m'sieu' the dormouse as he comes to trial? No, oh no! But 't is no business o' mine; and if I bring my prisoner up when called for, there's duty done!"

I saw the friendly spirit in the words. I guessed that Alixe had been with him lately, had influenced him, and I felt that he would not divulge this thing—which was for her good as my own. I even dared hope that he had a message for me, and I waited, but he said nothing. Then again light dawned on me. Perhaps they would let him fetch Voban to me, and in that case Voban might secretly give me the message which he himself would not. So I essayed that point.

"Voban," asked I, "may come to me?"

"The Intendant said no, but the Governor yes," was the reply; "and that Monsieur Doltair is not yet come from Montreal, so he had no voice. They look for him here to-morrow."

"What is he doing in Montreal?"

Gabord shrugged his shoulders.

Then a thought came to me. He was there to work upon my fellow-hostage, Van Braam; perhaps to bribe him to go to Williamsburg and steal my papers, freedom and money his reward. That thought came to me with great force, and it proved right, as afterwards I knew. But Van Braam was loyal, and no thief.

I guessed again I had to thank Alixe

for this matter of Voban : she had suggested it to Gabord, and he had brought it before the Governor and Bigot as if it were his own thought. I am glad that never for a moment had I doubted her constancy and love. She was working, and, as I came to know later, with so great skill and carefulness that no one ever guessed her real interest in me, — she blinded even Doltaire, — but rather loved to scoff at my condition, and to laugh at my English roughness, though she confessed that, for her father's sake, she had treated me with gay courtesy always because I had some humor. I say no one suspected ; but there were three, Gabord, Voban, and Mathilde. Yet each of these could be trusted ; they were all under the spell that charmed me.

"Voban may come ?" I asked again.

"At daybreak," answered Gabord. "There's milk and honey to-morrow," he added, and then, without a word, he drew forth from his coat, and hurriedly thrust into my hands, a piece of meat and a small flask of wine, and, swinging round like a schoolboy afraid of being caught in a misdemeanor, he passed through the door with a double *aho*, and the bolts clanged after him. As if forgetfully, he had left the torch behind him, stuck in the cleft of the wall.

I sat down on my couch, and for a moment almost vacantly gazed at the meat and wine in my hands. I had not touched either for a year, and now I could see that my fingers, as they closed on the food nervously, were thin and bloodless, and it came home to me that my clothes hung loose upon my person. Here were light, meat, and wine, and there was a piece of bread on the board covering my water-jar. Luxury was spread before me, but although I had eaten little all day I was not hungry. Presently, however, I took the knife which I had hidden a year before, and cut pieces of the meat and laid them by the bread. Then I drew the cork

from the bottle of wine, and, lifting it towards that face which was always visible to my soul, I drank — drank — drank ! Never shall I forget how that rich liquor swam through my veins like glorious fire. It wakened my brain and nerved my body. The old spring of life came back ; I had not only courage, I had nerve and strength. I knew it then : this wine had come from the hands of Alixe, — from the Governor's store, maybe ; for never could Gabord have got such stuff. I ate heartily of the rich beef and bread, ate it all with a new-made appetite, and drank the rest of the wine. It should be a feast. I would not think of to-morrow ; this would give me sleep, and some little strength and vigor for my trial. So, when I had eaten and drunk the last, I sat and looked at the glowing torch, and felt a sort of comfort creep through me. Then there came a delightful thought. Months ago I had put away one last pipeful of tobacco, to save it till some day when I should need it most. I got it, and no man can guess how lovingly I held it to a flying flame of the torch, saw it light, and blew out the first whiff of smoke into the sombre air ; for November was piercing this underground house of mine, winter was at hand. I sat and smoked, and — can you not guess my thoughts ? For have you not the same heart, being British born and bred ? When I had taken the last whiff, I wrapped myself in my cloak and went to sleep. But twice or thrice during the night I waked to see the torch still shining, and caught the fragrant smell of burning pine, and minded not at all the smoke the burning made.

IX.

I was wakened at last completely by the shooting of bolts. With the opening of the door I saw two figures, Gabord and Voban. My friend the mouse saw them also, and scampered from the

bread it had been eating, away among the corn, through which my footsteps had now made two rectangular paths, not disregarded by Gabord, who pulled Voban into the narrow track, with the words, "Ware! 'T is harvest, barber; we fling the flail to-day."

I rose, showed no particular delight at seeing Voban, but greeted him easily, — though my heart was bursting to ask him of Alixe, — and arranged my clothes. Presently Gabord said, "You'll need stools, barber," and, wheeling, he left the dungeon. He was gone but an instant, and I suppose I never shall know whether his going was of purpose, — that is, to give me one minute alone with Voban, — but it was long enough for Voban to thrust a letter into my hand, which I ran into the lining of my waistcoat as I whispered, "Her brother — he is well?"

"Well, and he have go to France," he answered. "She make me say, look to the round window in the Château front."

We spoke in English — which, as I have said, Voban understood imperfectly — that Gabord might not know if he should chance to hear. There was nothing more said, and if Gabord, when he returned, suspected, he showed no sign, but put down two stools, seating himself on one, as I seated myself on the other for Voban's handiwork. It proceeded silently for a time, but at last I said to Gabord, "At what hour do I go forth, monsieur?"

"At ten o'clock; and after you've danced in the streets, the Château St. Louis at eleven," answered he.

"From now till ten I sit adorned and wait?" asked I.

"From barber-time to ten you breakfast," said he.

There was to-day more elasticity in the orders given him, and I was to breakfast, which I had not done for a year. I conjured up a score of delicacies, and already, in anticipation, I sniffed a cup

of hot coffee. Even as I thought it there were footsteps without, and a soldier appeared with a cup of coffee on a tray. Gabord rose, took it from him, waved him away, and handed it to me. Never did coffee taste so sweet, and I sipped and sipped till Voban had ended his work with me. I drained the last drop and stood up. He handed me a mirror, and Gabord, fetching a fine white handkerchief from his pocket, said, "Here's for your tears, when they drum you to heaven."

Good soldier, how I thanked him in my heart, though I said little then! He had ever done what he could to ease my miserable state, and it was long afterwards I knew that through him, and through him only, was it I had not been loaded down with irons, though, as I said, he would have killed me instantly if I had tried to evade his vigilance.

But when I saw my face in the mirror, I confess I was startled. My hair, which had been black, was plentifully sprinkled with white, my face was intensely pale and thin, and the eyes were sunk in dark hollows, but I do not think they looked hunted or afraid. I should not have recognized myself. But I laughed as I handed back the glass, and said, "All flesh is grass, but a dungeon's no good meadow."

"'T is for the reaped corn," Gabord answered, "'t is for the dry chaff, not young grass — aho!"

With that he rose and made ready to leave, Voban with him. "The commissariat camps here in an hour or so," he said, with a ripe chuckle.

It was clear the new state of affairs was more to his mind than the last year's rigor and silence. It seemed to me strange then, and it has seemed so ever since, that during all that time I never was visited by Doltaire but once, and of that event I am going to write here briefly.

He came in with Gabord about two

months before this particular morning, and greeted me courteously enough, and Gabord left us alone. He leaned against the wall, near the torch, and I sat down on my couch.

"Close quarters here," said he, looking round as if the place were new to him. He was smiling to himself as he spoke.

"Not so close as we all come to one day," said I.

"Dismal comparison!" he rejoined. "You've lost your spirits."

"Not so," I retorted; "nothing but my liberty."

"You know the way to find it quickly," he suggested.

"The letters for La Pompadour?" I asked.

"A dead man's waste papers," he responded: "of no use to him, or you, or any one save the Grande Marquise."

"Valuable to me," said I.

"Not so; none but the Grande Marquise and the writer would give you a penny for them."

"Why should I not be my own merchant?"

"You can—to me. If not to me, to no one. You had your chance long ago, and you refused it. You must admit I dealt fairly with you. I did not move till you had set your own trap and fallen into it. Now, if you do not give me the letters—well, you will give them to no one else in this world. It has been a fair game, and I am winning now. I've only used means which one gentleman might use with another. Had you been a lesser man, I would have had you spitted long ago. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But since we have played so long, do you think I'll give you the stakes now—before the end?"

"It would be wiser," he answered thoughtfully.

"I have a nation behind me," urged I.

"It has left you in a hole here to rot."

"It will take over your citadel and dig me out some day," I retorted hotly.

"What good that? Your life is more to you than Quebec to England."

"No, no," said I quickly; "I would give my life a hundred times to see your flag hauled down!"

"A freakish ambition," he replied, "mere infatuation."

"You do not understand it, Monsieur Doltaire," I remarked ironically.

"I love not endless puzzles. There is no sport in following a maze that leads to nowhere save the grave." He yawned. "This air is heavy," he added; "you must find it trying."

"Never as trying as at this moment," I retorted.

"Come, am I so malarious?"

"You are a trickster," said I coldly.

"Ah, you mean that night at Bigot's?" He smiled. "No, no, you were to blame—so green. You might have known we were for having you between the stones."

"But it did not come out as you wished?" hinted I.

"It served my turn," he responded; and he gave me such a smiling, malicious look that I knew he was thinking of Alixe, that he sought to convey he had his way with her; and though I felt that she was true to me, that she had thrown him off the scent so that he had no thought of the real nature of things between us, his cool presumption so stirred me I could have struck him in the face. I got angrily to my feet. As I did so I shrank a little, for at times the wound in my side, not yet entirely healed, hurt me.

"You are not well," he said, with instant show of curiosity; "your wounds still trouble you? They should be healed. Gabord was told to see you cared for."

"Gabord has done well enough," I answered. "I have had wounds before, monsieur."

He leaned against the wall and laughed. "What braggarts you English are!" he said. "A race of swashbucklers—even on bread and water!"

He had me at advantage, and I knew it, for he had kept his temper. I made an effort. "Both excellent," rejoined I, "and English too."

He laughed again. "Come, that is better. That's in your old vein. I love to see you so. But how knew you our baker was English?—which he is, a prisoner like yourself."

"As easily as I could tell the water was not made by Frenchmen."

"Now I have hope of you," he broke out gayly. "You will yet redeem your nation."

Just at that moment Gabord came with a message from the Governor to Doltaire, and he prepared to go.

"You are set on sacrifice?" he asked. "Think—dangling from Cape Diamond."

"I will think of your fate instead," I sent back at him.

"Think!" he said again, waving off my reply with his hand. "The letters I shall no more ask for. And you will not escape death!"

"Never," said I.

"So? Very good. *Au plaisir*, my captain. I go to dine at the Seigneur Duvarney's."

With that last thrust he was gone, and left me wondering if the Seigneur had ever made an effort to see me, if he had forgiven the duel with his son.

That was the incident.

When Gabord and Voban were gone, leaving the light behind, I went over to where the torch stuck in the wall, and drew Alixe's letter from my pocket with eager fingers. It told the whole story of her heart. I do not need to turn to it to set it down. I have it as it fastened on my brain then.

CHÂTEAU ST. LOUIS, 27th November, 1757.

Though I write you these few words, dear Robert, I do not know that they will reach you, for as yet it is not certain they will let Voban visit you; and

if he does, it may be there will be no chance to pass it to you; but I pray for good success, even as I pray every day for your release. Oh, how long, how long these months have been! A year, dear friend, and not a word from you, and not a word to you. I should have broken my heart if I had not heard how you were. Oh, Robert, and they have kept you on bread and water, and they say you are much worn in body, though you have always a cheerful air. There are stories of a visit Monsieur Doltaire paid you, and how you jested. He hates you, and yet he admires you, too, as well he might, for are you not the bravest and best of men?

And now listen, Robert, while I tell you something; and I beg you not to be angry—oh, do not be angry, for I am all yours. But I want to tell you that I have not repulsed Monsieur Doltaire when he has spoken flatteries to me. I have not believed them, and I have kept my spirits strong against his wicked presence. I have done it for your sake, and you must not scold or grieve. I want to get you free of prison, and to that end I have to work through him with the Intendant, that he will not set the Governor more against you. With the Intendant himself I will not deal at all: is not his foulness always before me in Mathilde? And so I use the lesser villain, and in truth the more powerful, for he stands higher at Versailles than any here. With the Governor I have influence, for he is, as you may know, a kinsman of my mother's, and of late he has shown a fondness for me. Yet you can see that I must act most warily, that I must not seem to care for you, for that would be your complete undoing. I rather seem to scoff. (Oh, how it hurts me! how my cheeks tingle when I think of it alone! and how I clench my hands, hating them all so for oppressing you!)

I do not believe their slanders—that you are a spy. It is I, Robert, who

have at last induced the Governor to try you. They would have put it off till next year, but I feared you would die in that awful dungeon, and I was sure that if they brought you to trial there would be a change, as there is to be for a time, at least. You are to be lodged in the common jail during the trial; and so that is one step gained. Yet, good, good friend of my soul, I had to use all manner of device to get the Governor to bring you to trial now. He is sometimes so playful with me that I can pretend to sulkiness; and so one day I said that he showed no regard for our family or for me in not bringing you, who had near killed my brother, to justice. So he consented, and being of a stubborn nature, too, when Monsieur Doltaire and the Intendant opposed the trial, he said it should come off at once. But there is one thing that grieves me so: they are to have you marched through the streets of the town like any common criminal, and I dare show no distress nor plead, nor can my father, though he wishes to move for you in this; and I dare not urge him, for then it would seem strange the daughter asked your punishment, and the father sought to lessen it.

Ah, Robert, my part is not an easy one, but I do not despair — no, not a whit; my heart is brave, for my desire for your well-being is so strong. I never cease to think of you, and to work in your behalf; and though your escape to your own country would leave me here alone, yet I work for that, though I never should see you again. If I never did, you would not forget me, would you? I could bear separation, but not to be forgotten; for I am a woman, — a weak girl, you will say, — and remembrance to a woman is solace for her misery and trouble.

Voban is my faithful servant — he is grateful for my care of Mathilde; and she is better, thank God, a little better. When I think how her life has been sacrificed to the Intendant's wickedness, I

feel I could do anything to bring about his punishment. But alas! the wicked flourish, and the good are cast down.

When you are in the common jail it will be much easier to help you. I have seen Gabord, but he is not to be bent to any purpose, though he is kind to me. I shall try once more to have him take some wine and meat to you to-night, for I would not have you seem even weak in body before your enemies to-morrow. If I fail, then I shall only pray that you may be given strength in body for your time of trouble equal to your courage. I shall see you to-morrow as you pass to trial. Think, Robert, of my sadness at that moment — I housed, comfortable, free, heaped-up favors about me, visiting in the house of your judge, who will not spare you if he can help it, yet must I remain silent, must not weep nor show distress, must seem anxious for your condemnation. Alas! yet I had rather be thus vexed and troubled loving and serving you than to be without the sacred presence of a perilous but tried affection.

It may be I can fix upon a point where you may look to see me as you pass to-morrow to the Château. There must be a sign. If you will put your hand to your forehead — But no, they may bind you, and your hands may not be free. When you see me, pause in your step for an instant, and I shall know. I will tell Voban where you shall send your glance, if he is to be let in to you, and I hope that what I plan may not fail.

And so, Robert, adieu. Time cannot change me, and your misfortunes draw me closer to you. Only the dishonorable thing could make me close the doors of my heart, and I will not think you, whate'er they say, unworthy of my constant faith. Some day, maybe, we shall smile at, and even cherish, these sad times. Let us smile, though tears fall too. In this gay house I must be flip-pant, for I am now of the foolish world!

But under all the trivial sparkle a serious heart beats. It belongs to thee, if thou wilt have it, Robert, the heart of thy

ALIXE.

An hour after getting this comforting and blessed letter, Gabord came again, and with him breakfast — a word which I had almost dropped from my language. True, it was only in a dungeon, on a pair of stools, by the light of a torch, but how I relished it! — a bottle of good wine, a piece of broiled fish, the half of a fowl, and some tender vegetables. My spirits came up, as you may see a lark, hovering and rising, rising and hovering, and singing into the sun, till it is a speck in the hollow sky. I gave myself to pleasant thoughts, not jauntily, but with some hope and many blithe conjectures as to chances of escape from the common jail. I had no hope that I should be acquitted at my trial, though I would not think they could condemn me to death; but it might be they would return me to this dungeon to die of cold and silence and lack of nourishment. Yet I did not have the less relish for food because of that. I made as hearty a meal as you can think; and what should the end of it be but a pipeful of tobacco brought by Gabord, laid beside me with, “M’sieu’ the lion feeds. Good-by, dormouse and dickey-bird — ah!” and he was gone again on the instant.

So when he came for me with two soldiers, another hour later, — I say an hour, but I only guess so, for I had no way of noting time, — I was ready for new cares, and to see the world again. Before the others Gabord was the rough, almost brutal soldier, and soon I knew that I was to be driven, bound, out upon the St. Foye Road and on into the town. My arms were well flightered down, and I was tied about till I must have looked like a bale of living goods of no great value. Indeed, my clothes were by no means handsome, and save for my well-shaven face and clean handkerchief I

was an ill-favored spectacle; but I tried to bear my shoulders up as we stepped out of the dungeon, marched through dark reeking corridors, and presently came suddenly into lighted passages, and through a barred window I saw the sun.

I had to pause, for the light blinded my eyes, and they hurt me horribly, so delicate were the nerves. For some minutes I stood there, my guards stolidly waiting, Gabord muttering a little, and stamping upon the floor as in anger, though I knew he was merely playing a small part for his comrades. The pain in my eyes grew less, and, though they kept filling with moisture from the violence of the light, I soon could see without distress.

I am not able to forget the strange feeling that came when, after all these months, I saw the open world again. Stepping out of the citadel, I was led into the yard, where was drawn up a company of soldiers. Gabord bade me stand still in the centre of the yard where I was, and started towards the officers’ quarters. As he did so, I asked him if I might not walk to the ramparts and view the scene. He gruffly assented, bidding the men watch me closely, and I walked over to a point where, standing three hundred feet above the noble river, I could look out upon its sweet expanse, across to the Levis shore, with its serried legions of trees behind, and its bold settlement in front upon the Heights. There eastward lay the good Island of Orleans, glowing, as was the foliage far and near, with the exquisite coloring of the maple leaves, and over all the clear sun and sky, enlivened by a crisp and cheering air. Snow had fallen, but none now lay upon the ground, and I saw a rare and winning earth. At the moment I felt that, whatever came, I could endure it after feeling the blessed joy of this new discovery of the world. I stood absorbed. I was recalling that first day that I remember in my life, when at Balmore my grandfather made prophecies upon me, and I felt the world

about me for the first time — the original discovery, held by Memory, and handed by it to me in the hours of my trial. That record I should be able now to write down in the common jail. If they granted me the privilege of lodging there, they would probably not withhold from me pens, ink, and paper.

As I stood lost to everything save the delight of the excellent world about me, I heard Doltaire's voice behind, and presently he said over my shoulder, "To wish Captain Stobo a good-morning were superfluous!"

I smiled at him: the pleasure of that scene had given me an impulse towards good nature even with my enemies.

"The best I ever had," I answered quietly.

"Contrasts are life's delights," he said. "You should thank us. You have your best day because of our worst dungeon."

"But my thanks shall not be in words; you shall have the same courtesy at our hands one day."

"I had the Bastille for a year," he rejoined, calling up a squad of men with his finger as he spoke. "I have had my best day. Two would be monotony. You think your English will take this some time?" he asked, waving a finger towards the citadel. "It will need good play to pluck that ribbon from its place." He glanced up, as he spoke, at the white flag with its golden lilies.

"So much the better sport," I said. "We will have the ribbon and its heritage."

"You yourself shall furnish evidence to-day. Gabord here will see you temptingly disposed — the wild bull led peaceably by the nose!"

"But one day I will twist your nose, Monsieur Doltaire."

"That is fair enough, if rude," he responded. "When your turn comes, you twist and I endure. You shall be nourished well like me, and I shall look a battered hulk like you. But I shall never be the fool that you are. If I had a way

to slip the leash, I'd slip it. You are a dolt." He was touching upon the letters again.

"I weigh it all," said I. "I am no fool — anything else you will."

"You'll be nothing soon, I fear — which is a pity."

What more he might have said I do not know, but there now appeared in the yard a tall, reverend old gentleman, in the costume of the *coureur de bois*, though his belt was richly chased, and he wore an order on his breast. There was something more refined than powerful in his appearance, but he had a keen, kindly eye, and a manner unmistakably superior. His dress was a little barbarous, unlike Doltaire's splendid white uniform, set off with violet and gold, the lace of a fine handkerchief sticking from his belt, and a gold-handled sword at his side; but the manner of both was alike. Seeing Doltaire, he came straight to him, and they embraced. Then he turned towards me, and as they walked off a little distance I could see that the old gentleman was questioning about me. Presently he raised his hand, and, as if something had excited him, said, "No, no, no; hang him and have done with it, but I'll have nothing to do with it — not a thing. 'T is enough for me to rule at" — I could not hear the last word, but I was now sure that he was some one of note who had retired from any share in state affairs. He and Doltaire then moved on to the doors of the citadel, and, pausing there, Doltaire turned round and made a motion of his hand to Gabord. I was at once surrounded by the squad of men, and the order to march was given. A drum in front of me began to play a well-known derisive air of the French army, *The Fox and the Wolf*.

We came out on the St. Foye Road and down towards the Château St. Louis, between crowds of shouting people who beat drums, kettles, pans, and made all manner of mocking noises. It was meant

not only against myself, but against the British people. The women were not behind the men in violence; from them came handfuls of gravel and dust which struck me in the face; but Gabord put a stop to that by threatening to drive off the crowd if this were repeated. They thought his anger had come from being himself hit by a stray pebble, not for thought of me; for, as I came to know, weird tales of his violent treatment of me while in the dungeon had been bruited, and I am inclined to think this was his device lest he should be thought using me with the least consideration.

It was a shameful ordeal, which might have vexed me sorely if I had not had greater trials and suspected worse. Nor had I yet lost the genial flush of spirit which this new taste of the open world gave me an hour ago. They were excited, but I was calm; raging, and I was thinking of my defense before my judges; seeing a victim, a sacrifice, a target for the arrows of their bad blood, and I was looking towards the Château St. Louis where was she who seemed to me the symbol of all that was rare and best in a troubled world. Now and again appeared a face I knew — some lady who turned her head away, or some gentleman who watched me curiously, but made no sign. Nearing the Château, I saw Voban standing among a knot of men, who were evidently questioning him about me, for it was known that he had tended me that morning. As we came to the Château, I looked up as if casually, and there in the little round window I saw Alixe's face, for an instant only. I stopped in my tracks, was prodded by a soldier from behind, and I then stepped on. Glancing up again, I saw her dear face once more like a passing light, and then, with a braver heart, I came on with my guards to the doors of the Château. Entering, we were taken to the rear of the building, where, in an open courtyard, were a company of soldiers, some seats, and a table. I looked up at the Château from

where I was placed, and saw another small round window above, but no face showing in it; yet I hoped that, later, I should see it. I knew that some one could be in the dark room, looking down, and yet if the face were not very near the window, it would not be seen. Again, it was possible for a watcher to be hidden in the balcony that ran the full length of the building. On my right was the St. Lawrence swelling on its course, three hundred feet beneath, little boats passing hither and thither on its flood.

We were waiting about half an hour, the noises of the clamoring crowd coming to us, as they carried me aloft in effigy, and, burning me at the cliff edge, fired guns at me and threw stones, till, rags, ashes, and flame, I tumbled into the river far beneath. At last, from the Château came the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Bigot, and a number of officers. The Governor looked gravely at me, but did not bow; Bigot gave me a sneering smile, eying me curiously the while, and, I could feel, remarking on my poor appearance to Cournal beside him — Cournal, who winked at his wife's dishonor for the favor of her lover, who gave him means for public robbery.

Presently the Governor was seated, and he said, looking round, "Monsieur Doltaire — he is not here?"

Bigot shook his head, and answered, "No doubt he is detained at the citadel."

"And the Seigneur Duvarney?" the Governor added.

At that moment the Governor's secretary handed him a letter. The Governor opened it. "Listen," said he; and he read to the effect that the Seigneur Duvarney felt he was hardly fitted to be a just judge in this case, remembering the conflict between his son and the notorious Captain Stobo. And from another standpoint, though the prisoner merited any fate reserved for him, if he was a spy, he could not forget that his life had been saved by this British captain — an

obligation that, unfortunately, he could neither repay nor wipe out. After much thought, he must disobey the Governor's summons, and he prayed that his Excellency would grant his consideration thereupon.

I saw the Governor frown, but he made no remark, while Bigot said something in his ear which did not improve his humor, for he replied curtly, and turned to his secretary. "We must have two more," he said.

At that moment Doltaire entered with the old gentleman of whom I have written. The Governor instantly brightened, and gave the stranger a warm greeting, calling him his "dear Chevalier;" and, after a deal of urging, the Chevalier la Darante was seated as one of my judges: which did not at all displease me, for I liked his face.

I do not need to dwell upon the trial here. I have set down the facts before. I had no counsel and no witnesses. There seemed no reason why the trial should have dragged on all day, for I soon saw it was the intention on the part of all — save perhaps Doltaire and the Chevalier la Darante, and of them I was not sure — to hang me. I felt that Doltaire would rather torture me to the bitter end, in the hope of still getting the papers, than see me ended at once, as would likely be the case if I were condemned. Besides, I think he really wished the chance of killing me himself one day, when our affairs had got beyond any kind of repair. Yet it is hard to tell why the man who hates you serves you, too, at times. To the last I never understood him, and, hating him because of all his villainies, I warned to him, also. I was surprised to see how he brought up a point here and a question there, which served to lengthen out the trial; and all the time he sat near the Chevalier la Darante, now and again talking with him.

It was late evening before the trial came to a close. The one point to be established was that the letters taken from

General Braddock were mine, and that I had made the plans while a hostage. I acknowledged nothing, and would not do so unless I was allowed to speak freely. This was not permitted until just before I was sentenced. Doltaire's look was fixed on me, and I knew he waited to see if I would divulge the matter private between us. If I had done so, I should have died the next day. I knew this afterwards; but I stood by my compact with him. Besides, it could not serve me to speak of it here, or use it as an argument, and it would only hasten an end which I felt he could prevent if he chose.

So when I was asked if I had aught to say, I pleaded the one thing: that they had not kept the Articles of War which provided I should be free within two months and a half; that is, when an officer and two prisoners in our hands should be delivered up to them, as they were. They had broken their bond, though we had fulfilled ours, and I held myself justified in doing what I had done for our cause and for my own life, which they here assaulted against all honorable dealing.

I was not heard patiently, though I could see that the Governor and the Chevalier were impressed; but Bigot instantly urged the case hotly against me, and the end came very soon. It was now dark; a single light had been brought and placed beside the Governor, while a soldier held a torch at a distance. Suddenly there was a silence; then, in response to a signal, the sharp ringing of a hundred bayonets as they were drawn and fastened to the muskets, and I could see them gleaming in the feeble torch-light. Presently, out of the stillness that grew again, the Governor's voice was heard condemning me to death by hanging, thirty days hence, at sunrise. A silence fell again instantly, and then a thing occurred which sent a thrill through us all. From somewhere came a voice, weird, high, and wailing: —

"Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! He is guilty, and shall die! François Bigot shall die!"

I knew that the voice was Mathilde's, and I saw Doltaire shrug a shoulder and look with malicious amusement at the Intendant. Bigot himself sat pale and furious. "Discover the intruder," he said to Gabord, who was standing near, "and have — him — jailed."

But the Governor interfered. "It is some drunken creature," he urged quietly. "Take no account of it."

I glanced up at the little round window at that moment, and saw dimly a face pressed against the pane. I could not see the features, but I knew who it was, and I guessed that Alixe had heard the sentence. Only for an instant did I see the face, and then it was gone.

Gilbert Parker.

MARS.

I. ATMOSPHERE.

AMID the seemingly countless stars that on a clear night spangle the vast dome overhead, there appeared last autumn to be a new-comer, a very large and ruddy one, that rose at sunset through the haze about the eastern horizon. That star was the planet Mars, so conspicuous when in such position as often to be taken for a portent. Large as he then looked, however, he is in truth but a secondary planet traveling round a secondary sun; but his interest for us is out of all proportion to his actual size or his relative importance in the cosmos. For that sun is our own; and that planet is, with the exception of the moon, our next to nearest neighbor in space, Venus alone ever approaching us closer. From him, therefore, of all the heavenly bodies, may we expect first to learn something beyond celestial mechanics, beyond even celestial chemistry; something in answer to the mute query that man instinctively makes as he gazes at the stars, whether there be life in worlds other than his own.

Hitherto the question has received no affirmative reply, although the trend of all latter-day investigation has been to such affirmation; for science has been demonstrating more and more clearly the essential oneness of the universe. Mat-

ter proves to be common property. We have learnt that the very same substances with which we are familiar on this our earth, iron, magnesium, calcium, and the rest, are present in the far-off stars that strew the depths of space. Nothing new under the sun! Indeed, there is nothing new above it but ever-varying detail.

So much for matter. As for mind beyond the confines of our tiny globe, modesty, backed by a probability little short of demonstration, forbids the thought that we are the sole thinkers in this great universe.

That we are the only minds in space it takes indeed a very small mind to fancy. Our relative insignificance commonly escapes us. If we reduce the universe to a scale on which we can conceive it, that on which the earth shall be represented by a good-sized pea, with a grain of mustard seed, the moon, circling about it at a distance of seven inches, the sun would be a globe two feet in diameter, two hundred and twenty feet away. Mars, a much smaller pea, would circle round the two-foot globe, three hundred and fifty feet from its surface; Jupiter, an orange, at a distance of a quarter of a mile; Saturn, a small orange, at two fifths of a mile; and Uranus and Nep-

tune, good-sized plums, three quarters of a mile and a mile and a quarter away, respectively. The nearest star would lie two hundred and thirty thousand miles off, or at about the actual distance of our own moon, and the other stars at corresponding distances beyond that; that is, on a scale upon which the moon should be but seven inches off, the nearest star would still be as far from us as the moon is now. When we think that each of these stars is probably the centre of a solar system on a grander scale than our own, we cannot seriously take ourselves to be the only minds in the universe.

But improbable as the absence of ultra-terrestrial life in a general way is, up to the present time we have had no proof of its particular existence in worlds beyond our own. Whether the observations I am now to describe have revealed something on the point I shall leave the reader himself to judge, after laying the facts before him; for it is with this in view that the present papers will deal with Mars, since any answer on this point is the most generally interesting outcome of a study of the planet. That the observations also disclose the fact that the hitherto accepted period of its rotation proves to be too small by the hundredth of a second is a matter of far greater moment, of course, but one which leaves the average man comparatively cool. That Mars, however, should be peopled by intelligent beings, although physically they be utterly unlike us, more goblins than men or animals, is a suggestion which appeals romantically, at least, to everybody.

To determine whether a planet be the abode of life, two questions about it must be answered in turn: first, are its physical conditions such as to render it habitable? and secondly, are there any signs of its actual habitation? Unless we can answer the first point satisfactorily, it were futile to seek for evidence of the second.

¹ Both Jupiter and Saturn are ruddier than is commonly stated. In the air of Flagstaff, Arizona, the site of my observations, both of

Of such planets as doubtless circle round other suns we as yet know nothing. Our search is perforce confined at present to the members of our own solar family. Now, when we scan them for answer to our first query, we find but two that promise even the possibility of an affirmative reply, Mars and Venus. All the others turn out, upon scrutiny, to lie beyond the pale, either because they are too big, or because they are too little; for, curiously enough, mere size settles the matter.

The giant Jupiter, piques inquiry first by showing us great cloud-belts that recall our own equatorial and temperate cloud-zones. But further study discloses that his clouds are in kind quite unlike those of our earth. Neither the hour of his day nor the season of his year brings change in them. They slowly, very slowly, alter in appearance, indeed, but not in obedience to that central ruler that gathers and dispels our own. In short, the Jovian clouds are not sun-raised, but self-raised ones. It is heat inherent in Jupiter himself, not heat from the sun, that belts him about with his great girdles of cloud. We can even see, in all probability, his glowing inner self; for Jupiter shows brick-red between his belts, like a molten mass.

The same state of things is yet more strikingly instanced by Saturn; for the tilt of Saturn's pole is not very unlike that of the earth, and in consequence his equatorial regions are at times raised far above the plane of his orbit; at others, dipped far below it. Yet unlike the earth's cloud-belts, his never travel northward when the sun goes north, nor follow the sun when he journeys south again. So far as the sun is concerned, the Saturnian cloud-belts are invariable. Like the Jovian, they owe their formation to the planet's own heat. Like Jupiter, too, Saturn shows red beneath.¹ From all this it is pretty plain that the giant

them show conspicuously red between their belts.

planets are far from pleasurable abodes, as yet midway in evolution between actual suns and tenantable worlds; too cooled down for the one state, and not yet cooled down enough for the other.

Uranus and Neptune give evidence, also, of being in a chaotic condition, orbs *informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*, — no longer suns, but as yet quite unfit to support beings even distantly analogous to ourselves.

With Mercury littleness is even more fatal to life; for though the giant planets may perhaps, at some future day, grow to be life-supporting, a small one apparently never was, nor ever can be, peopled by beings in the least resembling us. Incapacity to quarter folk is included in the more general incapacity to hold an atmosphere; for absence of atmosphere precludes the possibility of life as we know it. That a planet may be too small to have an atmospheric envelope we shall see more definitely later. That life, however, of a type of which we have no conception may not exist in all these orbs we must be wary of stating, for nothing is more dangerous than a general denial, except a particular statement.

We are limited, therefore, in our present inquiry, to Venus and Mars. But Venus, contrary to her name, proves provokingly modest, the most modest of all the company of heaven, keeping herself so constantly veiled in cloud that we seldom, if ever, are permitted a peep at her actual surface. In consequence, beyond the fact that she has an atmosphere of considerable though not excessive density, we know little about her.

With Mars, on the other hand, no such false modesty balks us at the outset. The planet named after the old God of War — satirically, it would seem, since he turns out to present characteristics quite the reverse of warlike — lets himself be seen as well as thirty-five millions of miles of separation will allow.

Now, to all forms of life of which we have any conception, two things in na-

ture are vital, air and water. A planet must possess these two things to be able to support any life at all upon its surface. Some articles that we might deem essential to well-being fall cosmically under the head of luxuries; but air and water are necessities of existence. There is no creature which is not in some measure dependent upon both of them. How then is Mars off for air?

Fortunately for an answer to this question, air is as vital to change in the inorganic processes of nature as it is to those other changes which we call peculiarly life. Atmosphere is essential not only to life upon a planet, but to the production of any change whatever upon that planet's surface. Without it, not only development, but decay would come to a standstill, when once all that was friable had crumbled to pieces under the alternate roasting and refrigerating to which the planet's surface would be exposed as it revolved upon its axis toward and away from the sun. Disintegration once effected, the planet would roll, a mummy world, through space. Since atmosphere, therefore, is a *sine qua non* to any change upon a planet's surface, reversely, any change upon a planet's surface is proof positive of the presence of an atmosphere, however incapable of detection such atmosphere be by direct means.

Now changes take place upon the surface of Mars, changes vast enough to be visible from the earth. When properly observed they turn out to be most marked. We will begin with the look of the planet last June. Its general aspect then was tripartite. Upon the top part of the disc, round what we know to be the planet's pole, appeared a great white cap, the south polar cap. The south lay at the top, because all astronomical views are, for optical reasons, upside down; but inasmuch as we never see the features otherwise, to have them right side up is not vital to the effect. Below the white cap lay a region chiefly bluish-green, interspersed, however, with portions more or less reddish-

ochre. Below this, again, came a vast reddish-ochre stretch, the great continental deserts of the planet.

The first sign of change occurred in the polar cap. It proceeded slowly to dwindle in size. Such obliteration it has, with praiseworthy regularity, undergone once every two years for the last two hundred. Since the polar cap was first seen it has waxed and waned with clock-like precision, a precision timed to the change of season in the planet's year. During the spring, these snow-fields, as analogy at once guesses them to be, and as beyond doubt they really are, stretch in the southern hemisphere, the one presented to us at this last opposition, down to latitude seventy, and even sixty-five south; covering thus more than the whole of the planet's south frigid zone. As summer comes on they dwindle gradually away, till by early autumn they present but tiny patches, a few hundred miles across. This year, for the first time in human experience, they melted, apparently, completely. This unprecedented event happened on October 13, or forty-three days after the summer solstice of the southern hemisphere, a date corresponding to about the middle of July on earth. Evidently it was a phenomenally hot season on Mars, for the minimum of the polar patch is reached usually about three months after Martian midsummer. It will be noticed how nearly such melting parallels what takes place with our arctic ice-cap on earth.

But the disappearance of the polar snows is by no means the only change discernible upon the surface of the planet. Several years ago Schiaparelli noticed differences in tint at successive oppositions, both in the dark areas and in the bright ones. These, he suggested, might be due to the seasons. This year it has been possible to watch the change take place. From the Martian last of April to the Martian middle of August, the bluish-green areas have been steadily undergoing a most marked transformation.

There proves, in fact, to be a wave of seasonal change that sweeps over the face of the planet from pole to pole. We will examine this more in detail when we take up the question of water. For the present point it suffices that it takes place; for it constitutes proof positive of the presence of an atmosphere.

A moment's consideration will show how absolutely positive this proof is; for it is the inevitable deduction from the simplest of observed facts. Its cogency consists in its simplicity. It is independent of difficult detail or of doubtful interpretation. It is not concerned with what may be the constitution of the polar caps, nor with the character of the transformation that sweeps, wavelike, over the rest of the planet. It merely states that change occurs, and that statement is conclusive.

Having thus seen with the brain as much as with the eye, and in the simplest possible manner, that a Martian atmosphere exists, we will go on to consider what it is like.

The first and most conspicuous of its characteristics is its cloudlessness. A cloud is an event on Mars, a rare and unusual phenomenon, which should make it more fittingly appreciated there than Ruskin lamented was the case on earth. For it is almost perpetually fine weather on our neighbor in space. From the day's beginning to its close, and from one end of a year to the other, nothing appears to veil the greater part of the planet's surface.

This is more completely the case than has hitherto been supposed. We read sometimes in astronomical books and articles picturesque accounts of clouds and mist gathering over certain regions of the disc, hiding the coast lines and continents from view, and then, some hours later, clearing off again. No instance of such blotting out of detail has been seen this year at Flagstaff. Though the planet's face has been scanned there almost every night, from the last day of May to the end of November, not a case of obscuration of any part of the central portions of the

planet, from any Martian cause, has been detected by any one of three observers. Certain peculiar brightish patches have from time to time been noted, but, with a courtesy uncommon in clouds, they have carefully refrained from obscuring in the slightest degree any detail the observer might be engaged in looking at.

The only dimming of detail upon the Martian disc has been along its bright edge, what is technically called its limb. Fringing this is a permanent lune of light that swamps all except the very darkest markings in its glare. This limb-light has commonly been taken as evidence of sunrise or sunset mists on Mars. But observations of mine during last June show that such cannot be the case. In June Mars was gibbous, — that is, he showed a face like the moon between the quarter and the full, — and along his limb, then upon his own western side, lay the bright limb-light, stretching inward about thirty degrees. Since the face turned toward us was only in part illumined by the sun, the centre of it did not stand at noon, but some hours later, and the middle of the limb consequently not at sunrise, but at about nine o'clock of a Martian morning. As the limb-light extended in from this thirty degrees, or two hours in time, the mist, if mist it was, must have lasted till eleven o'clock in the day. Furthermore, it must have been mist of a singularly mathematical turn of mind, for it made a perfect semi-ellipse from one pole to the other, quite oblivious of the fact that every hour from sunrise to sunset lay represented along its edge, including high noon. What is more, as the disc passed, in course of time, from the gibbous form to the full, and then to the gibbous form on the other side, the limb-light obligingly clung to the limb, regardless of everything except its geometric curve. But as it did so, the eleven o'clock meridian swung from one side of the centre of the disc to the other. As it crossed the centre its regions showed perfectly clear; not a

trace of obscuration as it passed directly under the eye. It was evident, therefore, that Martian morning mists were not responsible for the phenomenon.

To what, then, was the limb-light due? At first sight, it would seem as if the moon might help us; for the moon's limb is similarly ringed by a lune of light. In her case the effect has been attributed to mountain slopes catching the sun's light at angles beyond the possibilities of plains. But Mars has few mountains worthy the name. His terminator — that is, the part of the disc which is just passing in or out of sunlight, and discloses mountains by the way in which they catch the coming light before the plains at their feet are illuminated — shows irregularities quite inferior to the lunar ones, proving that his elevations and depressions are relatively insignificant.

On the whole, the best explanation of the phenomenon seems to be that the Martian atmosphere itself is somewhat of a veil, and that this veiling effect, though practically imperceptible in the centre of the disc, becomes noticeable as we go from the centre to the edge, owing to the greater thickness of the stratum through which we look. At thirty degrees in from the limb the observer would look through twice as much of it as when he looked plumb down upon the centre of the disc; in consequence, what would be diaphanous at the centre might well seem opaque toward the edge. The effect we are familiar with on earth in the haze that always borders the horizon, — a haze most noticeable in places where there is much water in the air. Here, then, we have a hint of what is the matter on Mars. Were his atmosphere charged with water-vapor, just such an effect as is observed should take place.

This first hint receives independent support from another Martian phenomenon. Contrary to what the distance of the planet from the sun and the thinness of its atmospheric envelope would lead us to expect, the climate of Mars proves

astonishingly mild. Whereas calculation from distance and atmospheric density puts its average temperature below freezing, thus relegating it to perpetual ice, the planet's surface features show that the temperature is relatively high. Observation reveals the fact that the mean temperature must actually be above that of the earth; for not only is there practically no snow or ice outside the frigid zone at any time, but the polar snow-caps melt to a minimum quite beyond that of our own, affording the Martians rare chance for quixotic polar expeditions. Such pleasing amelioration of the climate must be accounted for, and aqueous vapor seems the most likely thing for the purpose; for aqueous vapor is quite specific as a planetary comforter, being the very best of blankets. It acts, indeed, like the glass of a conservatory, letting the light rays in, and opposing the passage of the heat rays out.

The state of things thus disclosed by observation, the cloudlessness and the rim of limb-light, turns out to agree in a most happy manner with what probability would lead us to expect; for the most natural supposition to make *a priori* about the Martian atmosphere is the following. When each planet was produced by fission from the parent nebula, we may suppose that it took with it as its birth-right its proportion of chemical constituents; that is, that its amount of oxygen, nitrogen, and so forth was proportional to its mass. Doubtless its place in the primal nebula would to a certain extent modify the ratio, just as the size of the planet would to a certain extent modify the relative amount of these elements that would thereupon enter into combination. Supposing, however, that the ratio of free oxygen and so forth to the other elements remained substantially the same, we should have in the case of any two planets the same relative quantity of atmosphere. But the size of the planet would entirely alter the distribution of this air.

Three causes would all combine to rob

the smaller planet of efficient covering, on the general principle that he that hath little shall have less.

In the first place, the smaller the planet, the greater would be its volume in proportion to its mass, because the materials of which it was composed, being subjected to less pressure owing to a lesser pull, would not be crowded so closely together. This is one reason why Mars should have a thinner atmosphere than is the case with our earth.

Secondly, of two similar bodies, spheres or others, the smaller has the greater surface for its volume, since the one quantity is of two dimensions only, the other of three. An onion will give us a good instance of this. By stripping off layer after layer we reach eventually a last layer which is all surface, inclosing nothing. We may, if we please, observe something analogous in men, among whom the most superficial have the least in them. In consequence of this principle, the atmosphere of the smaller body finds itself obliged to cover relatively more surface, which still further thins it out.

Lastly, gravity being less on the surface of the smaller body, the atmosphere is less compressed, and, being a gas, seizes that opportunity to spread out to a greater height, which renders it still less dense at the planet's surface.

Thus for three reasons Mars should have a thinner air at his surface than is found on the surface of the earth.

Calculating the effect of the above causes numerically, we find that on this *a priori* supposition Mars would have at his surface an atmosphere of about fourteen hundredths, or one seventh the density of our terrestrial one.

Observation supports this general supposition; for the cloudless character of the Martian skies is precisely what we should look for in a rare air. Clouds are congeries of globules of water or particles of ice buoyed up by the air about them. The smaller these are, the more easily are they buoyed up, because

gravity, which tends to pull them down, acts upon their mass, while the resistance they oppose to it varies as their surface, and this, as we saw just now, is relatively greater in the smaller particles. The result is that the smaller particles can float in thinner air. We see the principle exemplified in our terrestrial clouds; the low nimbus being formed of comparatively large globules, while the high cirrus is made up of very minute particles. If we go yet higher, we reach a region incapable of supporting clouds of any kind, so rarefied is its air. This occurs about five miles above the earth's surface; and yet even at this height the density of our air is greater than is the probable density of the air at the surface of Mars. We see, therefore, that the Martian atmosphere should from its rarity prove cloudless, just as we observe it to be.

So far in this our investigation of the Martian atmosphere we have been indebted solely to the principles of mathematics and molar physics for help, and these have told us something about the probable quantity of that atmosphere, though silent as to its possible quality. On this latter point, however, molecular physics turns out to have something to say; for an Irish gentleman, Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney, has recently made an ingenious deduction from the kinetic theory of gases bearing upon the atmospheric envelope which any planet can retain. His deduction is as acute as it appears from observation to be in keeping with the facts. It is this:—

The molecular theory of gases supposes them to be made up of myriads of molecules in incessant motion. What a molecule may be nobody knows; some scientists supposing it to be a vortex ring in miniature,—something like the swirl produced by a teaspoon when drawn through a cup of tea. But whatever it be, the idea of it accounts for the facts. The motion of the molecules is almost inconceivably swift as they dart hither and thither throughout the space occu-

ped by the gas, and their speed differs for different gases. It is calculated that the molecules of oxygen travel, on the average, at the rate of fifteen miles a minute, those of water vapor about twenty miles a minute, and those of hydrogen, which are the fastest known, at the enormous speed of a mile a second. But this average velocity may, in any particular case, be increased by collisions of the molecules among themselves something like sevenfold. What is more, each molecule of the gas is bound, sooner or later, to attain this maximum velocity of its kind merely on the doctrine of chances. When it is attained, the molecule of oxygen travels at the rate of one and three fourths miles a second, the molecule of water vapor at the rate of two and one third miles a second, and the molecule of hydrogen actually at seven miles a second, six hundred times as fast as our fastest express train.

Now, if a body, whether it be a molecule or a cannon-ball, be projected away from the earth's surface, the earth will at once try to pull it down again: this instinctive holding on of Mother Earth to what she has we call gravity. In the cases with which we are personally familiar, her endeavor is eminently successful; what goes up usually coming down again, either on the thrower or on some other person. But even the earth is not omnipotent. As the velocity with which the body is projected increases, it takes the earth longer and longer to overcome it and compel the body's return. Finally there comes a speed which the earth is just able to overcome, if she take an infinite time about it. In that case, the body would continue to travel away from her, at a constantly diminishing rate, but still at some rate, on and on into the depths of space, till it attained infinity, at which point the truant would stop, and reluctantly begin to return again. This velocity we may call the critical velocity. It is the velocity which the earth would cause in a body falling to it from an

infinite distance, since gravity is able to destroy on the way up just the speed it is able to create on the way down. But now, if the body's departure were even hastier than this, the earth would never be able wholly to annihilate its speed, and the body would travel forever away out and out, till it fell, probably, under the sway of some distant star. In any case, the earth would know the vagabond no more.

As gravity depends upon mass, the larger the attracting planet, the greater is its critical velocity, the velocity it can just control; and, reversely, the smaller the planet, the less its restraining power. With the earth the critical velocity is between six and seven miles a second. If any of us, therefore, could manage to become faster than this, socially or otherwise, we could bid defiance to the whole earth, and begin to voyage on our own account through space.

This is actually what happens, as we have seen, to the molecules of hydrogen. If, therefore, free hydrogen were present at the surface of the earth, and met with no other gas attractive enough to tie it down by uniting with it, they would, in course of time, attain a speed sufficient to allow it to bid good-by to earth, and start on interspatial travels of its own. That it should reach its maximum speed is all that is essential to liberty, the direction of its motion being immaterial. To each molecule in turn would come this happy dispatch, till the earth stood deprived of every atom of free hydrogen she possessed.

It is a highly significant fact that there is no free hydrogen found in the earth's atmosphere. With oxygen and water vapor, and indeed all the other gases we know, the case is different; for their maximum speed falls far short of the possibility of escape. So they have stayed with us solely because they must. And, as a matter of fact, the earth's atmosphere contains plenty of free oxygen, nitrogen, and the like. The actions of

the heavenly bodies confirm this conclusion. The moon, for example, possesses no atmosphere, and calculation shows that the velocity it can control falls short of the maximum of any of these gases. All were, therefore, at liberty to leave it, and all have promptly done so. Whatever the moon's attraction for lovers, no gas was sufficiently attracted by it to stay. On the other hand, the giant planets give evidence of very dense atmospheres. They have kept all they ever had.

But the most striking confirmation of the theory comes from the cusps of Venus and Mercury; for an atmosphere would prolong, by its refraction, the cusps of a crescent beyond their true limits. Length of cusp becomes, consequently, a criterion of the presence of an atmosphere. Now, in the appearance of their cusps there is a notable difference between Venus and Mercury. The cusps of Venus extend beyond the semi-circle; Mercury's do not. We see, therefore, that Mercury has no appreciable atmospheric envelope.

Turning to the case of Mars, we find with him the critical velocity to be about three miles a second. This is, like the earth's, below the maximum for the molecules of hydrogen, but also, like the earth's, above that of any other gas; from which we have reason to suppose that, except for possible chemical combinations, his atmosphere is in quality not unlike our own.

Having seen what the atmosphere of Mars is probably like, we may draw certain interesting inferences from it as to its capabilities for making life comfortable. The first consequence is that Mars is blissfully destitute of weather. Unlike New England, which has more than it can accommodate, Mars has none of the article. What takes its place as the staple topic of conversation for empty-headed folk there remains one of the Martian mysteries yet to be solved. What takes its place in fact is a perpetual serenity, such as we can scarcely conceive of. Al-

though over what we shall later see to be the great continental deserts the air must at midday be highly rarefied, and cause *vacuums* into which the surrounding air must rush, the actual difference of gradient owing to the initial thinness of the air must be very slight. With a normal barometer of four and a half inches, a very great relative fall is a very slight actual one. In consequence, storms would be such mild-mannered things that, for objectionable purposes, they might as well not be. In the first place, if we are right, there can be no rain, nor hail, nor snow in them, for the particles would be deposited before they gained the dignity of such separate existence. Dew or frost would be the maximum of precipitation that Mars could support. The polar snow-cap or ice-cap, therefore, is doubtless formed, not by the falling of snow, but by successive depositions of dew. Secondly, there would be about the Martian storms no very palpable wind. Though the gale might blow at fairly respectable rates, so flimsy is the substance moved that it might buffet a man unmercifully without reproach.

Another interesting result of the rarity of the air would be its effect upon the boiling-point of water. Reynault's experiments have shown that, in air at a density $\frac{14}{100}$ of our own, water would boil at about 127° Fahrenheit. This, then, would be the temperature at which water would be converted into steam on Mars. So low a boiling-point would make it impossible to cook anything in the open air. Boiled eggs could be prepared only under cover, and such people as liked their meat boiled would probably find it convenient to prefer it done differently. Fortunately, roasts would still remain possible. The lowering of the boiling-point would raise the relative amount of aqueous vapor held in suspension by the air at any temperature. At about 127° the air would be saturated, and even at lower temperatures much more of it would evaporate and load the surrounding air than hap-

pens at similar temperatures on earth. Thus at the heels of similarity treads contrast.

We may now go on to such phenomena bearing on the Martian atmosphere as show it to differ from ours. Some of them we are able more or less imperfectly to explain; some we are not.

Although no case of obscuration has been seen at Flagstaff this summer, certain bright patches have been observed on special portions of the planet's disc. That they are not storm-clouds, like those which, by a wavelike process of generation, travel across the American continent, for example, is shown by the fact that they do not travel, but are local fixtures. Commonly, they appear day after day, and even year after year, in the same spots; for identical patches have been observed by different astronomers at successive oppositions. To this category belong the regions known as Elysium, Ophir, Memnonia, Eridania, and Tempe. Still smaller patches, apparently more fugitive in character, have been seen this year by Professor W. H. Pickering. But the most marked instance of variability ~~was~~ detected in September last by Mr. Douglass, in the western part of Elysium. On September 22 and 23 he found this blissfully named region, as usual, equally bright throughout. But on September 24 he noticed that the western half of it had suddenly increased in brightness, and far outshone the eastern half, being almost as brilliant as the polar cap. When he looked at it again the next night, September 25, the effect of the night before had vanished, the western half being now actually the darker of the two. So fugitive an effect suggests cloud, forming presumably over high ground, and subsequently dissipating; it also suggests a deposition of frost that melted on the next day. It is specially noteworthy that the canals inclosing the region, Galaxias and Hyblæus, were not in any way obscured by the bright apparition. On the contrary, Mr. Douglass

found them perceptibly darker than they had been, an effect attributable perhaps to contrast.

Although not storm-clouds, it is possible that these appearances may have been due to cloud capping high land. There are objections, however, to this view, as, in the first place, there is evidence that the Martian mountains are low; in the second place that they would have to be phenomenally high to produce a change in temperature sufficient to condense the air about them and so cap them with cloud; and in the third place that the air is not dense enough to support clouds, anyway. Nevertheless a most singular phenomenon was seen by Mr. Douglass on November 24, a bright detached projection, for which from measurement he deduced a height of thirty miles. This would seem to have been cloud. With regard to its enormous height, it is not to be forgotten that a few years ago, on the earth, phenomenal dust-clouds were observed as high as one hundred miles.

Something more in the line of the explicable was a phenomenon observed in 1879 and in 1881 by Schiaparelli. From October, 1879, to January, 1880, he noticed certain bright patches which appeared to surround the north pole in a sort of crown, the pole itself being invisible. In 1881 he saw the same ramifications again, in apparently the same place. At this latter opposition the north pole was much better placed for observation, and he was able to mark a curious subsequent action in these spots; for as time went on they gradually contracted toward the pole, till finally they consolidated into the north polar patch, which up to that time had been absent. The polar patch proper did not thus appear till more than a month after the vernal equinox of the northern hemisphere.

Here, then, we have a very curious phenomenon, a phenomenon which seems to indicate that the seasonal wave of change acts as a unit across the planet's face; that instead of a more or less continuous deposit of moisture at the pole, such as occurs on earth, Martian atmospheric conditions oblige such deposit to creep gradually with the season up into polar latitudes, where it appears first as a crown of frost, and does not envelop the pole and become a polar cap till it has got higher. No sooner has this happened than the advance of following warmer isotherms causes it to begin to melt. One deduction from this thin air we must, however, be careful not to make: that because it is thin it is incapable of supporting intelligent life. That beings constituted physically as we are would find it a most uncomfortable habitat is pretty certain. But lungs are not wedded to logic, and there is nothing in the world or beyond it to prevent, so far as we know, a being with gills, for example, from being a most superior person. A fish doubtless imagines life out of water to be impossible; and similarly, to argue that life of an order as high as our own, or higher, is impossible, because of less air to breathe than that to which we are locally accustomed, is, as Flammarion happily expresses it, to argue, not as a philosopher, but as a fish.

To sum up, now, what we know about the atmosphere of Mars: we have proof positive that Mars has an atmosphere; we have reason to believe that this atmosphere is very thin, — thinner at least by half than the air upon the summit of the Himalayas, — that in constitution it does not differ greatly from our own, and that it is relatively heavily charged with water vapor.

In the next paper I shall take up the question of water upon the planet.

Percival Lowell.

ISOLATION.

O BROTHER Planets, unto whom I cry,
 Know ye, in all the worlds, a gladder thing
 Than this glad life of ours, this wandering
 Among the eternal winds that wander by?
 Ever to fly, with white star-faces set
 Quenchless against the darkness, and the wet
 Pinions of all the storms, — on, on alone,
 With radiant locks outblown,
 And sun-strong eyes to see
 Into the sunless maze of all futurity.

Not ours the little measure of the years,
 The bitter-sweet of summer that soon wanes,
 The briefer benison of springtime rains;
 Nay, but the thirst of all the living spheres,
 Full-fed with mighty draughts of dark and light, —
 The soul of all the dawns, the love of night,
 The strength of deathless winters, and the boon
 Of endless summer noon.

Look down, from star to star,
 And see the centuries, — a flock of birds, afar.

Afar! But we, each one God's sentinel,
 Lifting on high the torches that are His,
 Look forth to one another o'er the abyss,
 And cry, *Eternity, — and all is well!*
 So ever journey we, and only know
 The way is His, and unto Him we go.
 Through all the voiceless desert of the air,
 Through all the star-dust there,
 Where none has ever gone,
 Still singing, seeking still, we wander on and on.

O brother Planets, ye to whom I cry,
 — Yet hath a strange dream touched me; for a cloud
 Flared, like a moth, within mine eyes. I bowed
 My head, and, looking down through all the sky,
 I saw the little earth, far down below, —
 The earth that all the wandering winds do know.
 Like some ground-bird, the small, beloved one
 Fluttered about the sun:
 Ah, were that little star
 Only a signal-light of love for us, afar!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

A WEEK ON WALDEN'S RIDGE.

I.

THROUGHOUT my stay in Chattanooga I looked often and with desire at a long, flat-topped, perpendicular-sided, densely wooded mountain, beyond the Tennessee River. Its name was Walden's Ridge, I was told; the top of it was eighty miles long and ten or twelve miles wide; if I wanted a bit of wild country, that was the place for me. Was it accessible? I asked. And was there any reasonable way of living there? Oh yes: carriages ran every afternoon from the city, and there were several small hotels on the mountain. So it happened that I went to Walden's Ridge for my last week in Tennessee, and have ever since thanked my stars — as New England Christians used to say, in my boyhood — for giving me the good wine at the end of the feast.

The wine, it is true, was a little too freely watered. I went up the mountain in a rain, and came down again in a rain, and of the seven intervening days five were showery. The showers, mostly with thunder and lightning, were of the sort that make an umbrella ridiculous, and my jaunts, as a rule, took me far from shelter. Yet I had little to complain of. Now and then I was put to my trumps, as it were; my walks were sometimes grievously abbreviated, and my pace was uncomfortably hurried, but by one happy accident and another I always escaped a drenching. Worse than the water that fell — worse, and not to be escaped, even by accident — was that which saturated the atmosphere, making every day a dogday, and the week a seven-day sweat. And then, as if to even the account, on the last night of my stay I was kept awake for hours shivering with cold; and in the morning, after putting on all the cloth-

ing I could wear, and breakfasting in a snowstorm, I rode down the mountain in a state suggestive of approaching congelation. "My feet are frozen, I know they are," said the lady who sat beside me in the wagon; but she was mistaken.

This sudden drop in the temperature seemed to be a trial even to the natives. As we drove into Chattanooga, it was impossible not to smile at the pinched and woebegone appearance of the colored people. What had they to do with weather that makes a man hurry? And the next morning, when an enterprising, bright-faced white boy ran up to me with a "Times, sir? Have a Times?" I fear he quite misapprehended the more or less quizzical expression which I am sure came into my face. I was looking at his black woolen mittens, and thinking how well he was mothered. It was the 19th of May; for at least three weeks, to my own knowledge, the city had been sweltering under the hottest of midsummer heats, — 94° in the shade, for example; and now, mittens and overcoats!

I should be sorry to exaggerate, or leave a false impression. In this day of literary conscientiousness, when writers of fiction itself are truth-tellers first, and story-tellers afterwards, — if at all, — it behooves mere tourists and naturalists to speak as under oath. Be it confessed, then, that the foregoing paragraphs, though true in every word, are not to be taken too seriously. If the weather, "the dramatic element in scenery," happened not to suit the convenience of a naturally selfish man, now ten times more selfish than usual — as is the rule — because he was on his annual vacation, it does not follow that it was essentially bad. The rains were needed, the heat was to have been expected, and the cold, unseasonable and exceptional, was not peculiar to Tennessee. As for

the snow, it was no more than I have seen before now, even in Massachusetts, — a week or two earlier in the month; and it lent such a glory to the higher Alleghanies, as we passed them on our way homeward, that I might cheerfully have lain shivering for *two* nights in that unplastered bedroom, with its window that no man could shut, rather than miss the spectacle. Eastern Tennessee, I have no doubt, is a most salubrious country; properly recommended by the medical fraternity as a refuge for consumptive patients. If to me its meteorological fluctuations seemed surprisingly wide and sudden, it was perhaps because I had been brought up in the equable climate of New England. It would be unfair to judge the world in general by that favored spot.

The road up the mountain — the "new road," as it is called — is a notable piece of work, done, I was told, by the county chain-gangs. The pleasure of the ascent, which naturally would have been great, was badly diminished by the rain, which made it necessary to keep the sides of the wagon down; but I was fortunate in my driver. At first he seemed a stolid, uncommunicative body, and when we came to the river I made sure he could not read. As we drove upon the bridge, where straight before his eyes was a sign forbidding any one to drive or ride over the bridge at a pace faster than a walk, under a penalty of five dollars for each offense, he whipped up his horse and his mule (the mule the better horse of the two), and they struck into a trot. Halfway across we met another wagon, and its driver too had let his horses out. Illiteracy must be pretty common in these parts, I said to myself. But whatever my driver's educational deficiencies, it did not take long to discover that in his own line he was a master. He could hit the ear of his mule with the end of his whip with a precision that was almost startling. In fact, it *was* startling — to the

mule. For my own part, as often as he drew back his hand and let fly the lash, my eye was glued to the mule's right ear in spite of myself. Had my own ears been endowed with life and motion, instead of fastened to my head like blocks of wood, I think they too would have twitched. I wondered how long the man had practiced his art. He appeared to be not more than forty-five years old. Perhaps he came of a race of drivers, and so began life with some hereditary advantages. At all events, he was a specialist, with the specialist's motto, "This one thing I do."

We were hardly off the bridge and in the country before I began plying him with questions about this and that, especially the wayside trees. He answered promptly and succinctly, and turned out to be a man who had kept his eyes open, and, better still, knew how to say, "No, suh," as well as, "Yes, suh." (There is no mark in the dictionaries to indicate the percussive brevity of the vowel sound in "suh" as he pronounced it.) The big tupelo he recognized as the "black gum." "But is n't it ever called 'sour gum'?" "No, suh." He knew but one kind of tupelo, as he knew but one kind of "ellum." There were many kinds of oaks, some of which he named as we passed them. This botanical catechism presently waked up the only other passenger in the wagon, a modest girl of ten or twelve years. She too, it appeared, had some acquaintance with trees. I had asked the driver if there were no long-leaved pines hereabout. "No, suh," he said. "But I think I saw some at Chickamauga the other day," I ventured. (It was the only place I did see them, as well as I remember.) "Yes, sir," put in the girl, "there are a good many there." "Good for you!" I was ready to say. It was a pretty rare schoolgirl who, after visiting a battlefield, could tell what kind of pines grew on it. Persimmons? Yes, indeed, the girl had eaten them. There was a tree by the fence. Had I never eaten

them? She seemed to pity me when I said "No," but I fancied she would have preferred to see me begin with one a little short of ripe.

As for the birds of Walden's Ridge, the driver said, there were partridges, pheasants, and turkeys. He had seen ravens, also, but only in winter, he thought, and never in flocks. His brother had once shot one. About smaller birds he could not profess to speak. By and by he stopped the carriage. "There's a bird now," he said, pointing with his whip. "What do you call that?" It was a summer tanager, I told him, or summer redbird. Did he know another redbird, with black wings and tail? Yes, he had seen it; that was the male, and this all red one was the female. Oh no, I explained; the birds were of different species, and the females in both cases were yellow. He did not insist, — it was a case of a driver and his fare; but he had always been told so, he said, and I do not flatter myself that I convinced him to the contrary. It is hard to believe that one man can be so much wiser than everybody else. A Massachusetts farmer once asked me, I remember, if the night-hawk and the whippoorwill were male and female of the same bird. I answered, of course, that they were not, and gave, as I thought, abundant reason why such a thing could not be possible. But I spoke as a scribe. "Well," remarked the farmer, when I had finished my story, "some folks *say* they be, but I guess they *ain't*."

With such converse, then, we beguiled the climb to the "Brow," — the top of the cliffs which rim the summit of the mountain, and give it from below a fortified look, — and at last, after an hour's further drive through the dripping woods, came to the hotel at which I was to put up — or with which I was to put up — during my stay on the Ridge.

I had hardly taken the road, the next morning, impatient to see what this little world on a mountain top was like, before

I came to a lovely brook making its devious course among big boulders with much pleasant gurgling, in the shadow of mountain laurel and white azalea, — a place highly characteristic of Walden's Ridge, as I was afterwards to learn. Just now, naturally, there was no stopping so near home, though a Kentucky warbler, with his cool, liquid song, did his best to beguile me; and I kept on my way, past a few houses, a tiny box of a post-office, a rude church, and a few more houses, till just beyond the last one the road dropped into the forest again, as if for good. And there, all at once, I seemed to be in New Hampshire. The land fell away sharply, and at one particular point, through a vista, the forest could be seen sloping down on either side to the gap, beyond which, miles away, loomed a hill, and then, far, far in the distance, high mountains dim with haze. It was like a note of sublimity in a poem that till now had been only beautiful.

From the bottom of the valley came a sound of running water, and between me and the invisible stream a chorus of olive-backed thrushes were singing, — the same simple and hearty strains that, in June and July, echo all day long through the woods of the Crawford Notch. The birds were on their way from the far South, and were happy to find themselves in so homelike a place. Then, suddenly, amid the golden voices of the thrushes, I caught the wiry notes of a warbler. They came from the treetops in the valley, and — so I prided myself upon guessing — belonged to a cerulean warbler, a bird of which I had seen my first and only specimen a week before, on Look-out Mountain. Down the steep hillside I scrambled, — New Hampshire clean forgotten, — and was just bringing my glass into play when the fellow took wing, and began singing at the very point I had just left. I hastened back; he flew again, farther up the hill, and again I put myself out of breath with pursuing him. Again and again he sang, now in this

tree, now in that, but there was no getting sight of him. The trees should have been shorter, or the bird larger. Straight upward I gazed, till the muscles of my neck cried for mercy. At last I saw him, flitting amid the dense foliage, but so far above me, and so exactly between me and the sun, that I might as well not have seen him at all.

It was a foolish half-hour. The bird, as I afterwards discovered, was nothing but a blue yellow-back, with an original twist to his song. In Massachusetts, I should not have listened to it twice, but on new hunting-grounds a man is bound to look for new game; else what would be the use of traveling? It was a foolish half-hour, I say; but I wish some moralist would explain, in a manner not inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, how it happens that foolish half-hours are commonly so much more enjoyable at the time, and so much pleasanter in the retrospect, than many that are more reasonably employed.

I swallowed my disappointment, and presently forgot it, for at the first turn in the road I found myself following the course of a brook or creek, between which and myself was a dense thicket of mountain laurel and rhododendron, with trees and other shrubs intermingled. The laurel was already in full bloom, while the rhododendrons held aloft clusters of gorgeous rose-purple buds, a few of which, the middle ones of the cluster, were just bursting into flower. Here was beauty of a new order, — such wealth and splendor of color in surroundings so romantic. And the place, besides, was alive with singing birds: hooded warblers, Kentucky warblers, a Canadian warbler, a black-throated blue, a black-throated green, a blue yellow-back, scarlet tanagers, wood peewees, wood thrushes, a field sparrow (on the hillside beyond), a cardinal, a chat, a bunch of white-throated sparrows, and who could tell what else? It was an exciting moment. Luckily, a man can look and listen both at once. Here was a

fringe-tree, a noble specimen, hung with creamy-white plumes; here was a magnolia, with big leaves and big flowers; and here was a flowering dogwood, not to be put out of countenance in any company; but especially, here were the rhododendrons! And all the while, deep in the thickest of the bushes, some unknown bird was singing a strange, breathless jumble of a song, note tripping over note, — like an eager churchman with his responses, I kept saying to myself, with no thought of disrespect to either party. It cost me a long vigil and much patient coaxing to make the fellow out, and he proved to be merely a Wilson's blackcap, after all; but he was the only bird of his kind that I saw in Tennessee.

On this first visit I did not get far beyond the creek, through the bed of which the road runs, with a single log for foot-passengers. I had spent at least an hour in going a hundred rods, and it was already drawing near dinner time. But I returned to the spot that very afternoon, and half a dozen times afterward. So poor a traveler am I, so ill fitted to explore a new country. Whenever nothing in particular offered itself, why, it was always pretty down at Falling Water Creek. There I saw the rhododendrons come into exuberant bloom, and there I oftenest see them in memory, though I found them elsewhere in greater abundance, and in a setting even more romantic.

More romantic, perhaps, but hardly more beautiful. I remember, just beyond the creek, a bank where sweet bush (*Calycanthus*), wild ginger (*Asarum*), rhododendron, laurel, and plenty of trailing arbutus (the last now out of flower) were growing side by side, — a rare combination of beauty and fragrance. And within a few rods of the same spot I sat down more than once to take a long look at a cross-vine covering a dead hemlock. The branches of the tree, shortening regularly to the top, were draped heavily with gray lichens, while

the vine, keeping mostly near the trunk and climbing clean to the tip, — fifty feet or more, as I thought, — was hung throughout with large, orange-red, gold-lined bells. Their numbers were past guessing. Here and there a spray of them swung lightly from the end of a branch, as if inviting the breeze to lend them motion and a voice. The sight was worth going miles to see, and yet I passed it three times before it caught my eye, so full were the woods of things to look at. After all, *is* it a poor traveler who turns again and again into the same path? Whether is better, to read two good books once, or one good book twice?

A favorite shorter walk, at odd minutes, — before breakfast and between showers, — was through the woods for a quarter of a mile to a small clearing and a cabin. On a Sunday afternoon I ventured to pass the gate and make a call upon my neighbors. The doors of the house stood open, but a glance inside showed that there was no one there, and I walked round it, inspecting the garden, — corn, beans, and potatoes coming on, — till, just as I was ready to turn back into the woods, I descried a man and woman on the hillside not far away; the man leading a mule, and the woman picking strawberries. At sight of a stranger the woman fell behind, but the man kept on to the house, greeted me politely, and invited me to be seated under the hemlock, where two chairs were already placed. After tying the mule he took the other chair, and we fell into talk about the weather, the crops, and things in general. When the wife finally appeared, I rose, of course; but she went on in silence and entered the house, while the husband said, "Oh, keep your seat." We continued our conversation till the rain began to fall. Then we picked up our chairs and followed the woman inside. She sat in the middle of the room (young, pretty, newly married, and Sunday-dressed), but never once opened her lips. Her behavior was in strict ac-

cordance with local etiquette, I was afterward assured (as if *all* etiquette were not local); but though I admire feminine modesty as much as any man, I cannot say that I found this particular manifestation of it altogether to my liking. Silence is golden, no doubt, and gold is more precious than silver, but in cases of this figurative sort I profess myself a bimetallist. A *little* silver, I say; enough for small change, at any rate; and if we can have a pretty free coinage, why, so much the better, though as to that, it must be admitted, a good deal depends upon the "image and superscription." However, my hostess followed her lights, and reserved her voice — soft and musical, let us hope — for her husband's ear.

They had not lived in the house very long, he told me, and he did not know how many years the land had been cleared. There was a fair amount of game in the woods, — turkeys, squirrels, pheasants, and so on, — and in winter the men did considerable hunting. Formerly there were a good many deer, but they had been pretty well killed off. Turkeys still held out. They were gobbling now. His father had been trying for two or three weeks, off and on, to shoot a certain old fellow who had several hens with him down in the valley. His father could call with his mouth better than with any "caller," but so far the bird had been too sharp for him. The son laughed good-naturedly when I confessed to an unsportsmanlike sympathy with the gobbler.

The cabin, built of hewn logs, with clay in the chinks, was neatly furnished, with beds in two corners of the one room, a stone chimney, two doors directly opposite each other, and no window. The doors, it is understood, are always to be open, for ventilation and light. Such is the custom; and custom is nowhere more powerful than in small rustic communities. If a native, led away by his wife, perhaps, puts a window into his new cabin, the neighbors say, "Oh, he is

building a glass house, is n't he?" It must be an effeminate woman, they think, who cannot do her cooking and sewing by the light of the door. None the less, in a climate where snow is possible in the middle of May, such a Spartan arrangement must sometimes be found a bit uncomfortable by persons not to the manner born. A preacher confided to me that in his pastoral calls he had once or twice made bold to push to a door directly at his back, when the wind was cold; but the innovation was ill received, and the inmates of the house, doubtless without wishing to hurt their minister's feelings, — since he had meant no harm, to be sure, but was simply unused to the ways of the world, — speedily found some excuse for rectifying his mistake. Probably there is no corner of the world where the question of fresh air and draughts is not available for purposes of moral discipline.

Beside the path to the cabin, on the 13th of May, was a gray-cheeked thrush, a very gray specimen, sitting motionless in the best of lights. "Look at me," he seemed to say. "I am no olive-back. My cheeks are not sallow." On the same day, here and in another place, I saw white-throated sparrows. Their presence at this late hour was a great surprise, and suggested the possibility of their breeding somewhere in the Carolina mountains, though I am not aware that such an occurrence has ever been recorded. Another recollection of this path is of a snow-white milkweed (*Asclepias variegata*), — white with the merest touch of purple to set it off, — for the downright elegance of which I was not in the least prepared. The queen of all milkweeds, surely.

After nightfall the air grew loud with the cries of batrachians and insects, an interesting and novel chorus. On my first evening at the hotel I was loitering up the road, with frequent auditory pauses, thinking how full the world is of unseen creatures which find their day

only after the sun goes down, when in a woody spot I heard behind me a sound of footsteps. A woman was close at my heels, fetching a pail of water from the spring. I remarked upon the many voices. She answered pleasantly. It was the big frogs that I heard, she reckoned. "Do you have whippoorwills here?" I asked. "Plenty of 'em," she answered, "plenty of 'em." "Do you hear them right along the road?" "Yes, sir; oh yes." We had gone hardly a rod further before we exclaimed in the same breath, "There is one now!" I inquired if there was another bird here, something like the whippoorwill, meaning the chuck-will's-widow. But she said no; she knew of but one. "How early does the whippoorwill get here?" said I. "Pretty early," she answered. "By the first of April, should you say?" "Yes, sir, I think about then. I know the timber is just beginning to put out when they begin to holler."

This mannerly treatment of a stranger was more Christian-like than the stately silence of my lady of the cabin, it seemed to me. I liked it better, at all events. I had learned nothing, perhaps; but unless a man is far gone in philosophy he need not feel bound to increase in wisdom every time a neighbor speaks to him; and anyhow, that expression about the "putting out of the timber" had given me pleasure. Hearing it thus was better than finding it upon a page of Stevenson, or some other author whose business in life is the picking of right words. Let us have some silver, I repeat. I am ready to believe, what I have somewhere read, that men will have to give account not only for every idle word, but for every idle silence.

The summit of the Ridge, as soon as one leaves its precipitous rocky edge, — the Brow, so called, — is simply an indefinite expanse of gently rolling country, thin-soiled, but well watered, and covered with fine open woods, rambling through which the visitor finds little to

remind him of his elevation above the world. I heard a resident speak of going to the "top of the mountain," however, and on inquiry learned that a certain rocky eminence, two miles, more or less, from Fairmount (the little "settlement" where I was staying), went by that name, and was supposed to be the highest point of the Ridge. My informant kindly made me a rough map of the way thither, and one morning I set out in that direction. It would be shameful to live for a week on the "summit" of a mountain, and not once go to the "top."

The glory of Walden's Ridge, as compared with Lookout Mountain, — so the dwellers there say, — is its streams and springs; and my morning path soon brought me to the usual rocky brook bordered with mountain laurel, holly, and hemlock. To my New England eyes it was an odd circumstance, the hemlocks growing always along the creeks in the valley bottoms. Beyond this point I passed an abandoned cabin, — no other house in sight, — and by and by a second one, near which, in the garden (better worth preserving than the house, it appeared), a woman and two children were at work. Yes, the woman said, I was on the right path. I had only to keep a straight course, and I should bring up at the "top of the mountain." A little farther, and my spirits rose at the sight of a circular, sedgy, woodland pond, such a place as I had not seen in all this Chattanooga country. It ought to yield something new for my local ornithological list, which up to this time included ninety species, and not one of them a water-bird. I did my best, beating round the edge and "squeaking," but startled nothing rarer than a hooded warbler and a cardinal grosbeak.

Next I traversed a long stretch of unbroken oak woods, with single tall pines interspersed; and then all at once the path turned to the right, and ran obliquely downhill to a clearing in which stood

a house, — not a cabin, — with a garden, orchard trees, and beehives. This should be the German shoemaker's, I thought, looking at my map. If so, I was pretty near the top, though otherwise there was no sign of it; and if I had made any considerable ascent, it had been as children increase in stature, — and as the good increase in goodness, — unconsciously. A woman of some years was in the garden, and at my approach came up to the fence, — a round-faced, motherly body. Yes, the top of the mountain was just beyond. I could not miss it. "You do not live here?" she asked. No, I explained; I was a stranger on the Ridge, — a stranger from Boston. "From Washington?" "No, from Boston." "Oh! from Boston! — Massachusetts! — Oh-h-h!" She would go part way with me, she said, lest I should miss the path. Perhaps she wished to show some special hospitality to a man from Massachusetts; or possibly she thought I must be more in danger of getting bewildered, being so far from home. But I could not think of troubling her. Was there a spring near by, where I could drink? "I have water in the house," she answered. "But is n't there a creek down in the valley ahead?" Oh yes, there was a creek; but had I anything to drink out of? I thanked her. Yes, I had a cup. "My husband will be at home by the time you come back," she said, as I started on, and I promised to call.

The scene at the brook, halfway between the German's house and the top, would of itself have paid me for my morning's jaunt. I stood on a boulder in mid-current, in the shadow of overhanging trees, and drank it in. Such rhododendrons and laurel, now in the perfection of their beauty! One rhododendron bush was at least ten feet high, and loaded with blooms. Another lifted its crown of a dozen rose-purple clusters amid the dark foliage of a hemlock. A magnolia-tree stood near; but though it

was much taller than the laurel or the rhododendron, and had much larger flowers, it made little show beside them. Birds were singing on all hands, and numbers of gay-colored butterflies flitted about, sipping here and there at a blossom. I remember especially a fine tiger swallow-tail; the only one I saw in Tennessee, I believe. I remember, too, how well the rhododendron became him. Here, as in many other places, the laurel was nearly white; a happy circumstance, as it and the rhododendron went the more harmoniously together. Even in this high company, some tufts of cinnamon fern were not to be overlooked; the fertile cinnamon-brown fronds were now at their loveliest, and showed as bravely here, I thought, as in the barest of Massachusetts swamp-lands.

A few rods more, up a moderate slope, and I was at the top of the mountain, — a wall of outcropping rocks, falling off abruptly on the further side, and looking almost like an artificial rampart. Beyond me, to my surprise, I heard the hum of cicadas, — seventeen-year locusts, — a sound of which the lower country had for some time been full, but of which, till this moment, I had heard nothing on the Ridge.

As for the prospect, it was far reaching, but only in one direction, and through openings among the trees. Directly before me, some hundreds of feet below, was a piece of road, with a single cabin and a barn; and much farther away were other cabins, each with its private clearing. Elsewhere the foreground was an unbroken forest. For some time I could not distinguish the Ridge itself from the outlying world. Mountains and hills crowded the hazy horizon, range beyond range. Moving along the rocks, I found a vista through which Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain were visible. Another change, and a stretch of the Tennessee River came into sight, and, beyond it, Missionary Ridge with its settlements and its two observatories. Evidently I

was considerably above the level of the Brow; but whether this was really the top of the mountain — reached, in some mysterious way, without going uphill — was more than I could say.

Nor did it matter. I was glad to be there. It was a pleasant place and a pleasant hour, with an oak root for a seat, and never an insect to trouble me. That, by the way, was true of all those Tennessee forests, — when I was there, I mean; from what I heard, the ticks and jiggers must be bad enough later in the season. As men do at such times, — for human nature is of noble origin, and feels no surprise at being well treated, — I took my immunity as a matter of course, and only realized how I had been favored when I got back to Massachusetts, where, on my first visit to the woods, I was fairly driven out by swarms of mosquitoes.

The shoemaker was at home when I reached his house on my return, and at the urgent invitation of himself and his wife I joined them on the piazza for a bit of neighborly chat. I found him a smallish man, not German in appearance, but looking, I thought, like Thoreau, only grown a little older. He had been on Walden's Ridge for fifteen years. Before that he was in South Carolina, but the yellow fever came along and made him feel like getting out. Yes, this was a healthy country. He had nothing to complain of; he was sixty-two years old and his doctors' bills had never amounted to "five dollar." "Do *you* like living here?" I asked his wife. "No," she answered promptly; "I never did. But then," she added, "we can't help it. If you own something, you know, you have to stay." The author of Walden would have appreciated that remark. There was no shoemaking to be done here, the man said, his nearest neighbor being half a mile distant through the woods; and there was no clover, so that his bees did not do very well; and the frost had just killed all his peach-trees; but when I

asked if he never felt homesick for Germany, the answer came like a pistol shot, — "No."

I inquired about a cave, of which I had heard reports. Yes, it was a good cave, they said; I could easily find it. But their directions conveyed no very clear idea to my mind, and by and by the woman began talking to her husband in German. "She is telling him he ought to go with me and show me the way," I said to myself; and the next moment she came back to English. "He will go with you," she said. I demurred, but he protested that he could do it as well as not. "Take up a stick; you might see a snake," his wife called after him, as we left the house. He smiled, but did not follow her advice, though I fancied he would have done so had she gone along with us. A half-mile or so through

the pathless woods brought us to the cave, which might hold a hundred persons, I thought. The dribbling "creek" fell over it in front. Then the man took me to my path, pointed my way homeward, and, with a handshake (the silver lining of which was not refused, though I had been troubled with a scruple), bade me good-by. First, however, he told me that if I found any one in Boston who wanted to buy a place on Walden's Ridge, he would sell a part of his, or the whole of it. I remember him most kindly, and would gladly do him a service. If any reader, having a landed investment in view, should desire my intervention in the premises, I am freely at his command; only let him bear in mind the terms of the deed: "If you own something, you know, you have to stay."

Bradford Torrey.

A FAITHFUL FAILURE.

THE journey from New York to Hamilton, N. H., can be made in seven hours, a period of time which may or may not be long to the passengers, according to circumstances. To Maurice Wentworth, a man of nearly forty, who was traveling over the road for the first time in many years, the journey seemed interminable, for he occupied himself in reviewing the events that had taken place since he and his brother were boys in Hamilton, and this exercise of mind was not conducive to cheerful thoughts. How often, as a lad, he had watched the train steam away from the Hamilton station into an unknown world, with the determination strong within him to win a distinguished place in that world! And now it was bringing him back as poor and unknown as he had been when it had taken him away! "I am nothing but 'a faithful failure,'" he said to

himself bitterly, borrowing a phrase from Stevenson.

His brother, on the other hand, was unusually prosperous, and Maurice asked himself if Robert's apparent selfishness had not been justified by results. If he had pushed his fortunes with little regard to the rights of others, he was now in a position to hold out a helping hand to the less favored, for he was rich, influential, and happily married; while he, the elder brother, was alone in the world, and coming, at Robert's invitation, to spend the summer with him in the old homestead, while waiting for some opening by which he could earn his living.

"East Hamilton!" called the conductor, breaking in upon his reflections.

Hamilton was the next station, and Wentworth looked out of the open window at the familiar scenery, and saw that here, at least, nothing had changed while

the fortunes of men were being made or marred. As he glanced at the half-wooded hills that encircled the horizon, and at the river rushing tumultuously over its rocky channel, now half hidden in the woods, only to flash into life again when there was a gap in the forest, it seemed but yesterday since he had gone over this same road, an eager, hopeful boy.

Meanwhile, Robert Wentworth and his wife, who were driving down to the station to meet their relative, reviewed his career after their own fashion.

"Maurice is such a good fellow that it is a pity he has n't a little more push," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"A little more?" her husband returned. "I should be devoutly grateful if he had any."

"Robert, I can't bear to have you say such things about your brother, for he is so nice to the children."

"Yes, taking care of children is his forte. If he were a woman, he could earn his living as a nursery-maid."

"How unkind of you! He is a very bright man, and would have made a brilliant lawyer, I have no doubt, if it had n't been for the trouble with his eyes."

"Charlotte, a man who is bound to succeed will succeed, even if the Lord and the devil are both against him, and a man who is bound to fail will fail. I believe in predestination to that extent. The trouble with Maurice's eyes need n't have made his ranch life a failure. Do you suppose I should make a failure of ranch life if I were obliged to try it?"

"No, dear," his wife said soothingly. "I don't think you could fail at anything."

They reached the Hamilton station, as she spoke, and the next moment the brother who owned that he had failed was in the presence of the brother who owned that he had succeeded.

Robert saw a tall man come forward to meet him, with an air of gentlemanly

shabbiness, and a face full of careworn lines, which, together with his gray hair, made him look ten years older than his actual age. It irritated him to find that Maurice showed so plainly the marks of having passed a cheerless and unprosperous life, and his vexation was increased by the fact that he bore a strong family likeness to himself. Maurice, on the other hand, was struck by the fact that his brother had scarcely changed in the last ten years. He was as handsome as ever, and showed unmistakably that the world had lavished its best gifts upon him. Maurice saw, too, a vivacious little woman, with sparkling black eyes, sparkling diamond earrings, a wealth of red roses on her leghorn hat, a rainbow of colors in her gown, and a cascade of fluttering ribbons.

"I am so glad to see you, Maurice," she said, with a cordiality that was very grateful to the lonely man. "The children have talked of nothing but your coming for days. They enjoyed your visit in New York so much. It was a pity that Robert lost it! And to think that you boys have n't seen each other for ten years!"

Their way led through the town of Hamilton, with its long, elm-lined main street and its straggling group of shops and wooden churches, and then uphill for two miles until they reached the Wentworth farm. Here Maurice and his brother had lived when they were boys, and here Robert spent his summers, having remodeled the old homestead, and turned it into a comfortable modern dwelling. As they approached the red house under the elm-trees, a bevy of small girls, headed by a little boy, ran down the road and presently surrounded the carriage.

"Uncle Maurice! How perfectly splendid that you have come!" exclaimed Beatrice, the eldest of the children.

"Guess what we have got in a barrel, uncle Maurice!" said Eleanor. "There

are three of them, and their eyes have n't opened yet."

"They must be chickens," he observed solemnly.

"Chickens in a barrel! How funny you are, uncle Maurice!"

By this time their uncle had descended from the wagon and was going along the gravel path toward the porch, his left hand seized by Eleanor, and his valise borne away in a determined manner by Beatrice and Bobby, while three little girls struggled to get possession of his disengaged hand.

"Don't quarrel so; leave your uncle in peace," their father said sternly.

The children, however, who had inherited their parent's determination, paid no heed to this remark, but dragged their guest into the house and out on the piazza. Here they deposited him in a cane-seated rocking-chair with broad arms; and the next moment he was buried beneath an avalanche of white gowns and streaming yellow hair. Marion, Carlotta, and Eleanor, the three youngest children, contrived to climb into his lap, while Beatrice and Bobby perched on the arms of his chair, and the demure little Hester was forced to content herself with a chair drawn as close to her uncle as possible.

"Where is aunt Ellen? Go and find her, Hester," Beatrice commanded.

Hester, the only obedient child in this domineering and strong-willed family, slipped down from her chair and went in search of her aunt.

"It is so funny that you and aunt Ellen are n't any relation, when you are our uncle Maurice, and she is our aunt Ellen," mused Carlotta.

"Goosie, uncle Maurice can't be brother to papa and mamma both!" explained the superior Beatrice. "Aunt Ellen is awfully nice. Did you ever see her, uncle Maurice?"

"Not since she was about your size, Beatrice."

"She is grown up now."

"Not so awfully grown up," added Bobby. "Not so grown up as mamma."

"I am sorry she is grown up," Maurice owned with a sigh. He could always count upon the affection of children, but he was not so sure of the approval of their elders.

"She is taller than mamma," Marion stated, "but I don't think she is so grown up in her mind, for she likes to make mud-pies."

He heard a pleasant, gentle laugh as his niece made this remark, and upon looking up he saw Ellen standing before him. He had a vivid impression of a personality that was altogether charming. He was sensitive to atmosphere, and he felt at once that this girl was uncritical, even shy and humble.

"I believe I don't mind so very much to find that you are grown up, Ellen," he said as he shook hands with her.

In the days that followed, Maurice sometimes wished again that Ellen were a child, as in that case he could have had more chances to see her; for his time was spent chiefly with his nieces and nephew. In the minds of their parents the world was divided into two classes,—those persons who were fond of children and those who were not. They did not recognize any subtler distinctions, and realize that there were people who were fond of children for six hours, but not for sixteen, out of the twenty-four.

Maurice was sorry to find that Ellen had grown more reserved with her added years. He was especially struck with her shyness one evening when the Allens, a rich family in the neighborhood, were bidden to tea. The guests were taken out on the piazza until supper should be ready, for the day had been sultry. Mrs. Allen, fat, pompous, and dull, plied a palm-leaf fan, and listened to Mrs. Wentworth's vivacious chatter; her husband, fatter, more pompous, and duller, talked of farming with Robert; while their son, a slender blasé youth of twenty, adjusted

his eyeglasses and patronized Ellen and the sunset. The poor girl devoutly hoped that she would be placed next to Maurice Wentworth at the tea-table, for he was the only one of the men with whom she felt she had anything in common. No such happy fate was hers, however. She was seated, as befitted her youth, next to Frank Allen, while her position as sister in the household gave her his father for her other neighbor. The old gentleman ignored her, and concentrated his attention upon his entertaining hostess. The younger man, pleased at first by her charming face, vouchsafed a few remarks, but soon made up his mind that she was as dull as her narrow life, in spite of her beautiful eyes. He presently relapsed into silence, which was broken only when Ellen, catching a disapproving glance from her brother-in-law, gathered courage to ask her neighbor some trivial question, which he answered by a monosyllable.

When the long-drawn agony was at last over, and the guests had adjourned to the parlor, Robert captured Ellen as she was leaving the dining-room.

"Why did n't you talk to young Allen, instead of holding your tongue like a silly schoolgirl?" he demanded.

"I tried to talk to Mr. Allen," she answered humbly, "but he did not care for what I had to say," and she cast a hurried glance after Maurice, and wondered, in her self-abasement, if he had heard his brother's question.

"How can you expect any man to be interested in what you have to say when you are so doubtful about it yourself?" Robert inquired. "Dash in, Ellen. Say whatever comes into your head, as Charlotte does. That's the way to do it. Say it as if it were important, and every one will think it is important; but above all, never look bored. Draw out the bores, Ellen,—that's the way to get on. You are pretty enough to succeed, if you will only take the trouble. I shall expect to hear you talking all the evening,

whether you have anything to say or not."

When Robert left her, Ellen took refuge on the piazza to dry her eyes under shelter of the friendly darkness. She sat dejectedly in a corner, her depression extending itself even to the lines of her limp pink mull gown. Presently she heard a step, and before she could escape she saw Maurice at her elbow.

"Suppose we take a turn out here before we go into the parlor," he suggested. "We shall never be missed."

Ellen hastily tucked her handkerchief into her belt, and tried to steady her voice as she said, "It does n't matter about me, but you will be missed. You ought to go in."

"I missed!" He gave a short laugh. "Ellen," he asked, as they began to walk up and down the piazza, "what has my brother been saying to you? You look as forlorn as a rose that has been trodden underfoot."

"He wants me to be more like Charlotte. I wish I could be."

"It must be a comfort to be an average, conventional person," he assented, "ready at a moment's notice to adjust one's self to fashion and circumstance. That is what it means to be successful."

"I should like to be successful," she admitted, "but I never can be, because I cannot talk. I am a great disappointment to Robert. He likes lively, bright people. I wish I could please him, for he has been so good to me. You know my home has been with him ever since aunt Martha went to live with aunt Ellen, when her husband died?"

"You were with your aunt Ellen the last time I saw you. What a quaint little girl you were! You could talk fast enough then."

"We really ought to go in," said the conscientious Ellen. "Robert will be displeased if we stay away."

"If you say so, we will; but we must sit together, Ellen, and then we need

not talk unless we have something to say."

"Robert won't like it if I don't talk."

"Very well; then I will say to you at intervals, 'It is a pleasant evening,'—a great deal pleasanter out here, by the way, than in the house. Look at the mist on the mountains, and at that little crescent moon so clear-cut against the sky. It is a shame to go into the hot parlor when you and I could have such a nice time out here by ourselves. Society seems to be a device for making people uncomfortable."

"But we owe something to society, and we must go in," Ellen said firmly.

"We will go in, and whenever Robert's eye is upon us I will reiterate that it is a pleasant evening. He will be satisfied if he sees us talking, and you will merely have to say, 'Yes, it is a pleasant evening. I always did like hot drawing-rooms in summer weather.'"

Before the evening was over Ellen and Maurice had confided a number of things to each other, and they were soon laughing merrily; for whenever Robert looked that way, Maurice, true to his promise, no matter what subject they chanced to be discussing, broke off abruptly, and said with an excess of gravity to Ellen, "It is a pleasant evening."

That evening was the precursor of many that were equally delightful. The weeks slipped away, and Maurice ceased to think of his unhappy past and his precarious future, but gave himself up to the joys of a satisfying present. He had never known before the pleasure of easy and familiar intercourse with a young girl. It did not occur to him that he, middle-aged and penniless, might fall in love with Ellen; still less that she, beautiful and young, might grow to care for him; but he felt an unreasonable envy when he saw the comforts with which his brother had surrounded himself, and material things assumed the exaggerated value in his eyes which they often have for those of few possessions, who, be-

cause of their poverty, are erroneously supposed to despise comforts and luxuries. Had he been successful, he reasoned, he too might have had a happy home; a wife, not unlike Ellen, older, less charming, plainer, but a sympathetic companion who would understand him and love him. He too might have had naughty, willful, but very dear and engaging children.

At last an evening came which was pleasanter than all the others. It chanced one morning that Mrs. Wentworth proposed to her brother-in-law that he and Ellen and some of the children should have an early lunch, and then drive over to Annersley, a large town ten miles away, where she wanted some important errands done. Mrs. Allen and several New York friends were to come to lunch, and it would be a comfort to be freed from some of the turbulent and omnipresent children. So it happened that a wagonful of happy people drove "over the hills and far away," that August afternoon. Ellen was on the back seat with Marion and Carlotta, while Beatrice and Bobby proudly shared the front seat with their uncle Maurice. Unhappily, the carriage was not sufficiently elastic to hold all the children, and poor Hester had the doubtful reward of the good, and was left behind because she was no trouble to her mother, while Eleanor was compelled to stay at home because she was so very young.

They drove through patches of dense woods and up long stretches of dusty road, with a tangle of blackberry bushes and early goldenrod on either side of the rough stone walls. Sometimes they passed deserted farmhouses with their blinds forlornly closed, and again they went by prosperous farms that had been reclaimed by summer visitors; and all the way was brightened by a summer sun, except when the sun was obscured by summer clouds. Once they came suddenly, after a bend in the road, upon an old farmhouse, unpainted, and turned by stress of weather

to a picturesque gray. Over its walls gay morning-glories were climbing, and in its straggling, unkempt garden was a profusion of hollyhocks; while on the very upper edge of the hillside, silhouetted against the sky, was a flock of white geese.

"That is like one of Vedder's pictures," said Maurice.

"What! those ugly geese, craning their necks in that stupid way?" asked Beatrice.

"You are a true child of your father," he rejoined.

"Does n't papa like geese, uncle Maurice?"

"No, my dear, he does not."

But if his niece was unsympathetic, no shade of the picturesque landscape was lost upon Ellen. On this enchanting afternoon, even prosaic errands in ugly Annersley caught a little of the glamour that enveloped everything. Ellen lingered unnecessarily in the shops from a willful determination to make this happy day last a brief hour longer. She hailed with pleasure Beatrice's proposition that they should get soda water at the corner drug store, where their uncle Maurice treated them all, from Beatrice, who with difficulty could be dissuaded from having sarsaparilla, vanilla, and chocolate mixed, down to the small Carlotta. Ellen lavishly provided them with crackers, peppermint drops, and gum drops. When they started to drive home at last, and saw that the summer clouds were fast getting the better of the summer sun, Ellen recklessly hoped that they might be caught in a drenching rain, and have to take refuge in the weather-beaten farmhouse. It was such a humble wish that it was granted her by fate. The shower was upon them almost before they knew it, and Maurice had just time to get the open wagon under shelter of the barn that was near the farmhouse, when the clouds descended in a blinding sheet of rain. It was five o'clock already, and there were eight miles still before them to travel.

"Uncle Maurice," said Beatrice, as she climbed up into the hayloft, "would n't it be jolly fun if we had to stay here all night?"

"I wish it would rain, and rain, and rain, for forty days and forty nights, and that we could have this barn for our ark," added the more imaginative Carlotta.

As the minutes passed, it became evident that a fraction of this wish was to be fulfilled, and Maurice presently proposed that they should adjourn to the farmhouse, and seek shelter there for the night. They were greeted at the kitchen door by the farmer's wife, a cheery, elderly woman.

"Come right in and make yourselves to home," she said hospitably, before Maurice had finished accounting for their sudden appearance.

"I am Maurice Wentworth, from the Wentworth farm," he said, raising his voice, for the woman was deaf.

"Du tell! I want ter know! I've often seen the farm as I've drove by. And so these are your children?" (she included Ellen in the number) — "four girls and a boy; quite a little family. I guess the boy is a prime favorite with his pa?"

"He is n't our father; he is our uncle Maurice," Bobby and Beatrice explained. But the woman did not hear them, and proceeded to open the parlor door with a flourish.

"Walk right in, girls; don't be bashful. You and your sisters can have the spare room upstairs," she said, addressing Ellen, "and I have a nice little corner room for your father and brother."

"He is n't her father, and she is n't my sister. She's our aunt Ellen, and he's our uncle Maurice," said Bobby.

"I'll get tea for you directly," the woman continued, "for I know little folks is always hungry, and maybe your father" —

"He is *not* our father; he is our uncle Maurice!" shouted the children.

"I want ter know! Well, your uncle, maybe, will like a bit of steak."

Before Maurice would have his supper, he insisted upon driving back to Annersley to let Charlotte and Robert know by telephone the whereabouts of their children.

"It's no use going out again in this dreadful storm," said Beatrice, "for papa and mamma never worry about us. They'll know we are safe somewhere."

Maurice, however, was not to be dissuaded from his purpose, but took the solitary drive in the teeth of the storm.

When he returned, Ellen met him in the entry. "How wet you are!" she said. "I am very sorry! The children were so hungry that I let them have their supper, but I have waited for you. I hope Robert was properly grateful!"

"Grateful!" exclaimed Maurice, with a little laugh. "When I told him that you and the children were safe at Farmer Brown's, and that we were going to spend the night there, he said, 'Hang it, Maurice, did you drive all the way back to Annersley to tell me that? I did n't suppose you were picnicking in the middle of the road.' And then I heard him say to some one near at hand, presumably Charlotte, 'What a fool my brother Maurice is!'" He suppressed the epithet which had accompanied the words.

"How unkind of him!" exclaimed Ellen indignantly.

"Oh no," Maurice returned dispassionately, as he divested himself of his dripping overcoat. "After an acquaintance of nearly forty years with his brother Maurice, I have come to the conclusion that Robert is about right."

To take supper in the old-fashioned kitchen, with Ellen at the other end of the table pouring out tea for him, and a little boy and three small girls for his butler and maids, was a new experience for Maurice, but one that was still more delightful was in store for him. When Ellen started to go upstairs to put the children to bed, she was uncertain as to

whether she ought to come down again. Anything so charming as a whole evening alone with Mr. Wentworth her New England conscience viewed with doubt. Mrs. Brown helped to dissipate her scruples when she opened the door into the parlor and said, "I hope you and your father — Lord! I forget that he is your uncle — well, I hope you and your uncle will make yourselves entirely to home."

"I shall see you again, Ellen?" Maurice said, as he bade the children good-night.

"I was just wondering whether it was worth while to come down again," she replied, with hesitation.

"Worth while?" His face clouded with disappointment. "That is for you to judge. But I will promise not to make you talk, if you wish to be silent," he went on, wholly misunderstanding her. "I will read to you whatever you like."

When she came downstairs, half an hour later, Maurice was obliged to retract this statement. "I made a rash promise," he remarked. "I can't read whatever you like, Ellen, for Mrs. Brown's library consists of but three volumes. Which shall it be? A chapter from the Bible, extracts from *Pilgrim's Progress*, or a play of Shakespeare's?" He held the bulky Shakespeare in his hand as he spoke.

"I won't disappoint you by insisting on *The Pilgrim's Progress*," she answered, with a smile. "Let it be one of Shakespeare's plays."

"Which one? You shall choose your favorite."

"If it is to be my favorite play, it will be *Romeo and Juliet*."

"Good heavens, child! not that ghastly tragedy! Ellen, you show how young you are by making such a choice. Let me read *As You Like It*."

"The tragedies are so much more romantic," observed Ellen.

"And you really prefer tragedy to mirth-provoking humor?"

"Yes. Humor is so commonplace. Besides, I can't help going on with the plays, and thinking of the matter-of-fact lives that the heroes and heroines lived afterwards. I am sure Orlando scolded Rosalind when his beefsteak was not cooked to a turn, and that he held her responsible for all the faults of their children. I shall never forget the wild state your brother was in when my sister was making up her mind whether she would marry him. And look how comfortably prosaic they are now; how he criticises her gowns, and how he finds fault every morning with the coffee!"

"And how he loves her!" added Maurice. "I can hardly imagine his life apart from hers."

"But the romance is gone," persisted Ellen. "Now with Romeo and Juliet everything is so complete!"

"I suppose you will despise me, Ellen, as an old fellow without any sentiment, when I tell you that my ideal of happiness is a handsome house with all the modern improvements, and a wife, who may be plain and unamiable, but who must know how to make me comfortable!"

"Mr. Wentworth!"

"I have not knocked about the world for fifteen years without having gained a realizing sense of the importance of good, matter-of-fact, unromantic prose. Give me a creature not too bright and good to *cook* human nature's daily food!"

"Mr. Wentworth, I know you are not in earnest. I have always supposed you were too" — she hesitated — "I have always supposed you were indifferent to such things."

"Then you have supposed wrong. It is not the men who have had poor coffee all their lives who are indifferent to good coffee."

Ellen laughed.

"It is not the men who have been unprosperous all their lives who are indifferent to prosperity," he went on more seriously.

"Why have you been unprosperous?" she asked impulsively.

"Ah! 'That is another story,' as Kipling would say. It is not a tragedy, exactly, after Shakespeare's manner, and yet it is not a comedy."

"Tell me all about your life, from beginning to end," she entreated.

"It is not an interesting story, Ellen; and you, with your love of romance, will be disturbed because it is not more complete. To finish it off neatly, I ought to have died half a dozen years ago."

"Oh no," she said, with a little shiver. "Please go on," she added, after a moment of silence.

"It is a story briefly told. I have failed at everything, and when I had the typhoid fever, six years ago, I even failed to die."

"Were you very ill?"

"Yes. I had as narrow a squeak as any man ever has who lives. Forgive me, Ellen; 'squeak,' I realize, is not the language of Shakespeare."

"Were you on the ranch when you were ill?" she inquired in a subdued voice.

"Yes. I was alone for days, until a neighbor happened to drive over and found me half unconscious. But here I am, you see," he added cheerfully, "all ready to read aloud Romeo and Juliet."

"I want to hear everything about yourself first, from the very beginning. Why was it that Robert went to college before you, when you were the older brother?"

"Because he was stronger and brighter and more determined than I. Father could afford to send but one of us: so Robert went, and I stayed at home and earned the money to go later."

"It was selfish of Robert to let you do it!" she cried indignantly.

"No, it was weak of me. If I were to live my life over again, I should fight for my rights at every point."

"You would not be half so nice if you did."

"Thank you, — perhaps not; but I should be a great deal happier."

"Are n't you happy now?" asked Ellen, with a great concern in her brown eyes.

"Just at this moment I am very happy."

"You know I did n't mean that. You ought to be happier than Robert," she proceeded thoughtfully, "for you make everybody happy."

"Well, I am not so happy as Robert, all the same. I would change places with him in a minute, if I had the chance. At least, I would if I could go back a dozen years."

"You would n't change places with him if you could. You would want to keep your individuality."

"Think what he has accomplished," said Maurice, with enthusiasm. "He is not only happy himself, but he has made a great many other people happy."

"Yes. I certainly ought to be grateful to him, for he has supported me ever since I was twelve years old. Only — perhaps I can't explain myself — it sometimes seems to me as if it were better to fail than to succeed. Prosperous people are apt to lose their sympathy for the forlorn and unsuccessful, but those who have not succeeded are in touch with all sorrow and failure and misery; and the unsuccessful class is such a large one that to belong to it implies a freemasonry with nine tenths of the world."

"Ellen, you almost make me determine to go on failing to the end of the chapter."

He saw by the quick change in her responsive face that she was pained because he treated her words lightly. In reality he was not unappreciative. On the contrary, it was because he was afraid of expressing too much that he expressed nothing. He looked at the young girl in her inharmonious surroundings, and the stiff haircloth chair in which she sat and the ugly yellow-and-green sprigged paper on the walls instantly became

dear and homelike. Even the scarlet worsted mat under the kerosene lamp was faithfully photographed upon his mental retina. These things were part of an enchanting present which would all too soon be only an enchanting past. Ellen wore the summer uniform of her sex, a plain dark blue serge skirt and a blue silk shirt waist dotted with white, but it seemed to him that she wore them with a grace and distinction that were all her own. He was glad that she was looking away from him, as he could rest his eyes upon her with greater confidence. He would not have altered a detail of her face. The soft brown hair coiled in the knot that Robert thought too simple, the complexion which Robert thought too pale, the large dark eyes with the long lashes, the sweet mouth which Robert thought too grave, were all a part of Ellen, and to change a single detail, even to its advantage, would be to make her less completely Ellen. Suppose she were really his daughter, as their hostess had fancied? In this case his life and hers would be inextricably joined. But no, some lover would ruthlessly claim her, — he felt a righteous indignation toward the intruder, — and the next moment his wayward imagination was picturing how it would seem to be Ellen's lover.

"Hear the rain beat against the window!" she said. "It is a fearful night. When I was a little girl, I used to be afraid of the wind when it shrieked like that."

"Suppose I read *King Lear*, since you like tragedy? That play is in harmony with the storm."

"I wish you had your essays here, and then you could read those."

"They are as unsuccessful as the rest of my career. Sometimes the magazines and newspapers take them, but oftener they refuse them. They are not essays, by the way, but merely articles about the woods and fields and the Western country."

"Please give me a little sketch of one."

"Ellen, you are an apt pupil of my brother. Don't start me on that subject, or I shall feel sure that you are taking his advice and trying to draw out a bore."

Whatever her motive might have been, it is certain that she succeeded in making him talk more freely about himself than he had ever done, and the hours sped by only too quickly.

"What time is it?" she asked at last, reluctantly.

He took out his watch. "I would rather not tell you," he owned.

Ellen glanced over his shoulder. "Eleven o'clock!" she exclaimed in horrified accents. "And I thought it was n't more than half past nine!"

"Good-night, Ellen."

He clasped her slender hand in his, and wished again that he were her father, that he might claim a father's privilege. In the watches of the night he admitted that he had been dishonest with himself: he did not wish that he were Ellen's father.

That night, as Ellen lay awake, she felt that she had said all she ought not to have said, and left unsaid all that she ought to have said. Why had her tongue refused to translate the message of her heart, and to tell Mr. Wentworth the stimulus that his friendship was to her? Why had she not said:—

"When I was a little girl, you showed me all the treasures of the woods and the fields. You taught me to love nature, and to feel as if nothing really mattered so long as one had God's blue sky overhead and a world of beauty at one's feet. You taught me to care for books, and to feel that one never could be dull or friendless with these good comrades at hand. Robert has given me an outwardly prosperous life, but he would have left my mind cramped. And so, I believe that to fail so far as the world is concerned, but to succeed in

making one human being independent of the world, is better than to succeed, as the world calls it, but to fail in regard to spiritual things. 'For is not the life more than meat?'"

Why had she not said this? It was because of her miserable shyness and self-consciousness. Instead of this (oh, mortifying thought! her cheeks burned at the recollection), she had told him that to fail was better than to succeed, thereby implying that his life had been a failure. Why had she not urged him to try for mere material, worldly success, since he craved it? It was because no one had ever really cared for him or believed in his powers that he, with his humble estimate of himself, had failed. A part of this she would get courage to tell him in the morning, for Ellen was still young enough to believe in "to-morrow."

Yet alas! when to-morrow came it brought altered conditions. Poor Ellen could not determine what subtle change had come over Maurice Wentworth, and she was too sensitive and shrinking to force her mood upon him. It was a glorious morning, and there was no excuse for lingering at the Browns' farm after breakfast; and indeed, she no longer cared to linger, for the charm had departed.

When they reached home, and Ellen saw Charlotte standing in the doorway, she felt a premonition that some bad news was in store for her.

"Dear Ellen," her sister said, "I want to prepare you for something very sad."

Ellen's heart sank still lower as a sudden memory of awful sorrow years ago swept over her; then it gave a bound again when she saw Robert, Hester, and Eleanor.

Charlotte held a telegram in her hand. "Aunt Martha has died," she announced. "The funeral is to-morrow. Robert thinks that all three of us had better go down to it, as Maurice can stay with

the children. I am so sorry for poor aunt Ellen. How lonely she will be!"

"Yes," said Ellen the younger, "poor, poor aunt Ellen!"

Her mind, however, refused to feel a realizing sense of her aunt's sorrow. She was conscious instead of a passionate regret that this journey was to come now, and lessen her time, already too short, under the same roof with Maurice Wentworth. She was ashamed of her lack of sympathy, and would fain have cried because she had no tears to shed.

Maurice drove them to the station the next day, in the same wagon that had so recently gone on a happier errand, and he watched the train wistfully as it moved out of sight.

When the travelers came home, four days later, they found a great fire of fir cones and pine-balsam burning in the parlor fireplace, while the room was decorated with cardinal flowers and golden-rod, in honor of their return.

Bobby flew to greet his papa, while the younger children clung joyfully to their mamma, and Beatrice and Hester put their arms around their aunt.

"It is awfully good to get you back," said Beatrice.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Hester timidly.

"Hester," Beatrice remarked severely, "people don't have a good time at funerals."

Poor Hester, who had meant to say something quite different, and was more sympathetic in her heart than any of the children, retired, crushed and humiliated, to the other end of the room, where she was joined by her uncle.

"Hester," he began, "I believe you and I are really fonder of your aunt than the other children are, but for that very reason we often fail to say the right thing. Suppose we go now and tell her how sorry we are that she has had this long, sad journey."

He took Hester's hand, alike uncon-

scious of the passionate love and gratitude in the child's heart and of the strong influence he was already exerting over her life, and they crossed the room to where Ellen sat in the window-seat, with Beatrice and Carlotta in their white gowns making a sharp contrast against the sombre folds of her black dress.

"We have come to tell you how glad we are to get you back, and how sorry we are for your sorrow," said Maurice.

Ellen raised her clear eyes to his. It seemed dishonest to let him think that she had suffered.

"I never knew aunt Martha well enough to love her," she explained, "and so I did not grieve for myself, but merely kept thinking in a vague, outside way, 'How hard it must be to lose the sister with whom one has lived so many years!' Yet the thought did not touch me. It only saddened me, as one is saddened by sad music, or by the first bleak, gray days of winter. It was a mood, not a reality: yet now I have come away, the mood still stays, and it seems as if I could never be glad any more."

"How funny!" said Beatrice. "I should think the time to be sad was at the funeral, and that you'd be awfully glad now to think it was over. Mamma and papa are n't sad. They are laughing. Goodness! Bobby has put on my shade hat. What a scamp that boy is!" and she slid down from her aunt's lap and proceeded to chastise the erring Bobby.

"Robert was so kind and sympathetic through everything," Ellen said to Maurice. "He is the best fellow in the world when one has a real sorrow. No son could have been kinder than he was to aunt Ellen. He felt her grief much more keenly than I did."

"Perhaps so; yet you will feel it longer."

"I shall have a chance to feel it for a long, long time," said Ellen in a low voice, "for I am going to live with my aunt Ellen."

"Robert," Charlotte asked that night after they had gone upstairs, "has it ever occurred to you that Maurice is in love with Ellen?"

"Great Scott! What put that absurd idea into your head?"

"I have suspected it for some time, but I was sure of it to-night by the way he took the news of her going to live with aunt Ellen. Do you suppose, if you get that position for him at Torrey and Brown's, that he will offer himself to her?"

"Charlotte, the men of our family may be fools, but they are not knaves. We don't marry when we have n't money enough to eke out a decent living."

"But Maurice has always supported himself, after a fashion."

"He has contrived to starve with philosophy, but he is not the man to drag a woman into starvation."

"It seems a pity, Robert, that such a good fellow should be so weak in some ways."

"It is a pity. There is hope for the drunkard, the gambler, or the libertine, for the very qualities that dragged him down may raise him up, if turned to good account; but there is no reforming your conscientious, self-distrustful, and consequently inefficient man. Lord! what a conscience that fellow has! I can't think of any place that he could fill with entire satisfaction to himself, unless it were matron of an Orphans' Home. He never could get rich in any line. He is the kind of fellow who always puts the largest strawberries in the bottom of the box. He won't make a good salesman if he gets in at Torrey and Brown's, for he will point out to his customers every flaw in each article. By the way, he told me, characteristically, to be sure to tell Torrey and Brown that he had had no experience as a salesman."

"If his eyes were only stronger, he could be editor of some newspaper," Charlotte suggested, "for he is clever with his pen."

"My dear child, he would not stay on the staff of a paper a week, for he would insist upon telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is pleasant to look forward to a future world for such men. Maurice is very well fitted for the kingdom of heaven; only he would want to change places with some fellow who was writhing in the other kingdom before he could be quite easy in his mind."

"Robert, what troubles me more than the fact that Maurice is in love with Ellen is the fear that she cares for him. If she had a suspicion of his feelings, I am afraid that she would be only too glad to 'starve' with him 'with philosophy.' As she can't go to aunt Ellen for a month, I wish we could send Maurice away now. Could n't Torrey and Brown make room for him at once?"

"I will write to them this moment and find out. But, my dear, I can't believe that your sister would be such an idiot as to marry a man who could earn perhaps six hundred dollars a year."

"She is a child about money matters, and she will reason that the five thousand dollars aunt Martha left her will give her" —

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a year," said Robert promptly. "At aunt Ellen's she will have comforts and luxuries, and be the cherished daughter of the house, a much more important person than she could ever be in our large family. She will make a good match in time, when she has learned her own value, for she is a pretty girl and a sweet-tempered girl, and I suppose, if she lives with your aunt Ellen, she will eventually have all her money. Great Scott! Fancy a girl's throwing away all these chances to live with Maurice Wentworth in an attic!"

"She is young and romantic," said Charlotte, "and she has no conception of the wear and tear of poverty. If we can only get Maurice away at once, however, no great harm will have been done."

"He shall go this week, if I have to drag him away by main force."

Robert, who had never failed in any undertaking, did not fail now, and consequently Maurice found himself, at the end of the week, about to start for New York, to be a clerk in the wholesale firm of Torrey and Brown, at a salary of fifty dollars a month. Small as the sum was, he was afraid it was more than his services were worth. He knew that he ought to be grateful to Robert, instead of feeling a smouldering anger at the irritating way in which the chance was offered him, as if Robert were his master, and he a faithful hound, who was expected to take a cuff without a murmur, because it was accompanied by a bone; he knew that he was in no position to rebel at the distastefulness of the work, and that he ought to be glad it was to begin at once; but every other feeling was merged in blank, dumb despair at the prospect of the immediate parting from Ellen.

Maurice spent his last afternoon out on the piazza, with a book in his hand; but his eyes frequently wandered toward the court where Ellen was playing tennis with Frank Allen. The mellow sunlight filtered through the green leaves of the oak-tree and fell on her slender figure in the accustomed blue skirt and silk waist that seemed so much more a part of her than her black dress. As he saw her swiftly sending the balls over the net, with apparently no thought in her mind beyond the game, he felt that she had entered a young world, full of gayety and sunshine, in which he had no part. Only the other day there had seemed so close an affinity between them that he had forgotten the barriers of poverty and age; but now her youth and beauty assumed their old position in his thoughts. At the end of the game the two young people sat down on the bench under the oak-tree, and Maurice saw that Ellen had learned her lesson well, for there was the same expression of attentive

gravity on her face which only the other night she had given to himself. A blind feeling of jealousy seized him, as, in fancy, he saw her, in the days to come, surrounded by a throng of young fellows, and won at last by some fortunate man with good looks and wealth for his allies. He had been a fool to think that this friendship was without danger for him. He knew now that he loved her with his whole strength; that in fact he had loved her throughout this brief, bright summer. Perhaps some day he might be grateful for this taste of happiness, but at the moment his heart was full of bitterness against society in general, and the miserable limitations of his own nature in particular. Why was he doomed to loneliness and failure, when others were blessed with love and with success? Was not his heart overflowing with affection? And could he not make a woman happy?

When Ellen and Frank Allen came up the piazza steps, on their way into the house, Maurice fixed his eyes aggressively on his book. Ellen opened the door into the hall.

"Mr. Allen, you will find my sister inside," she said. "She will amuse you while I go to make myself presentable for tea."

Nevertheless she did not follow him into the house. She came over to the corner where Maurice was sitting. He did not raise his eyes from his book.

"I have come to say my own especial good-by to you now," she began in a low tone, "because when you go away to-night it will be a general good-by."

"What difference does it make when the good-by is said?" he responded, almost roughly.

She turned quickly to hide her tears. She had hoped for something different, for some farewell words of regret that their happy summer was over, perhaps for a request that she would write to him sometimes. In that moment, her past, present, and future came before

her with panoramic clearness, and Maurice was everywhere the central figure. She remembered a day of hopeless misery after he had gone away when she was a little girl, and the nights which followed, when she had cried herself to sleep. She recollected how she had waited and watched for a letter, which came at last, for he never disappointed children, although he could be cruel to older people, it seemed. Now her whole life was full of him, when he was present and when he was absent; and he was to be absent again, and perhaps absent always! Well, be it so! And since she was nothing to him, her pride would save her from ever letting him know how weak she had been. He should not claim a fraction of her regard whenever he saw fit to ask for it. She would bid him a final good-by. As she turned towards him he was struck by something in her expression.

"Ellen, you expect to be happy with your aunt Ellen, do you not?" he questioned.

"Yes, but just now I am feeling unhappy at the idea of leaving my sister and the children."

"That is perfectly natural; but you will enjoy life as soon as you get there. They tell me that you are to have more freedom, and that you will know a great many young people: that will be pleasant for you. It is a life much more suited to a girl of your age. You are sure to like it."

Ellen turned her head away again abruptly. "Oh, of course I shall like it," she said quickly. "Children are always pleased with a new toy." And she went into the house without another word.

"After all, I was mistaken about Ellen," Charlotte said to Robert that night. "It is evident that she is not in love with Maurice, for she was so friendly when she bade him good-by. If she cared for him, she would have been colder, or else less at her ease. I am so glad that you sent him away in time."

"Of course she is n't in love with him," her husband returned. "I told you so all along. He is n't the kind of man that girls fancy. Poor fellow! He is destined to be a failure in everything."

Eliza Orne White.

THE POLITICAL DEPRAVITY OF THE FATHERS.

IN times like the present, when the boss is everywhere, and when the high places of many state and municipal governments are filled by men who have secured them by methods greatly to be condemned, it may afford the honest citizen some consolation to know that these evils have always existed. Whoever reads the magazines and newspapers, whoever listens to the oratory of the pulpit and the after-dinner speeches of political reformers, is well aware of the existence of a widespread belief that politicians and legislators and public men are more

corrupt to-day than they were in the time of our ancestors three generations ago, and that the cause of our political debasement is a free and unrestricted ballot. This, most happily, is a pure delusion. A very little study of long-forgotten politics will suffice to show that in filibustering and gerrymandering, in stealing governorships and legislatures, in using force at the polls, in colonizing and in distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all the frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics, the men who founded

our state and national governments were always our equals, and often our masters. Yet they lived in times when universal suffrage did not exist, and when the franchise was everywhere guarded by property and religious qualifications of the strictest kind. In New England, ninety years ago, a voter must have an annual income of three pounds, or a freehold estate worth sixty pounds. In New York he must be possessed of an estate worth twenty pounds York money, or rent a house for which he paid forty shillings annually. In New Jersey the qualification was real estate to the value of fifty pounds, in Maryland and South Carolina fifty acres of land, and in Georgia ten pounds of taxable property. But many a man who could vote was hopelessly debarred from ever holding office. No citizen could be a Governor in Massachusetts who did not own a thousand pounds of real estate, nor be a Senator unless he had a freehold worth three hundred. In North Carolina Senators must own three hundred acres of land, and a Governor lands and tenements to the value of a thousand pounds. Here the qualification for a Representative was one hundred pounds of real property; there it was one hundred acres of land; elsewhere it was two hundred and fifty acres of land, and open profession of the Protestant religion.

Religious restrictions were almost universal. In New Hampshire, in New Jersey, in North Carolina, in South Carolina and Georgia, the Governors, the members of legislatures, and the chief officers of state must all be Protestants. In Massachusetts and Maryland they must be Christians. In North Carolina and Pennsylvania they must believe in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, in South Carolina in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in Delaware in the doctrine of the Trinity.

From the standpoint of those who, in our day, disapprove of universal suffrage, this ought to have been a time of great

political purity. The voters were taxpayers, Christians, and owners of property. The office-holders were men of substance, while the qualifications for holding office increased with the dignity of the place. Yet it was, in truth, a period of great political depravity. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether, in all our annals, there can be found a finer example of filibustering than that afforded by the Assembly of Pennsylvania in 1787.

The legislature of that State then consisted of one house, which met at Philadelphia, and at the session in the autumn of 1787 had resolved to adjourn, *sine die*, on the 29th of September. As the question of the day was the ratification of the Federal Constitution, just framed, a member of the Assembly, on the morning of the 28th, moved that a convention be called to consider the Constitution, and that a time be fixed for the choice of delegates. The enemies of the Constitution opposed the motion, and, in the midst of the debate which followed, the Assembly adjourned for dinner. The opponents of the call were in the minority; but without the presence of at least three of them there would be no quorum. All resolved, therefore, to stay away, and when the Assembly met again, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the clerk called the roll, no quorum was present. The sergeant-at-arms was thereupon sent to summon the absentees; but not one would obey, and the Assembly was forced to adjourn till the following morning. One of the reasons given for objecting to a call for a convention was that Congress, to which the Constitution had been transmitted by the framers, had not submitted it to the States, and that to act before it was sent out by Congress was indecent and disrespectful. It so happened, however, that Congress, then in session at New York, had submitted the Constitution to the States, and that an express, riding post haste, brought the resolution to a member of the Assembly early on the morning of the 29th.

When the Assembly met on that morning, the factious members being still absent and no quorum present, the sergeant and the clerk were again sent to bid them attend, and were ordered to show the resolution of Congress, in hope of removing their objections. But every one the sergeant summoned replied, "I will not attend." Meantime a report of their conduct had spread abroad, and the people, hearing that there was no quorum, went to the tavern, seized two of the absentees, dragged them to the State House, thrust them into the Assembly Chamber, and blocked the doors. This completed a quorum, and the convention was called.

But it must not be supposed that all that was good was confined to one party, and all that was bad to the other. The convention then called met in the State House late in November, 1787, and took the Constitution into consideration. As the members would not bear the expense of employing an official stenographer, the labor of reporting the debate from day to day was undertaken by two young men. One, Alexander James Dallas, attended in behalf of the *Pennsylvania Herald*. The other, Thomas Lloyd, announced that he would take down the proceedings "accurately in shorthand," and when the convention had adjourned would publish them in one small octavo volume. But the debate had not gone on very long before the reports of Dallas in the *Herald* attracted attention, were copied far and wide, and furnished such material for opposition in States yet to consider the Constitution that the Federalists became alarmed and suppressed them. To do this it was necessary to buy the *Pennsylvania Herald*, which was done, and the report of the debate stops abruptly with November 30. The convention sat till December 15, but not another word of its proceedings nor a line of explanation appears in the *Herald*. It was necessary, in the next place, to dispose of Mr. Lloyd, who, though he

had published nothing as yet, had promised to do so, and had secured subscriptions. But he too succumbed, and when, to satisfy his subscribers, he issued his book, in place of the debate accurately taken in shorthand, as he had promised, there appeared but two speeches, one by Thomas McKean and one by James Wilson, both ardent supporters of the Constitution. As a consequence, there does not exist to-day anything more than a fragment of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania convention which ratified the Constitution.

When ten other States had followed the example of Pennsylvania, the Continental Congress, sitting at New York, selected the first Wednesday in January, 1789, as the day when the electors of President should be chosen in the eleven ratifying States.

In most instances the business of choosing them was easily and rapidly transacted. But the legislature of New York was the scene of a bitter contest. The Assembly had passed a bill defining the manner of electing Senators and presidential electors, according to which each house was to nominate two men to be United States Senators, and then the houses were to meet in joint session and compare lists. If there was either complete or partial disagreement, a joint ballot was to be held on the names of the unsuccessful candidates. Now, in the Assembly, the Anti-Federalists had a great majority, while in the Senate the Federalists had a small majority. Had the bill passed the Senate and become a law, the nominees of each house would have been different, a joint session would have been necessary, and at that joint session the Anti-Federalists of the Assembly, greatly outnumbering the Federalists of the Senate, would have elected both Senators.

For this reason the Senate disliked the bill, and so amended it that, in case the nominees of the House were not those of the Senate, the House should choose one

from the two offered by the Senate, and the Senate one from the two proposed by the House. To this the House refused to agree, and a conference followed ; but as neither would yield, New York had no Senators during the first session of the first Congress.

By another section of the same bill, provision was made for the choice of presidential electors in a manner similar to that for the election of Senators. Each house was to prepare a list of eight names, a joint session was to follow, the lists were to be compared, and men whose names were on both were to be declared elected. If the two lists were utterly different, — and they were absolutely certain to be so, — eight of the sixteen nominees were to be chosen by joint ballot, in which event the eight proposed by the Assembly would have been elected. The Senate, of course, refused to hear of such a plan ; and as the Assembly would not yield, no electors were chosen, and New York cast no vote for President in 1789.

This stubborn contest between the two houses over the choice of electors was followed, three years later, by the theft of the governorship. The candidates were, John Jay for the Federalists, and George Clinton for the Republicans. Each had been long in public life ; each had rendered many and distinguished services to the State ; and, as a consequence, the election was close, — so close, indeed, that the loss of a few votes would decide it either way.

In those days, when men were without the telegraph, the railroad, or the steamboat, and when the centre of New York State was the frontier, the counting and canvassing of a state vote was a slow and tedious matter. The law required that as soon as the vote of a town was counted the inspectors should send the ballots to the sheriff of the county, who should put them in a box, and, when every town in the county had been heard from, should carry the box

to Albany and deliver it to the Secretary of State. As the votes in the eastern and southern counties were announced one by one, the majority for Clinton dwindled till it stood at one hundred and eight, with two strong Jay counties to be heard from. If Clinton was not to be defeated, it was clear that an excuse must be found for throwing out the returns of some Federalist county, and, happily for the Republicans, an opportunity to do so existed. The box from Tioga County, which contained a good majority for Jay, had been given by the sheriff to his deputy to carry to Albany. But the deputy fell sick by the way, and sent the box on by a sub-deputy of his own appointment. This the Clintonians decided was illegal, and insisted that the vote of Tioga should not be counted. But even with Tioga left out, Jay would have a majority if Otsego was counted.

Now, in Otsego, the sheriff had been appointed in February, 1791, to serve one year, and just before the close of his first term had written to the Council of Appointment declining a second. One month after the end of his year a successor was appointed, but had not qualified nor acted when the election took place. In this state of things the old sheriff continued to act, and, gathering up the ballots cast in the towns of his county, sent them by his deputy to Albany. Scarcely had he done this when he found that the ballots of one town had been left out, and these he sent wrapped up in paper. The Clintonians, availing themselves of these irregularities, insisted that the returns of Otsego should not be counted. There was, in the first place, no sheriff. In the second place, the law required that the vote of *every* town should go in the box ; but as one had not gone into it, all the others must be lost. To this the Federalists made an elaborate answer, and supported their reasoning by the published opinion of eight of the most distinguished lawyers then practicing in New York city.

The votes, after being received by the Secretary of State, were to be canvassed by a joint committee of six members of the Senate and six members of the Assembly. As some were Federalists and some Republicans, they very naturally differed as to receiving and canvassing the votes of Otsego and Tioga, and, after many stormy sessions, agreed to refer the whole matter to a commission consisting of the United State Senators from New York, Rufus King and Aaron Burr. Colonel Burr, knowing that the Clintonians had a majority of the canvassing board, proposed to give no opinion. But when King declared that he should advise the canvassers to count the votes of Tioga and Otsego, Burr immediately advised them not to do so. Thus left to themselves, the majority rejected the returns from the two counties as irregular, and declared Clinton governor.

A storm of indignation swept over the State. The Federalists, in their fury, held public meetings, denounced the Governor as a usurper, declared the board of canvassers was corrupt, and described the policy of the Republicans as Machiavellian. But when the next election gave them the House and Senate, they showed very quickly that they too could be Machiavellian when it was expedient. By the Constitution of New York as it then was, every office not expressly elective was filled by appointments made by a board of five men, known as the Council of Appointment. These five men were the Governor and four Senators chosen by the Assembly, one from each group of six Senators from the four senatorial districts into which New York was divided. As the elective offices were confined to the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, State Treasurer, members of the legislature, and Congressmen, the list of appointments was a long one, and included the Secretary of State, the comptroller, the judges, the attorney-general, the clerks of the courts, the sheriffs of the counties, the coroners, the

mayors of the cities, the county court judges, and the justices of the peace. In making these appointments the Governor had merely the casting vote; but as the law said he must "with the advice and consent of the said Council appoint all the said officers," the Governor had always held that he alone could nominate. While the Governor and the Council were of the same political stripe this claim was freely allowed. But in 1794 the revolt against Clinton made the Council a Federalist body, which naturally declined to put into office Republicans named by the Governor, and for the first time in its history the members asserted an equal right to nominate. Clinton protested, and the matter was dropped, to come up again during the administration of John Jay. In 1795, while Mr. Jay was in London, where he had just concluded the treaty that still bears his name, he was triumphantly elected Governor, without his consent, and almost without his knowledge, and was reelected in 1798. But the Federalist success of this latter year was followed by the sweeping Democratic victory of 1800, and in 1801 Jay found himself in a condition similar to that of Clinton in 1794: a majority of his Council of Appointment were Democratic.

This was no trifling matter, for in February, 1801, the civil commissions of the office-holders in eleven counties and of the mayors of four cities expired, and it may well be believed that the workers in the victorious party became clamorous for their rewards.

The Assembly having elected the Council, the Governor convened it in February to fill the vacancies, and, according to custom, asserted his sole right to nominate. But at the board sat De Witt Clinton, and, led on by him, the Republicans rejected in rapid succession eleven of the Governor's nominations, refused to vote on several more, and then began to make nominations of their own. This was too much for Jay, who ad-

joined the Council, and, as it could not meet unless summoned by him, the places went unfilled. Jay then appealed to the legislature, which called a convention, that amended the Constitution and gave to each member a right to nominate. Thus was the spoils system introduced into New York, and from that day a change in the political complexion of the Council of Appointment was sure to be followed by a proscription of office-holders.

But it is to Massachusetts that we owe the introduction of the most infamous piece of party machinery this century has produced. In 1812 the Jeffersonian Republicans of that State elected not only a Governor and a majority of the House, but, after years of persistent effort, secured control of the Senate. By the Constitution of Massachusetts it was decreed that the Senate should consist of forty men, chosen annually from such districts as the General Court should mark out, and that until such districts were created the Senators should be chosen from the counties. But the General Court had never used this power, and the temporary provision that each county should be a senatorial district became in time an established usage, with all the force of law. This usage, however, the Republicans now laid violent hands on, rearranged the districts without regard to county lines, overcame Federalist strongholds by connecting them to Republican strongholds, cut Worcester County in two, joined Bristol and Norfolk, attached some of the towns of Suffolk to those of Essex, and in the next General Court had twenty-nine Senators out of forty.

The story is told that a map of the Essex senatorial district was hanging on the office wall of the editor of the *Columbian Centinel*, when the artist Stuart entered. Struck by the peculiar outline of the towns forming the district, he added a head, wings, and claws with his pencil, and, turning to the editor, said, "There, that

will do for a salamander." "Better say a Gerrymander," returned the editor, alluding to Elbridge Gerry, the Republican Governor who had signed the districting act. However this may be, it is certain that the name "gerrymander" was first applied to the odious law in the columns of the *Centinel*, that it came rapidly into use, and has remained in our political nomenclature ever since. Indeed, a huge cut of the monster was prepared, and the next year was scattered as a broadside over the Commonwealth, and so aroused the people that in the spring of 1813, despite the gerrymander, the Federalists recovered control of the Senate and repealed the law; but not before the progeny of the monster had sprung up in New Jersey.

At the October elections in 1812, the Federalists, with the aid of the peace party, elected a majority of both branches of the legislature. This success was quite unexpected, and, greatly elated over their victory, they proceeded to gather its fruits when the legislature met, a few weeks later. As the law then stood, it would become the duty of the people of New Jersey, early in November, to choose eight presidential electors by a general ticket, a manner of election which would surely end in a Republican triumph, for the party majority on a state vote was twenty-five hundred. But the Federalists were determined that their opponents should not triumph, and six days before the election was to take place they repealed the old law, deprived the people of a vote, gave the choice of presidential electors to the legislature, and, when the time came, chose eight Federalist electors.

Their next act was to gerrymander the congressional districts. The custom so familiar to us, the custom of having in each State as many districts as the State has members of the House of Representatives, was not then in general use, and the six Representatives from New Jersey were elected by a general ticket.

Here again the Republican majority in the State insured a Republican delegation; but it was overcome on the eve of election by a bill which established three congressional districts, with boundaries so carefully marked out that four of the six Representatives were secured by the Federalists.

In New York the district system had long been in use. But the apportionment of representation, under the census of 1810, made a redistricting act necessary, and the Republicans gladly seized the opportunity to apply the gerrymander. Two wards of New York city were joined to Long Island. The towns of Red Hook, Rhinebeck, and Clinton were taken out of Dutchess County, and attached to the county of Columbia, and a number of long, rambling, irregular districts were laid out.

The bad example set by Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey was soon imitated by Maryland. The opportunities for the use of the gerrymander were very limited, for the House of Delegates was composed of four men from each county and two from Annapolis and Baltimore, while the Senate was elected, not by the people, but by a body of electors chosen in each county for that particular purpose. Presidential electors, however, were chosen in districts, and to these, in order to get a Republican elector, the gerrymander was most shamefully applied. Montgomery County, which lay on the Potomac River and touched the District of Columbia, was cut in twain, and the piece which was strongly Federalist was joined to the city of Baltimore, which was strongly Republican, by a long and narrow strip of territory running the whole length of the county of Anne Arundel.

We have said that Maryland could not then have been gerrymandered for the purpose of securing state Senators; but the Federalists now proved that they might be elected by a judicious planting of colonies. Once in every five years, the voters of each county met and elected

two men to be electors of the Senate. The inhabitants of Baltimore and Annapolis chose one for each city. The men so selected then assembled, and proceeded to elect by ballot, either from their own body or from the people at large, fifteen Senators.* Now, it so happened that in 1816 the Federalists needed but one elector in order to control the college, and so secure a Federalist state Senate. As Annapolis sent one elector, and was Republican by about thirty majority, they decided to colonize the city, and for this purpose, during the last days of February and the first weeks of March, 1816, they hurried in bands of laborers and mechanics, till forty men in all had arrived, and put up at the lodging-houses and the tavern. The new-comers said they were in search of work. But when it was observed that, although no work was to be had, they still lingered, paying their bills and showing little concern that none were busy, the party leaders of the Republicans began to suspect that it was politics, and not work, that had caused this singular migration, and soon unearthed the plot. Indeed, they proved that the pretended laborers were hired, for twenty dollars a month and their board, to go to Annapolis, acquire residence, and vote the Federalist ticket. Such an outburst of indignation followed this discovery that the men were discharged, and the attempt was abandoned.

In New York, meantime, the Republicans had stolen the Assembly. There were, in 1815, one hundred and twenty-six members of the Assembly; but so close had the election been that each party secured sixty-three. Before the meeting of the Assembly, one Republican died, another went abroad for his health, and as one Federalist was too sick to attend, the numbers of the two parties became, Federalists sixty-two, Republicans sixty-one. It happened, however, that Mr. Henry Fellows, a Federalist of Ontario County, who had received seven votes more than Mr. Allen, had been refused a

certificate of election by the county clerk, because in the town of Pennington forty-nine ballots were cast for "Hen. Fellows" when they should have been cast for "Henry Fellows." This gave the Republicans a majority of one, and they openly declared that, when the Assembly met, they would elect a Speaker and Council of Appointment, and secure the patronage of the State; an announcement which so incensed the Federalists that on the first day of the session they refused to attend, stayed out in a body, and prevented a quorum. On the second day, fearing their constituents would not approve such conduct, all were present; but, despite every effort and argument they could make, the certificate of Allen was recognized, and a Republican Speaker and

clerk were elected. It was then moved to expel Mr. Allen instantan. But the Republicans defeated the motion, and, with the aid of Mr. Allen's vote and the casting vote of the Speaker, chose a Republican Council of Appointment. Having thus secured the patronage of the State, they consented to examine into Mr. Allen's right to a seat, and in time, by a unanimous vote, unseated him and gave his place to Mr. Fellows. The Federalist members of the Assembly now addressed the voters, and called on them to drive from power the party which had been guilty of so gross a fraud. The voters, unhappily, were as depraved as their representatives, and in 1816 the Republicans carried the Assembly by a large majority.

John Buch McMaster.

DR. RUSH AND GENERAL WASHINGTON.

NOTHING, perhaps, better proves the position of Washington in the estimation of mankind than the almost absolute suppression of everything in the nature of attack and criticism on him. A public man for forty-five years, he was the target for the abuse and criticism that such a life implies. Yet not merely have these been forgotten, but the very descendants of the men who were bitterest in the attacks upon him have most carefully avoided reviving the facts, and have actually taken every means in their power to suppress and destroy all proof of such antagonism. As an instance of this, the biographies of Samuel and John Adams, of Elbridge Gerry, of Jonathan and John Trumbull, and of Richard Henry Lee, as well as such materials as exist concerning James Lovell, William Williams, Daniel Roberdeau, and Francis Lightfoot Lee, either are silent, or absolutely deny that these several men were concerned in the attempt to re-

move Washington from the command of the continental army at one of the most critical moments of the Revolution. As a consequence, the story of the so-called "Conway cabal" remains shrouded in such mystery as to lose much of its interest. The student of history stands, like the seconds in one form of the Corsican duel, in the doorway of a darkened room, in which the two contestants carry on their contest, — knowing nothing of what occurs except by the observable results when the contest is concluded. That we shall ever learn the true ins and outs of the attempt for which so large a number of the members of the Continental Congress and so many officers in the army worked is probably now hopeless. But it may be possible to obtain here and there a glint of light, which will serve to make the truth more evident.

In a series of letters from Benjamin Rush, who had but just left the Continental Congress to take a medical posi-

tion in the army, to John Adams, still a member of the Congress, we can trace much of the spirit and animus which lay back of the whole movement. That Rush was concerned in this cabal has often been denied, despite the fact that Washington ascribed to his pen the famous anonymous letter of the 12th of January, 1778, to Patrick Henry. But these denials cease to be of the slightest value in the face of this correspondence, which shows not merely that Rush was attempting to undermine his commander in chief at least three months before the anonymous letter was written, but even that he began his attacks before the convention of Saratoga, which, by its popularizing of Gates, gave such vitality to the conspiracy. The letters are so self-explanatory that they practically speak for themselves.

TRENTON, Octobr. 1st, 1777.

DEAR SIR, — It would have given me great pleasure to have spent an hour with you in this place after my return from Genl. Howe's camp. I could have told you but little of the loss of the enemy on the heights of Brandywine for I confined my questions to subjects more interesting to my country, and which were solved without difficulty or restraint. Let us leave to common soldiers the joy that arises from hearing of fields being covered with dead bodies. The Statesman and the General should esteem even victory a loss unless *glory*, or *decisive good consequences* have arisen from it. I was struck upon approaching Genl. Howe's lines with the *vigilance* of his sentries & picket. They spoke, they stood — they looked like the safeguards of the whole army. After being examined by 9 or 10 inferior Officers I was not permitted to enter their camp 'till an officer of distinction was sent for, who after asking a few questions ordered a guard to conduct me to Head Quarters.

I was next struck with their attention to *secrecy* in all their operations. I

was confined upon parole to the district where our wounded lay, and when the whole army marched by my lodgings I was confined by an officer to a back room. They lock up the houses of every family that is suspected of being in the least unfriendly to them in their marches thro' the country, & if they are discovered by a countryman whom they suspect, they force him to accompany their army 'till their rout[e] or disposition are so far changed that no mischief can arise from the intelligence he is able to convey.

They pay a supreme regard to the cleanliness and health of their men. After the battle on the 11th of last month the soldiers were strictly forbidden to touch any of the blankets belonging to the dead or wounded of our army lest they should contract the "rebel distempers." One of their officers, a subaltern, observed to me that his soldiers were infants that required constant attendance, and said as a proof of it that altho' they all had blankets tied to their backs, yet such was their laziness that they would sleep in the dew and cold without them rather than have the trouble of untying and opening them. He said his business every night before he slept was to see that no soldier in his company laid down without a blanket.

Great pains were taken to procure vegetables for the army, & I observed everywhere a great quantity of them about the soldiers tents. The deputy quarter masters & deputy commissaries in Howe's army are composed chiefly of old & respectable officers, and not of the vagrants and bankrupts of the country.

Their [*sic*] is the utmost order & contentment in their hospitals. The wounded whom we brought off from the field were not half so well treated as those whom we left in Gen'l Howe's hands. Our Officers and Soldiers spoke with gratitude and affection of their Surgeons. An orderly man was allotted to every ten of our wounded, and British Officers

called every morning upon our officers to know whether their Surgeons did their duty. You must not attribute this to their humanity. They hate us in every shape we appear to them. Their care of our wounded was entirely the effect of the perfection of their medical establishment which mechanically forced happiness & satisfaction upon our countrymen perhaps without a single wish in the Officers of the hospital to make their situation comfortable.

It would take a volume to tell you of the many things I saw & heard which tend to show the extreme regard that our enemies pay to discipline — order — economy & cleanliness among their Soldiers.

In my way to this place I passed thro' Genl. Washington's army. To my great mortification I arrived at the Head Quarters of a General on an Outpost without being challenged by a Single Sentry. I saw Soldiers straggling from our lines in every Quarter without an officer, exposed every moment to be picked up by the enemy's light horse. I heard of 2,000 who sneaked off with the baggage of the army to Bethlehem. I was told by a Captain in our army that they would not be missed in the returns, for as these were made out *only* by *Sergeants* they would be returned on parade, and that from the *proper* officers neglecting to make out, or examine returns Genl. Washington never knew within 3,000 men what his real numbers were. I saw nothing but *confidence* about Head Quarters, and languor in all the branches & extremities of the army. Our hospital opened a continuation of the confused scenes I had beheld in the army. The waste — the peculations — the unnecessary officers &c (all the effect of *our* medical establishment) are eno' to sink our country without the weights which oppress it from other quarters. It is now universally said that the system was formed for the Director General & not for the benefit of the sick &

wounded. Such unlimited powers and no checks would have suited an angel. The sick suffer, but no redress can be had for them. Upwards of 100 of them were drunk last night. We have no guards to prevent this evil. In Howe's army a Captain's guard mounts over every 200 sick. Besides keeping their men from contracting & prolonging distempers by rambling, drinking, & . . . guards keep up at all times in the minds of the sick a sense of military subordination. A Soldier should never forget for a single hour that he has a master. One month in our hospitals would undo all the discipline of a year, provided our soldiers brought it with them from the army.

I know it is common to blame our subalterns for all these vices. But we must investigate their source in the higher departments of the army. A general should see everything with his own eyes, & hear everything with his own ears. He should understand & even practice at times all the duties of the soldier — the officer — the Quarter Master — the Commissary — & the Adjutant General. He should be modest sober & temperate, free from prejudice — he should despise ease, and like Charles XII should always *sleep in his boots* — that is, he should always be *ready* for a flight or a pursuit.

The present management of our army would depopulate America if men grew among us as speedily & spontaneously as blades of grass. The "wealth of worlds" could not support the expense of the medical department above two or three years.

We are waiting impatiently to hear that our army has defeated General Howe's. Would not such an event be a misfortune to us in the end? & would it not stamp a value upon ignorance & negligence which would greatly retard military knowledge & exertions among us? God I hope will save us only through the instrumentality of human wisdom & human virtue. If these are wanting the sooner we are enslaved the better.

My dear friend we are on the brink of ruin. I am distressed to see the minions of a tyrant more devoted to his will, than we are to a cause in which the whole world is interested. New measures and new men alone can save us. The American mind cannot long support the present complexion of affairs. Let our army be reformed. Let our general officers be chosen annually. The breaking of 40 regiments, and the dismissal of one field officer from every regiment & of one subaltern from every company will save many millions to the continent. Your army by these means may be made respectable & useful. But you must not expect to fill it with soldiers for 3 years, or during the war. The genius of America rebels against the scheme. Good General Officers would make an army of six months men an army of heroes. Wolfe's army that conquered Canada was only 3 months old. Stark's militia who have cast a shade on everything that has been done by regulars since the beginning of the war shew us what wonderful qualities are to be called forth from our countrymen by an active & enterprising commander. The militia began, & I sincerely hope the militia will end the present war. I should despair of our cause if our country contained 60,000 men abandoned eno' to enlist for 3 years or during the war.

Adieu — my dear friend. May you never sleep sound 'till you project and execute something to extricate and save your country. My love to Mr. Saml Adams, Mr. Geary [Gerry], Mr. Lowell, Dr. Bronson & my Br. if at Lancaster.

Yours &c.

B. RUSH.

HOSPITAL AT LIMERICK,
26 miles from Philada. on the Reading
road, Octobr. 13, 1777.

DEAR SIR, — I have little to add to the long letter I wrote to you a few days ago, but that the event of the battle at Germantown on the 4th instant was full of proofs of the truths I formerly com-

municated to you. We lost a city, a victory, a campaign by that want of discipline & system which pervades every part of the army. General Conway wept for joy when he saw the ardor with which our troops pushed the enemy from hill to hill, and pronounced our country free from that auspicious sight. But when he saw an officer low in command give counter orders to the Commander in chief, and the comr. in chief passive under that circumstance, his distress and resentment exceeded all bounds. For God's sake do not suffer him to resign. He seems to possess Lee's knowledge & experience without any of his oddities or vices. He is moreover the idol of the whole army. Make him a Major-General if nothing else will detain him in your service. He is entitled to most of the glory our arms acquired in the late battle. But his bravery and skill in war are not his only military qualifications. He is exact in his discipline, and understands every part of the detail of an army. Besides this, he is an enthusiast in our cause. Some people blame him for calling some of our *generals* fools, cowards & drunkards in public company. But these things are proof of his integrity, and should raise him in the opinion of every friend of America. Be not deceived my dear friend. Our army is no better than it was two years ago. The spirit of our men is good. Our officers are equal, nay, superior to Howe's. A few able Major Generals would make them a terror to the whole power of Britain.

Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

B. RUSH.

P. S. I am afraid we shall soon loose a most gallant officer in Col. Stone. Congress must take notice of him living or dead.

AN ANECDOTE. An officer in Howe's army told me they executed *only* two men in the last year. *Their* discipline prevents crimes. *Our want* of it creates them. *We* have had 20 executions in

the last year, & our army is not a bit the better for them. If Howe should lie still, desertions, sickness, accidental deaths & executions would waste our whole army in one year.

READING, Octobr. 21, 1777.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I fear you will class me with the weeping philosophers of antiquity, but I cannot help it. He who can be happy while his country is wasting her blood, and treasure to no purpose must be more or less than a man. General Gates' unparalleled success gave me great pleasure, but it has not obliterated the remembrance of the disorders I have seen in the army in this department. On the contrary I am more convinced than ever of the necessity of discipline and system in the management of our affairs. I have heard several officers who have served under General Gates compare his army to a well regulated family. The same gentlemen have compared Gen'l Washington's imitation of an army to an unformed mob. Look at the characters of both! The one on the pinnacle of military glory — exulting in the success of schemes planned with wisdom, & executed with vigor and bravery — and above all see a country saved by their exertions. See the other outgeneral and twice beaten — obliged to witness the march of a body of men only half their number thro' 140 miles of a thick settled country — forced to give up a city the capitol of a state & after all outwitted by the same army in a retreat. If our congress can witness these things with composure, and suffer them to pass without an enquiry, I shall think we have not shook off monarchical prejudices, and that like the Israelites of old we worship the work of our hands.

In the British army Pickets are relieved once or twice every day, and guards every two hours. In Gen'l. Washington's army it is not an uncommon thing for pickets to remain *five* days & guards 24 hours without a relief, and destitute at the same

time of provisions except such as they plunder or buy with their own money. This negligence is a fruitful source of diseases in our army.

In the British army hospitals are never without guards. In G. W.'s army guards which might save the lives of hundreds are used to parade before the doors of our Major Generals. One of them having no less than a Sergeant & 18 men to guard himself and his baggage thro' this town.

There are nearly as many officers as men in our army. Every Regiment has a Surgeon with one or two mates. Each of these (officers — Surgeons & mates) has a Servant drawn from the ranks to attend them who is always exempted on this acct. from camp & field duty. I have been told the Genl. has forbidden it a hundred times in *General Orders*. But the evil continues, & no wonder, for Officers ride up to his quarters with soldiers behind them in the capacity of servants. Some of the martinets in my department have trod in their footsteps. But I believe I have at the expense of the friendship of many of them put a stop to the evil. Who ever heard of an army being disciplined by *orderly books*? You might as well think of conquering an enemy by writing letters *at* him.

Don't tell me that our army has drawn Howe out of Phila. Gates has saved Pennsylvania in the State of New York just as much as Pitt conquered America in Germany. I have no objection to our country's being delivered by a miracle provided we could secure a perpetuity of them. I have never heard of but one city whose walls fell down at the blowing of a ram's horn. — military skill — industry & bravery are the ordinary weapons made use of for that purpose. God alone I know must save us at last, but I wish for the future honor and safety of our country he may do it thro' the *instrumentality* of human wisdom & human virtue. A peace just now would leave us without gener-

als — officers or soldiers in the middle & Southern States, and if our deliverance is now accomplished, it has been effected thro' the instrumentality of ignorance, idleness, and blunders.

"A great & good God (says Genl Conway in a letter to a friend) has decreed that America shall be free, or ——— and weak counsellors would have ruined her long ago."

Our hospital affairs grow worse & worse. There are several hundred wounded soldiers in this place who would have perished had they not been supported by the voluntary & benevolent contributions of some pious whigs. The fault is both in the establishment & in the Director General. He is both *ignorant* and *negligent* of his duty. There is but *one* right system for a military hospital, & that is the one made use of by the British Army. It was once introduced by Dr. Church at Cambridge, and Dr. McKnight informs me that he never has seen order, economy, or happiness in a hospital since it was banished by Dr. Morgan & his successor. My heart is almost broken at seeing the distresses of my countrymen without a power to remedy them. Dr. S—— never sets his foot in a hospital. Tell me, are there any hopes of our plan being mended. Dr. Brown & every medical officer in the hospital execrate it. If it cannot be altered & that soon I shall trouble you with my resignation & my reasons shall be afterwards given to the public for it. The British system would save half a million a year to the Continent & what is more, would produce perfect satisfaction & happiness.

A Surgeon General is wanted in the Northern Department. Give me leave to recommend Dr. McKnight a Senior Surgeon, in the flying hospital for that office. He has skill, industry, & humanity & has served with unequalled reputation since the beginning of the war. My love to Mess. Lovell, Dr. Brownson & my Br. add Col Walton to the num-

ber if he is still in Congress. I should have written often to him, but had reason to think he was gone to Georgia. You may show him such parts of this letter as you think proper.

Adieu! The good Christians & true Whigs expect a recommendation from Congress for a day of public thanksgiving for our victories in the North. Let it be *the same* day for the whole continent.

What do you think of sending home Johnny Burgoyne upon his parole? Poor boy! he has no consolation left him but that he turns a period better than Major General Gates.

Should not General Washington immediately demand the enlargement of Genl Lee's person upon parole within Howe's lines.

What honors, or marks of gratitude will you confer on Gates, Lincoln, &c? Suppose you introduce a constellation to be worn on the breast containing 13 stars as a reward for military exploits? But nothing but heaven can ever repay them for the services they have rendered their country.

God bless you!

Yours sincerely

B. RUSH.

P. S. Direct for me at Princeton, New Jersey, when you have leisure to drop me a line.

Genl. Mifflin must not be suffered to resign his command in the army. If he is, you will soon receive a hundred others.

BETHLEHEM, Octobr. 31, 1777.

DEAR SIR, — The disorders of our army do not proceed from any *natural* faults in our men. On the contrary I believe the people of America (especially the natives) are the most *tractable* creatures in the world. I can say with great certainty that I have never yet been disobeyed in a single instance by a Virginian or a New England man in my connection with them in the hospital. I

speak therefore from observation as well as reason when I may say that our country affords the finest materials for making good soldiers of any upon the face of the globe. The same may be said of our officers. They are greatly superior in education & principle to the officers in the British army, most of whom are whipped from schools or rusticated from colleges. The fashion of blaming our soldiers & officers for all the disorders of our army was introduced in order to shelter the ignorance, the cowardice, the idleness and the drunkenness of our major generals. The spirit of our men is good. They possess a firmness of mind peculiar to themselves, or they must have sunk long ago under the numberless retreats, defeats, and camp distresses to which they have been exposed. Half the number of either of them would have broken up Howe's army long ago, and reduced him to a single life-guard. The courage of our men is great, in so much that there is scarcely a single instance of their giving way where they have not first been deserted by their general officer.

There is but one way of producing such a change in your army as will rectify all the disorders which prevail in it. It is by electing your general officers annually, in no other way will you ever purge the army. There are a hundred things true which cannot be proved. A general may play the coward both in the cabinet & the field, or he may raise the price of whiskey by getting drunk every day of his life, and yet it may be impossible to prove either of these things against him in a Court of Enquiry. The Romans never trusted to any man but to the "Felicissimus Dux." An unsuccessful practitioner of physic is always ignorant or negligent of his business. In like manner I believe the always unfortunate general is always a culpable one. You have Brigadiers in your army who would do honor to the rank of major general in any service in Europe. Conway and Woodward are at the head of them. You

have likewise Colonels and other field officers who would shine at the head of Brigades. Stone — Hendricks — and Brown have not their superiors for activity, industry & military capacity in the army. I have the pleasure of informing you that the first of them Col. Stone is in a fair way of recovering from the wound he received at the battle of Germantown.

But a change in your General Officers cannot be made. If the blood and treasure of America must be spent to no purpose; if the war must be protracted thro' their means for two or three generations; and if the morals & principles of our young men must be ruined thro' their examples, pray acquit *yourself* in the eyes of your country & of posterity by recording the two following resolutions upon your Journals:

1. Resolved that if any Major or Brigadier General shall drink more than one quart of whiskey, or get drunk more than once in 24 hours he shall be publicly reprimanded at the head of his division or brigade.

2. Resolved that in all battles and skirmishes the Major & Brigadier Generals shall not be more than 500 yards in the rear of their respective divisions or brigades upon pain of being tryed & punished at the discretion of a court martial.

From military subjects I proceed to medical, and here was I disposed to complain I could fill a volume. We shall never do well 'till you adopt the system made use of in the British hospitals. The industry & humanity of the physicians & surgeons are lost from the want of it. While I am writing these few lines there are several brave fellows expiring within fifty yards of me from being confined in a hospital whose air has been rendered putrid by the sick & wounded being crowded together. The business of the physicians, and of the Directors or Surveyors ought to be wholly independent of each other, and in no case

should the latter dictate to the former — We see, we feel the distresses of the sick, and therefore are better capable of directing everything necessary for their convenience than men who never go into a hospital but who govern them by proxy as Genl. Schnyler commanded Ticonderoga at Albany. The following resolutions would remedy many abuses and prove the means of saving the lives of hundreds before the campaign is over.

1. Resolved, that the Director & Ass. Director furnish the Physician & Surgeons Generals & Senior Surgeons with such medicines, stores & accommodations as they shall require. The requisition to be made in writing & to be used afterwards as a voucher for the expenditures of the D. General.

2. That all the Accts. of the D. General for medicines, wines, stores &c. be certified by the Phy: or Surgeons General before they are passed.

This resolution is of the utmost importance, and I have *good reason* to say will save thousands to the continent.

3. That all returns of sick, wounded, & of officers of the hospital be delivered to the Medical Committee by the Phy: or Surgeons General. The reason of this is plain. They can have no interest in making out *false* returns and the returns from them will always be a check upon the expenditures of the Director General.

Adieu — my dear friend — Best compts. to Dr. Geary, Mr. Saml Adams, Mr. Lovell, and all such of our old friends as prefer poverty with republican liberty to wealth with monarchial infamy & slavery.

Should you think it worth while to read any parts of this letter to any of them it will perhaps give some weight to them if you conceal the name of your friend & humble sert. B. RUSH.

The intense feeling displayed in these communications, as well as in the al-

ready alluded to anonymous one, implies some deeper motive in Rush than the pseudo-patriotism so conspicuous in the letters. Fortunately, an explanation can be supplied, which may be taken for what it is worth. It was written by John Armstrong, — the author of the "Newburg letters" of 1783 (calling on the continental army to seize the government of the United States), and later Secretary of War in Madison's administration, — in whose writings more historical revelations concerning that period are to be found than in those of almost any other man; the writer was an aid-de-camp of General Gates, too, and a minor star in the cabal. Yet despite this reason for justifying all concerned in the attempt to calumniate and remove Washington, in 1819 Armstrong wrote R. Gilmore: —

LE GRANGE, Monday.

DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged by your note of Wednesday. Morgan was the ostensible — Rush the real prosecutor of Shippen — the former acting from revenge, (having been ejected from the office to make room for Shippen) the latter from a desire to obtain the directorship. In approving the sentence of the court, Washington stigmatized the prosecution as one originating in bad motives, which made Rush his enemy and defamer as long as he lived. . . .

With great respect

Your obedient servant,

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

MR. R. GILMORE.

In closing, it may be of interest to add that there exists to-day in Philadelphia a biography of Dr. Rush in his own handwriting, in which frequent comparisons are drawn between himself and Washington, usually to the latter's disadvantage. Unfortunately, the publication or sight of it is prohibited, or still further light on this matter might be possible.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XII.

It was night, and it was Angel Alley. One of the caprices of New England spring had taken the weather, and it had suddenly turned cold. The wind blew straight from the sea. It was going to rain. The inner harbor was full; in the dark, thick air bowsprits nodded and swung sleepily, — black outlines against little glimmering swathes of grayish-yellow cut by the head-lights of anchored vessels. Dories put out now and then from the schooners, and rowed lustily to the docks: these boats were packed with sailors or fishermen, who leaped up the sides of the wharves like cats, tied the painter to invisible rings in black, slimy places, and scrambled off, leaving the dory to bob and hit the piers; or they cast the painter to the solitary oarsman, who rowed back silently to the vessel, while his gayer shipmates reeled, singing, over the wharves and disappeared in the direction of the town.

The sky was heavily clouded, and fog was stealing stealthily off the Point.

Angel Alley was full, that night. Half a dozen large fishermen were just in from Georges': these had made their trip to Boston to sell their cargoes of halibut, haddock, or cod, and had run home quickly on a stiff sou'easter, or were unloading direct at their native wharves. The town overflowed with men of unmistakably nautical callings, red of face, strong of hand, unsteady of step; men with the homeless eye and the roving heart of the sea; Americans, Scotch, Swedes, Portuguese, Italians, Irish, and Finns swung up together from the wharves and swarmed over the alley, ready for a song, a laugh, or a blow, as the case might be; equally prepared to smoke, to love, to quarrel, or to drink; liable to drift into a prayer-room or a bar-room, just as it happened,

VOL. LXXV. — NO. 451.

and there was small space to doubt which would happen; men whose highest aspiration was to find the barber and the boot-black; men who steered steadily home, thinking of their baby's laugh and the wife's kiss; and men who turned neither to the right nor to the left, who lingered for neither men nor gods nor women, but pushed, with head thrust out like a dog's on the scent, straight on to the first saloon that gaped at them.

Open and secret, lawful and unlawful, these places were of an incredible number, if one should estimate the size of the short street. Angel Alley overflowed with abomination, as the tides, befouled by the town, overflowed the reeking piers of the docks. In sailors' boarding-houses, in open bars, in hidden cellars, in billiard-rooms, in shooting-galleries, in dance-halls, and in worse, whiskey ran in rivers. At the banks of those black streams men and some women crawled and drank, flaunting or hiding their fiery thirst as the mood took them, and preying upon one another, each according to his power or his choice, as the chance of an evil hour decreed.

Girls with hard eyes and coarse mouths strutted up and down the alley in piteous numbers. Sights whose description cannot blot this page might have been detected in the shadows of the wharves and of the winding street. Men went into open doors with their full trip's earnings in their pockets, and staggered out without a penny to their shameful names. Fifty, seventy, a hundred dollars vanished in the carouse of a single hour. One man, a foreigner, of a nationality unknown, ran up and down, wildly calling for the police. He had been robbed of two hundred dollars in a drunken bout, last night; he had but just come to such senses as nature may have given him, and to the discovery of his loss. His wife, he said,

lived over in West Windover; she warn't well when he shipped; there was another baby, — seven young ones already, — and she could n't get trust at the stores, the bills had run up so long.

"Lord!" he said stupidly; "s'pose I find 'em layin' round starved?"

He stoutly refused to go home. He swore he'd rather go to jail than face her. He sat down on the steps of old Trawl's, sobbing openly, like a child. A little crowd gathered, one or two voices jeered at him, and some one scolded him smartly, for no one moralizes more glibly than the sot in his intervals of sobriety.

"Oh, shut up there!" cried the girl Lena. "Ain't he miser'ble enough already? Ain't all of us that much? — Go home, Jean," she urged kindly; "go home to Marie. She won't cuss you."

"She never cussed me *yet*," answered Jean doubtfully.

He got up and reeled away, wringing his stubbed hands. Lena walked up the alley, alone: her eyes were on the ground; she did not answer when one of the girls called her; she strolled on aimlessly, and, one might almost say, thoughtfully.

"Better come in, Lena," said a voice above her. She looked up. The beautiful new transparency, which was still the wonder and admiration of the fishermen coming home from Georges' or the Banks, flashed out in strong white and scarlet lights the strange words, now grown familiar to Angel Alley: —

"THE CHURCH OF THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

Beneath, in the broken, moving color stood the minister; his foot was on the topmost step of the long flight; he looked pale and tired.

"Is n't it better for you in here than out there?" he asked gently.

Lena gave one glance at his pitying eyes; then she followed that brilliance like a moth.

He stepped back and allowed her to precede him, as if she had been any other woman, the only difference being one

which the girl was not likely to notice: the minister did not lift his hat to Lena. She hung her head and went in.

"They are singing to-night — practicing for their concert," he said. "Perhaps they might like the help of your voice."

She made no answer, and the preacher and the street girl entered the bright hall together.

It was nearly filled with well-behaved and decently dressed groups of men and women; these were informally scattered about the main room and the anterooms, for no service was in progress: the whole bore the appearance of a people's club, or social entertainment, whose members read or chatted, played games or sang, as the mood took them.

A bowling-alley and a smoking-room adjoined; these last were often quite full and busy with fishermen and sailors, but that night the most of the people were listening to the singing. Music, Bayard had already learned, would lead them anywhere. At the first sound of the poor and pathetic melodeon, they had begun to collect around the net of harmony like mackerel round a weir. When Lena came into the room, the little choir were singing the old-fashioned, beautiful Ave Sanctissima which even Angel Alley knew. Lena dropped into an obscure seat, and remained silent for a time. Suddenly her fine contralto rang in: —

"'T is midnight on the sea.

Ora pro nobis,

We lift our souls to thee."

The minister, distant and pale, blurred before her eyes while she sang. He looked like a figure resting on a cloud in a sacred picture. He moved about among his people, tall, smiling, and shining. They looked at him with wistful, wondering tenderness. He passed in and out of the halls on errands whose nature no one asked. Occasionally he returned, bringing some huddling figure with him from the street: a homesick boy, a homeless man, a half-sodden fel-

low found hesitating outside of Trawl's den, midway between madness and sanity, ready for hell or heaven, and following Bayard like a cur.

Down the dark throat of Angel Alley, a man, that night, was doing a singular thing. He was a fisherman, plainly one of the recent arrivals of the anchored fleet; he was a sturdily built fellow with a well-shaped head; he had the naturally open face and attractive bearing often to be found among drinking men. At his best, he must have been a handsome, graceful fellow, lovable perhaps, and loving. At his worst, he was a cringing sot. He wore, over his faded dark red flannel shirt, the gingham jumper favored by his class; and it seemed he had lost his hat. This man was monotonously moving to and fro, covering a given portion of Angel Alley over and again, retracing his unsteady footsteps from point to point, and repeating his course with mysterious regularity. His beat included the space between the saloon of old Trawl (which stood about midway of the alley) and the scarlet and white transparency, whose strange and sacred heraldry blazed, held straight out, an arm of fire, across the mouth of the street. Angel Alley, as we have explained, had, at the first, inclined to call the mission Christ's Rest, for reasons of its own; but even that half-godless reminder of a history better forgotten was growing out of date. The people's name for Emanuel Bayard's house of worship and of welcome was fast settling into one beautiful word, — Christlove.

The fisherman in the jumper wavered to and fro between Christlove and the ancient grogshop. In the dark weather the figure of the man appeared to swing from this to that like a pendulum; at moments he seemed to have no more sense or sentence. He was hurled as if he were forced by invisible machinery; he recoiled as if wound by unseen springs; now his steps quickened into a run, as he

wrenched himself away from the saloon and faced the prayer-room; then they lagged, and he crawled like a crab to the rumshop door. His hands were clenched together. Long before it began to rain his hatless forehead was wet.

His eyes stared straight before him. He seemed to see nothing but the two open doors between which he was vibrating. No one had happened to notice him, or, if so, his movements were taken for the vagaries of intoxication. A nerve of God knows what in his diseased will began to throb, and he made a leap away from the saloon, and ran heavily toward the white and scarlet lights of the transparency; at the steps he fell, and lay groveling; he could hear the singing overhead:

"Ora pro nobis,
We lift our souls to thee."

He tried to climb up; but something — call it his muscle, call it his will, call it his soul; it does not signify — something refused him, and he did not get beyond the second stair. Slowly, reluctantly, mysteriously, his feet seemed to be dragged back. He put out his hands, as if to push at an invisible foe; he leaned over backwards, planting his great oiled boots firmly in the ground, as if resisting unseen force; but slowly, reluctantly, mysteriously, he was pulled back. At the steps of the saloon, in a blot of darkness, on the shadowed side, he sank; he got to his hands and knees, and there, like an animal, he crawled. If any one had been listening, the man might have been heard to sob, "It's me and the rum — God and the devil — Now we'll see!"

He rose more feebly this time, and struggled over towards the prayer-room; he wavered, and turned before he had got there, and made weakly back. Panting heavily, he crawled up the steps of the saloon, and then lurched over, and fell down into the blot whence he had come. There he lay, crying, with his arm in the brown gingham jumper before his eyes.

"Look up, Job!" said a low voice in the shadow at his side.

Job Slip lifted his sodden face, swollen, red, and stained with tears. Instinctively he stretched up his hands.

"Oh, sir!" was all he said.

Bayard stood towering above him; he had his grand St. Michael look, half of scorn and half of pity.

Job had not seen his face before, since the night when it suddenly rose on a great wave, like that of another drowning man, making towards him in the undertow off Ragged Rock. Job put up his hands, now, before his own face. He told Mari, long afterwards, that the minister blinded him.

"Get up!" cried Bayard, much in the tone in which he had said it the day he knocked Job down.

Job crawled up.

"Come here!" commanded the preacher sternly. He held out his white hand; Job put his wet and fishy palm into it; Bayard drew it through his own arm, and led him away without another word. Old Trawl came muttering to the door, and stood with his hand over his eyes, shutting out the glare of the bar-room within, to watch them. Ben looked over his shoulder, scowling. Father and son muttered unpleasantly together, as the minister and the drunkard moved off, and melted into the fine, dark rain.

Bayard led his man down towards the wharves. It was dark there, and still; there was a secluded spot, which he knew of, under a salt-house at the head of a long pier but seldom used at night. The fine rain was uncertain, and took moods. As the two came down the larynx of the alley, the drizzle had dripped off into a soft mist. Bayard heard Captain Hap across the street giving utterance to his favorite phrase:—

"It's comin' on thick—so thick it has stems to it."

The captain looked after the minister and the drunkard with disapproval in his keen, dark eyes.

"Better look out, Mr. Bayard!" he called, with the freedom of a nurse too

recently dismissed not to feel responsible for his patient. "It ain't no night for you to be settin' round on the docks. You cough, sir! Him you've got in tow ain't worth it—no, nor twenty like him!"

"That's a fact," said Job humbly, stopping short.

"Come on, Job," Bayard answered decidedly.

So they came under the salt-house. Both were silent at first. Job wiped off an old fish-keg with the sleeve of his jumper, and offered this piece of furniture to the minister; the fisherman perched himself on the edge of a big broken pile which reared its gray head above the wharf; the rising tide flapped with a sinister sound under his feet, which hung over, recklessly swinging. Job looked down into the black water. He was man enough still to estimate what he had done, and miserable enough to quench the shame and fire in him together by a leap. Men do such things, in crises such as Job had reached, far oftener than we may suppose. Job said nothing. Bayard watched him closely.

"Well, Job?" he said at last; not sternly, as he had spoken at Trawl's door.

"I have n't touched it before, sir, not a drop till last night," answered Job, with sullen dreariness. "I was countin' on it how I should see you the fust time since—I thought of it all the way home from Georges'. I was so set to see you, I could n't wait to get ashore to see you. I took a clean jump from the dory to the land-in'. I upst the dory and two men. . . . Mr. Bayard, sir, the cap'n's right. I ain't wuth it. You'd better let me drowned off the Clara Em."

"Tell me how it happened," said Bayard gently.

Job shook his head. "You know's well's I, sir. We come ashore, and Trawl, he had one of his—runners to the wharf. Ben was there, bossin' the—job."

The minister listened to this profanity without proffering a rebuke. His teeth

were set; he looked as if he would have liked to say as much, himself.

"There was a fellar there had made two hundred dollars to his trip. He treated. So I said I did n't want any. But I hankered for it till it seemed I'd die there on the spot before 'em. Ben, he sent a bar-boy after me, come to say I need n't drink unless I pleased, but not to be onsocial, and to come along with the crowd. So I said, No, I was a-goin' home to my wife and kid. When the fellar was gone, I see he'd slipped a bottle into my coat pocket. It was a pint bottle XXX. The cork was loose and it leaked. So I put it back, for I swore I would n't touch it, and I got a little on my fingers. I put 'em in my mouth to lick 'em off — and, sir, before God, that's all I know — till I come to, to-day. The hanker got me, and that's all I know. I must ha' ben at it all night. Seems to me I went home an' licked my wife and come away ag'in, but I ain't sure. I must ha' ben on a reg'lar toot. I'm a — drunken fool, and the quicker you let me go to — the better."

Job leaned over and gazed at the water quietly. There was a look about his jaw which Bayard did not like. He came out from under the salt-house and moved the keg close beside the broken pile.

"What were you doing when I found you? I've been looking for you everywhere — last night, and all day."

"I was havin' it out," said Job doggedly.

"Having" —

"It lays between me and the rum, God and the devil. I was set to see which would beat."

"Why did n't you come straight over to see me?"

"I could n't."

"*Could* n't put your feet up those steps and walk in?"

"No, sir. I could n't do it. I come over twenty times. I could n't get no further. I *had* to come back to Trawl's. I HAD TO DO IT!"

Job brought his clenched hand down heavily on his knee. "You can't understand, sir," he went on drearily. "You ain't a drinkin' man."

"I sometimes wish I had been," said the minister unexpectedly. "I must understand these things."

"God forbid!" said Job solemnly. He stretched his shaking arm out with a beautiful gesture, and put it around Bayard, as if he were shielding from taint a woman or some pure being from an unknown world.

Tears sprang to the minister's eyes. He took the drunkard's dirty hand, and clasped it warmly. The two men sat in silence. Job looked at the water. Bayard looked steadily at Job.

"Come," he said at last, in his usual tone. "It is beginning to rain in earnest. I'm not *quite* strong yet. I suppose I must not sit here. Take my arm, and come home to Mari and Joey."

Job acquiesced hopelessly. He knew that it would happen all over again. They walked on mutely; their steps fell with a hollow sound upon the deserted pier; the water sighed as they passed, like the involuntary witness of irreclaimable tragedy.

Suddenly Bayard dropped Job's hand, and spoke in a ringing voice: —

"Job Slip, get down upon your knees — just where you stand!"

Job hesitated.

"Down!" cried Bayard.

Job obeyed, as if he had been a dog.

"Now lift up your hands — so — to the sky."

As if the minister had been a cut-throat, Job obeyed again.

"Now pray," commanded Bayard.

"I don't know — how to," stammered Job.

"Pray! Pray!" repeated Bayard.

"I've forgot the way you do it, sir!"

"No matter how other people do it! This is your affair. Pray your own way. Pray anyhow. But *pray*!"

"I have n't done such a thing since I

was — since I used to say, 'Eenty Deenty Donty' — no, that ain't it, neither. 'Now I lay me'? That's more like it. But that don't seem appropriate to the circumstances, sir."

"Try again, Job."

"T ain't no use, Mr. Bayard. I'm a goner. If I could n't keep sober for you, I ain't ergointer for no Creetur I never see nor spoke to — nor no man ever see nor spoke to — a thousand fathoms up overhead."

Job lifted his trembling arms high and higher towards the dark sky.

"Pray!" reiterated Bayard.

"I can't do it, sir!"

"Pray!" commanded Bayard.

"Oh — God!" gasped Job.

Bayard took off his hat. Job's arms fell; his face dropped into them; he shook from head to foot.

"There!" he cried. "I done it. . . . I'll do it again. God! God! *God!*"

Bayard bowed his head. Moments passed before he said solemnly, —

"Job Slip, I saved your life, did n't I?"

"You committed that mistake, sir."

"It belongs to me, then. *You* belong to me. I take you. I give you to God."

He dropped upon his knees beside the drunkard in the rain.

"Lord," he said, in a tone of infinite sweetness, "here is a poor perishing man. Save him! He has given himself to Thee."

"The parson did that, Lord," sobbed Job. "Don't give me no credit for it!"

"Save him!" continued Bayard, who seemed hardly to have heard the drunkard's interruption. "Save me this one man! I have tried, and failed, and I am discouraged to the bottom of my heart. But I cannot give him up. I will never give him up till he is dead, or I am. If I cannot do any other thing in Windover, for Christ's sake, save me this one drunken man!"

Bayard lifted his face in a noble agony. Job hid his own before that Gethsemane.

"Does the parson care so much — as *that*?" thought the fisherman.

The rain dashed on Bayard's white face. He rose from his knees.

"Job Slip," he said, "you have signed a contract which you can never break. Your vow lies between God and you. I am the witness. I have bound you over to a clean life. Go and sin no more. I'll risk you now," added Bayard quietly. "I shall not even walk home with you. You have fifteen rumshops to meet before you get back to your wife and child. Pass them! They all stand with open doors, and the men you know are around these doors. You will not enter one of them. You will go straight home; and to-morrow you will send me written testimony from Mari, your wife, — I want her to write it, Job, — that you did as I bade you, and came home sober. Now go, and God go with you."

As Bayard turned to give the drunkard his hand, he stumbled a little over something on the dark pier. Job had not risen from his knees, but had stooped, and put his lips to the minister's patched shoe.

"This is to certify that my Husband come home last nite sober and haint ben on a Bat sence, god bless you ennyhow.

MARIA SLIP."

This legend, written in a laborious chirography on a leaf torn from a grocer's pass-book, was put into Bayard's hand at noon of the next day. Joey brought it. He had counted upon a nap on the study lounge, and was rather disappointed to find it occupied. Mrs. Granite said she had sent for Cap'n Hap; she said the minister's temperature had gone up to a hundred and twenty, and she should think it would.

XIII.

Jane Granite came out of the kitchen door, and sat down in the back yard, underneath the clothes-lines. She sat on the overturned salt-fish box that she kept

to stand on to reach the clothes-pins, — Jane was such a little body. She looked smaller than usual that Monday afternoon, and shrunken, somehow; her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She cried a good deal on Mondays, after Ben Trawl had come and gone on Sunday evenings.

The minister was quite himself again, and about his business. This fact should have given Jane the keenest gratification; whereas, in proportion as their lodger had grown well and cheerful, Jane had turned pale and sober. When he was really ill, her plain face wore a rapt look. For Captain Hap had remained on duty only a day or two; Mr. Bayard had not been sick enough to need professional nursing, this time, and it had since devolved wholly upon the women of the household to minister to his convalescent needs.

Happy Jane! She ran up and down, she flitted to and fro, she cooked, she ironed, she mended, she sewed, she read aloud, she ran errands, she watched for the faintest flicker in the changes of expression on his face: its dignity, its beauty, and its dearness for that one precious page out of her poor story were hers. All the rest of her life he belonged to other people and to other things: to the drunkards and the fishermen and the services; to his books and his lonely walks and his unapproachable thoughts; to his dreams of the future, in which Jane had no more part than the paper Cupid on the screen, forever tasting, and never eating, impossible fruit; to his memories of a past of which Jane knew that she knew no more than she did of the etiquette at the palace of Kubla Khan in Xanadu.

Jane understood about Kubla Khan (or she thought she did, which answers the same purpose), for she had read the poem aloud to him one day while her mother sat sewing in the wooden rocking-chair. Jane was "educated," like most respectable Windover girls; she had been through the high school of her native town; she read not at all badly; Mr. Bayard had

told her something to this effect, and Jane sang about the house all the rest of the day. Yes, Jane understood Kubla Khan.

She watched the luminous patience in the sick man's eyes,

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man."

She repeated the lines mechanically, with the bitter consciousness of the half educated of being moved by something which it was beyond her power and her province to reconcile with the facts of her life. She sighed when the brilliant eagerness and restlessness of returning health replaced that large and gentle light. Bayard had asked her mother to let Jane keep his copy of that volume; he said he had two sets of Coleridge. He had written her name in it; how could he guess that Jane would lock the book away in her bureau drawer by day, and sleep with it under her pillow at night? He tossed her a rose of common human gratitude; it fell into a girl's heart — a burning coal of ravenous longing — and ate its way.

It was summer in Windover; and Jane's one beautiful leaf of life had turned. Mr. Bayard had long since been able to take care of himself; coughing still, and delicate enough, but throwing off impatiently, as the gentlest man does in health, the little feminine restraints and devotions which he found necessary, and even agreeable, in illness. It would not be too much to say that Jane loved him as unselfishly as any woman ever had, or ever would; but in proportion as his spirits rose, hers sank. She reproached herself, poor child, that it did not make her perfectly happy to have the minister get well. Suffering and helpless, he had needed *her*. Busy and well, he thought of her no more. For that one time, that cruelly little time, she, Jane Granite, of all the women in the world, had known that precious right. To her, only to her, it had been given to serve his daily, common wants: she had carried up his tray, she

had read or written tireless hours as his mood decreed, or she had sat in silent study of his musing face, not one lineament of which did muse of her.

But it was summer in Windover, and the minister was Jane's no more.

It was one of the last of the days of a celestial June. Bayard had lived the month of blossoms out eagerly and restlessly. His work had grown enormously upon his hands, and required an attention which told on every nerve. He had gone headlong into the depths of one of those dedications which do not give a man time to come up for air. His eye wore an elate, rapt look. His cheeks burned with a fine fever. His personal beauty that summer was something at which the very "dock-rats" on the wharves turned back to look. No woman easily forgot it, and how many secretly dreamed of it, fortunately the young man never knew. The best of men may work his share of heartbreak, and the better he is the less he will suspect it.

Bayard was far too busy to think of women. For he did not exactly think of Helen Carruth; he felt her. She did not occupy his mind so far that he experienced the need of communication with her; he had never written her so much as a note of ceremony. After her brief scintillation before him on Windover Point that April afternoon, she had melted from his horizon. Nevertheless she had changed the tint of it. Now and then, in the stress of his prosaic, thankless, yet singularly enthusiastic work, there came to the young preacher that sense of something agreeable about to happen which makes one wake up singing in the morning of one's hardest day's labor, or sends one to rest dreaming quietly in the face of the cruellest anxiety. The devotee, in the midst of his orisons, was aware of the footstep of possible pleasure falling lightly, distant, doubtful, towards his cell. Some good men pray the louder for this sweet and perilous prescience. Bayard worked the harder.

And it was summer in Windover. The scanty green carpet of the downs had unrolled to its full, making as much as possible of its meagre proportions, atoning in depth of color for what it lacked in breadth and length: if the cliffs and boulders were grayer for the green, the grass looked greener for the gray. The saxifrage had faded, but among the red-cupped moss the checkerberry shot up tender, reddish leaves, the white violets scented the swamps, and the famous wild roses of the Cape dashed the bayberry thickets with pink. The late apple-blossoms had blushed and gone, but the leaf and the hidden fruit responded to the anxious attention of the unenthusiastic farmer who wrenched his living out of the reluctant, granite soil. In front of the hotels the inevitable geraniums blazed scarlet in mathematical flower-beds; and the boarding-houses convalesced from house-cleaning in striped white scrim curtains and freshly painted blue wooden pumps. The lemonade and candy stores of "the season" sprouted with the white clovers by the wayside; and the express cart of the summer boarder's luggage blossomed with the lonely and uncomfortable hydrangea, bearing its lot in yellow jars on piazza steps. Windover Point wore a coquettish air of expectation, like a girl in her best dress who waits in a lane for an invisible admirer.

Windover Harbor was alive and alert. The summer fleets were out; the spring fleets were in. Bayard could hear the drop of anchors now. In the night, through his open windows; and the soft, pleasant splash, the home-coming and home-yearning sound which wakened the summer people, only to lull them to sleep again with a sense of poetic pleasure in a picturesque and alien life, gave to the lonely preacher of the winter Windover the little start of anxiety and responsibility which assassinates rest. He thought:—

"Another crew in! Is it Job? Or

Bob? Or Jean? Will they go to Trawl's, or get home straight? I must be off at dawn to see to this."

On the little beach opposite Mrs. Granite's cottage the sea sighed in the night to answer him; ebbing, it lapped the pebbles gently, as if it felt sorry for the preacher, who had not known Windover as long as it had; it inhaled and exhaled long, soft breaths, in rhythm with which his own began to grow deep and quiet; and the start from a dream of drowning in the undertow off Ragged Rock would tell him that he had slept. More often, of late, the rising tide had replied nervously; it was fitful and noisy; it panted, and seemed to struggle for articulation: for the June sea was restless, and the spring gales had died hard. The tints of the harbor were still a little cool, but the woodland on the opposite shore held out an arm of rich, ripe leaf; and the careening sails warmed to the sunrise and the sunset in rose and ochre, violet and pearl, opening buds of the blossom of midsummer color that was close at hand.

Bayard was in his rooms, resting after one of these unresting nights. He had set forth at daybreak to meet an incoming schooner at the docks. It had become his habit, whenever he could, to see that the fishermen were personally conducted past the dens of Angel Alley, and taken home sober to waking wife and sleeping child. In this laborious task Job Slip's help had been of incredible value. Job was quite sober now; and in the intervals between trips this converted Saul delighted to play the Paul to Bayard's little group of apostles. Yet Job did not pose. He was more sincere than most better men. He took to decency as if it had been a new trade; and the novel dignity of missionary zeal sat upon him like a liberal education. The Windover word for what had happened to Job was "re-formation." Job Slip, one says, is a reformed man. The best way to save a rascal is to give him

another one to save; and Job, who was no rascal, but the ruin of a very good fellow, brilliantly illustrated this eternal law.

Bayard had come back, unusually tired, about noon, and had not left the house since his return. He was reading, with his back to the light, and the sea in his ears. The portière of mosquito netting, which hung now at the door between his two rooms, was pushed aside, that he might see the photographed Leonardo as he liked to do. The scanty furniture of his sleeping-room had been moved about during his recent illness, so that now the picture was the only object visible from the study where he sat. The mosquito portière was white. Mrs. Granite having ineffectually urged a softer pink, Bayard regarded this portière with the disproportionate gratitude of escape from evil.

A knock had struck the cottage door, and Jane Granite had run to answer it. She was in her tidy blue gingham dress, but a little wet and crumpled, as was to be expected on a Monday. She had snatched up a white apron, and looked like an excellent parlor-maid. For such, perhaps, the caller took her, for practical tact was not his most obtrusive quality. He was an elderly man, a gentleman; his mouth was stern, and his eyes were kind. He carried a valuable cane, and spoke with a certain air of authority, as of a man well acquainted with this world, and the other too. He asked for Mr. Bayard, and would send up his card before intruding upon him, — a ceremony which quite upset little Jane, and she stood crimson with embarrassment. Her discomfort was not decreased by the bewildering presence of a carriage at the gate of her mother's garden. Beyond the rows of larkspur and feverfew, planted for the vase on Mr. Bayard's study-table, Mr. Salt's best carryall, splendid in spring varnish, loomed importantly. Pepper, with the misanthropy of a confirmed dyspeptic, drew the carryall, and

ladies sat within it. There were two. They were covered by certain strange, rich carriage robes undreamed of by Mr. Salt; dull, silk blankets, not of Windover designs. The ladies were both handsomely dressed. One was old; but one — ah! one was young.

"Mr. Bayard is in, my dear." The voice of the caller rose over the larkspur to the carryall. "Will you wait, or drive on?"

"We'll drive on," replied the younger lady.

"Helen, Helen!" complained the elder. "Don't you *know* that Pepper is afraid of the electric cars? I've noticed horses are that live in the same town with them."

Helen did not laugh at this, but her eyes twinkled irreverently. She wrapped herself in her old-gold silk blanket, and turned to watch the sea. She did not look at Mrs. Granite's cottage.

The dignified accents of the Professor's voice were now wafted over the larkspur bed again: —

"Mr. Bayard asks if the ladies will not come up to his study, Statira? It is only one short flight. Will you do so?"

Simultaneously Bayard's eager face flashed out of the doorway; and before Helen could assent or dissent, her mother, on the young man's arm, was panting up between the larkspur and feverfew and into the cottage. Helen followed in meek amusement.

The stairs were scarcely more than a ship's gangway. Mrs. Carruth politely suppressed her sense of horrified inadequacy to the ascent, and she climbed up as bravely as possible. Helen's east-down eyes observed the uncarpeted steps of old, stained pine wood. She was still silent when they entered the study. Bayard bustled about, offering Mrs. Carruth the bony rocking-chair with the Turkey-red cushion. The Professor had already enconced himself in the revolving study-chair, a luxury which had been recently added to the room. There remained for

Helen the lounge, and Bayard, perforce, seated himself beside her. He did not remark upon the deficiency of furniture. He was as much above an apology for the lack of upholstery as a martyr in prison. His face was radiant with a pleasure which no paltry thought could poison. The simple occasion seemed to him one of high festivity. It would have been impossible for any one of these comfortable people to understand what it meant to the poor fellow to entertain old friends in his lonely quarters.

Helen's eyes assumed a blank, polite look; she said as little as possible at first; she was adjusting herself to a shock. Mrs. Carruth warbled on about the opening of the season at the Mainsail, and the Professor inquired about the effects of the recent gales upon the fishing classes. He avoided all perilous personalities as adroitly as if he had been fencing with a German radical over the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. It was Bayard himself who boldly approached the dangerous ground.

"You came on Saturday, I suppose? I did not know anything about it till this minute."

"We did not come till night," observed Helen hurriedly. "Mother was very tired. We did not go out anywhere yesterday."

"The Professor did, I'll be bound," smiled Bayard. "Went to church, did n't you, Professor?"

"Ye—es," replied Professor Carruth, hesitating. "I never omit divine service if I am on my feet."

"Did you hear Fenton?" asked Bayard, with perfect ease of manner.

"Yes," more boldly from the Professor, "I attended the First Church. I like to recognize The Denomination wherever I may be traveling. I always look up my old boys, of course, too. It seems to be a prosperous parish."

"It is a prosperous parish," assented Bayard heartily. "Fenton is doing admirably with it. Did you hear him?"

"Why, yes," replied the Professor, breathing more freely. "I heard Fenton. He did well — quite well. He has not that scope of intellect which — I never considered him our *ablest* man; but his theology is perfectly satisfactory. He preached an excellent doctrinal sermon. The audience was not so large as I could have wished; but it seemed to be of a superior quality — some of your first citizens, I should say?"

"Oh yes, our first people all attend that church. You did n't find many of *my* crowd there, I presume?" Bayard laughed easily.

"I did not recognize it," said the Professor, "as a distinctly fishing community — from the audience; no, not from that audience."

"Not many of my drunkards, for instance, sir? Not a strong salt-fish perfume in the First Church? Nor a whiff of old New England rum anywhere?"

"The atmosphere was irreproachable," returned the Professor, with a keen look.

Bayard glanced at Helen, who had been sitting quietly on the sofa beside him. Her eyes returned his merriment.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Bayard does not recant. He is proud of it. He glories in his heresy. He is laughing at his martyrdom — and at us. I think you'd better 'let up' on him awhile."

"'Let up,' Helen? 'Let up'?" complained her mother. "That is a very questionable expression. Ask your father, my dear, if it is good English. And I'm sure Mr. Bayard will be a *gentlemanly* heretic, whatever he is."

Helen laughed outright now; Bayard joined her; and the four drew breath and found themselves at their ease.

"For my part," said Helen unexpectedly, "I should like to see Mr. Bayard's church — if he would stoop to invite us. . . . I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "one reason saints don't stoop is for fear the halo should tumble off. It must be

so inconvenient! Don't you ever have a stiff neck, Mr. Bayard?"

"Why, *Helen!*" cried Mrs. Carruth in genuine horror. She hastened to atone for her daughter's rudeness to a young man who already had enough to bear. "I will come and bring Helen myself, Mr. Bayard, to hear you preach — that is, if you would like to have us."

"Pray don't!" protested Bayard. "The Professor's hair would turn black again in a single night. It won't do for you to recognize an outlaw like me, you know. Why, Fenton and I have n't met since he came here, unless at the post-office. I understand my position. Don't feel any delicacy about it. I don't. I can't stop for that. I am too busy."

The Professor of Theology colored a little.

"The ladies of my family are quite free to visit any of the places of worship — around us," he observed, with some dignity. "They are not bound by the same species of ecclesiastical etiquette" —

"We must be going, Mother," said Helen abruptly. Her cheeks were blazing; her eyes met Bayard's with a ray of indignant sympathy which went to his head like wine. He felt the light, quick motion of her breath; the folds of her summer dress — he could not have told what she wore — fell over the carpet lounge; the hem of the dress touched his boot, and just covered the patch on it from sight. He had but glanced at her before. He looked at her now: her heightened color became her richly; her hand — she wore a driving-glove — lay upon the cretonne sofa pillow; she had picked a single flower as she came up Mrs. Granite's garden walk. Bayard was amused to see that she had instinctively taken a deep purple pansy with a heart of gold.

A little embarrassed, Helen held out the pansy.

"I like them," she said. "They make faces at me."

"This one is a royal creature," answered Bayard. "It has the face of a queen."

"Mr. Bayard," asked Mrs. Carruth, with the air of starting a subject of depth and force, "do you find any time to analyze flowers?"

"So far — hardly," replied Bayard, looking Helen straight in the face.

"I used to study botany when I was a young lady, in New York," continued Mrs. Carruth placidly; "it seems to me a very wholesome and refining" —

"Papa!" cried Helen, "Pepper is eating a tomato can — No, it's a piece of — It is an apron, a gingham apron! The *menu* of that horse, Mr. Bayard, surpasses anything" —

"It is plainly some article belonging to the ladies of the house," said Bayard, laughing.

He had started to rescue the apron, when Jane Granite was seen to run out and wrench that portion of her wardrobe from Pepper's voracity.

"That," suggested Mrs. Carruth, "is the maid, I presume?"

"It is Miss Granite, my landlady's daughter," replied Bayard, with some unnecessary dignity.

Poor little Jane, red in the face and raging at the heart, stood, with the eyes of the visitors upon her, contending with Pepper, who insisted on retaining the apron-strings, and had already swallowed one half-way.

Quick to respond to the discomfort of any woman, Bayard ran down to Jane's relief.

"It blew over from the lines," said Jane. She lifted to him her sad, grateful eyes. She would have cried, if she had ventured to speak. Helen, from the window, looked down silently.

When Bayard came upstairs again, his visitors had risen to leave, in earnest. Helen avoided his eyes. He felt that hers had taken in every detail of his poor place: the iron angel on the ugly stove; the Cupid and the grapes upon the paper

screen; the dreary, darned, brown carpet; the barren shades; the mosquito-net portière; the whole homeless, rude, poverty-smitten thing.

"You have a fine engraving of Guido's St. Michael here," observed Professor Carruth, taking out his glasses.

"And I notice — don't I see another good picture through the gauze portière?" asked Mrs. Carruth modestly.

"That is Leonardo's Christ," said the Professor promptly, at a look. "It really makes a singular, I may say a beautiful impression behind that white stuff. I never happened to see it before with such an effect. Look, Helen! It seems like a transparency, or a cloud."

A devout expression touched Helen's face, which had grown quite grave. She did not answer, and went downstairs behind her mother, very quietly.

Jane Granite had disappeared. Pepper was engaged in a private conflict with such fragments of the gingham apron as he had succeeded in swallowing; Mrs. Carruth mounted heavily into the carry-all, and Helen sprang after her. Then it appeared that the Professor had forgotten his cane, and Bayard ran back for it. As he came down, he caught a glimpse of Jane Granite in the sitting-room. She was crying.

"That is my Charter Oak cane," remarked the Professor anxiously: "the one with the handle made from the old ship Constitution. I would n't have mislaid it on any account."

"Father would rather have mislaid me," said Helen, with an air of conviction. Her mother was inviting Mr. Bayard to call on them at the Flying Jib. Helen said nothing on this point. She smiled and nodded girlishly, and Pepper bore them away.

Bayard came back upstairs three steps at a time. The sitting-room door was shut, and it did not occur to him to open it. He had quite forgotten Jane. He closed his study-door softly, and went and sat down on the carpet lounge; the

pansy that she had dropped was there. He looked for it, and looked at it; then laid it gently on his study-table. He took up the cretonne pillow where her hand had lain; then put it softly down.

"I must keep my head," thought the young man. He passed his hand over his too brilliant eyes, and went back, with compressed lips, to his study-table.

Jane Granite went out into the back yard, and sat down under the clothes-lines, on the salt-fish box. The chewed apron was in her hand. The clothes flapped above her head in the rising wind. She could not be seen from the house. Here she could cry in peace.

But she was surprised to find that she did not want to cry. Her eyes, her throat, her lips, her head, seemed burning to ashes. Hot, hard, wicked wishes came for the first time in her gentle life to Jane. That purple-and-gold woman swam giddily between herself and the summer sky.

Jane had known her at the first look. Her soul winced when she recognized the stranger of the electric car. Mr. Bayard had thought Jane did not notice that lady that April day. Jane had by heart every line and tint and detail of her, from the gold dagger on her bonnet to the dark purple cloth gaiter of her boots; from her pleased brown eyes, with the well-bred motion of their lids, to the pretty gestures that she made with her narrow, gloved hand. Jane looked at her own wash-day dress and parboiled fingers. The indefinable, undeniable fact of the stranger's personal elegance crushed the girl with the sense of help-

less bitterness which only women who have been poor and gone shabby can understand. The language of dress, which is to the half educated the symbol of superiority, conveyed to Jane, in advance of any finer or truer vocabulary, the full force of the situation.

"She is different," thought Jane.

These three words said it all. Jane dropped her face in her soaked and wrinkled fingers. The damp clothes flapped persistently about her neat, brown head, as if trying to arouse her with the useless diversion of things that one is quite used to. Jane thought of Ben Trawl, it is true, but without any distinct sense of disloyalty or remorse. She experienced the ancient and always inexplicable emotion not peculiar to Jane: she might have lived on in relative content, not in the least disturbed by any consciousness of her own ties, as long as the calm eyes she worshiped reflected the image of no other woman. Now something in Jane's heart seemed to snap and let lava through.

Oh, purple and gold, gall and worm-wood, beauty and daintiness, heartache and fear! Had the Queen come to the palace of Kubla Khan? Let Alph, the sacred river, run! Who was she, Jane Granite, that she should stem the sweeping current?

"Crying *again*? This is a nice way to greet a fellow," said roughly a sudden voice in Jane's dulled ear.

Ben Trawl lifted the damp clothes, strode through between the poles, and stood beside his promised wife. His face was ominously dark.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

II. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

If one may take sequence of publication as indicative of sequence of production, Mr. Davis began his career as a story-teller before he set out on his travels; but both stories and sketches of travel thus far intimate that his dominant interest is in seeing the world and taking a *coup d'œil* of people rather than in penetrating the mystery of the human mind. The order of his travel appears to have been, the Eastern city, the Western prairie and outpost, the shores of the Mediterranean, and England. He has shown himself a first-rate reporter, with a swift instinct for selection of points, and something more than a knack of hitting off telling incidents. That his first reports should have been of his friends and neighbors in an Eastern city is both a testimony to his artistic sense, and something of a prophecy of the final form of his art.

In summing up his record of a scamper in the West, Mr. Davis writes: "The West is a very wonderful, large, unfinished, and out-of-doors portion of our country, and a most delightful place to visit. I would advise every one in the East to visit it, and I hope to revisit it myself. Some of those who go will not only visit it, but will make their homes there, and the course of empire will eventually Westward take its way. But when it does, it will leave one individual behind it clinging closely to the Atlantic seaboard. Little old New York is good enough for him." This is the impulsive word of a man coming home, and fresh in the recollection of that sensation which witnesses to his strongest instinct, which is, after all, not for mere wandering, but for being at the centre of energy; and there is more than one passage in the same book which betrays the writer's half-

unconscious comparison of life anywhere else with life in a great city which is native, if not accidentally the city of his birth.

But the two volumes of stories which introduced Mr. Davis to his readers are a more positive and a more interesting testimony to the nature of his regard of the world in which he found himself when he had served his apprenticeship. The neighborhood which is familiar to a story-teller is not that which he describes when he tells his stories; he assumes a knowledge of it; it exists as a background, and it is only when he comes back to it after a long absence, or desires to use it in connection with historic imagination, that he sets about a deliberate appraisal of its contents. The scene of the story which first brought Mr. Davis into marked notice — Gallegher — was laid, it is true, in Philadelphia, and he may be supposed to know best the city of his birth; but it is as true of New York as of Philadelphia that when Mr. Davis began to write, the novelty of mere externals could scarcely be reckoned as an element in his art, and he was free to occupy himself with modes of life, and not with scenery.

It is noticeable that Mr. Davis does not trouble himself to use the two cities, which stand to him for the East, as opportunities for the contrast of life. The adventure of Gallegher scarcely takes on any hue from locality; with change of names it might as well have been a New York adventure, and the stories which fill the two volumes, Gallegher and Other Stories, and Van Bibber and Others, though identified almost wholly with New York, belong there not so much by virtue of their close portraiture of the distinctive life of New York as because what depth

of soil they spring from is New York soil. All this is to say that it is chiefly in his capacity as a traveler in his own city that Mr. Davis makes himself known in his early stories, and the kind of interest which he discloses in them intimates the kind of interest he takes in life.

Perhaps an experimental acquaintance with journalism accounts for the happy choice of Gallegher as a subject, but the stories generally in these two volumes hint at a sympathy with spectacular life, the existence which is on exhibition at clubs, in polite society, at races, among adventurers, at the theatre, at the police station, in the newspaper office, at Delmonico's or Sherry's; and the figures who make the most impression on his pages are either those who are lookers-on at the show, or those who contribute to the entertainment something which has a spice of deviltry about it. It is a young man's world into which we are invited, but it is an open world. The healthy ebullience of youth is in the stories, and also that delicious gravity of youth which is a world away from the vulgar element of knowingness, that air of the man of the world whose capacity for enjoyment is almost past the power of spice to revive. Mr. Davis recurs with a special fondness to an invention bearing the name Van Bibber, a most delightful creature, rich, addicted to club life, a cavalier in sentiment, with a happy-go-lucky mind that astounds him occasionally by its apparent astuteness, and a coolness of courage which the modern stage has accustomed us to associate with otherwise fatuous young club men. This innocent but perfectly well-informed youngster, this man who moves with calm assurance amongst the fragile specimens of humankind who constitute his ordinary companions, and never loses his self-possession when casually encountering burglars or reprobate men of the world, is the nearest to a type that can be found in Mr. Davis's pages. It is rather a variation than a distinct species. The modern

drama has put a good many Van Bibbers on the stage, though Mr. Davis's gentleman has an ingenuity in his ingenuousness which is amusing and novel. Now and then an element is introduced which disturbs a little the consistency of the character, but on the whole Mr. Davis has brought away from his excursions into New York society a figure which unconsciously reflects a good deal of credit on his creator.

Alongside of Van Bibber, in these early stories, may be placed the paragon of the other extreme in the social scale, the Hefty Burke, for example, who is equally intrepid, and, according to his lights, equally ingenuous. The gusto with which Mr. Davis enters into the adventures of the men whose club is the saloon gives an air of lifelikeness to the scenes, even when one is inclined to think that the principle of selection has been carried so far as to exclude tolerably natural accompaniments of the life of the tough. But the fun which rules in *How Hefty Burke Got Even* leaves one very indulgent toward a writer who can make high life below stairs so entertaining and so clean. Indeed, the restraint which is so marked an element in a writer possessed of such high spirits is one of the surest signs of true art, and a prophecy of growth.

One brings away from these two volumes of stories which stand for Mr. Davis's report of his incursions into the life about him an impression of spirited youth, ready for a lark, but really most interested in the behavior of the men and women who represent "good society;" the young men and the young women, that is, for there are very few persons in these stories over thirty, and the old gentlemen, so called, appear to be about fifty. The saving quality is to be found in the kind of interest taken, for it is always something more than mere superficiality which arrests the writer's attention. He explores motives now and then, and shows a desire to get, if he can, at the bottom of some perplexed human

heart, but for the most part his stories are anecdotes, bright, often very amusing, and always indicative of an honest curiosity. The reader is likely to care least for those stories which have an air of subtlety about them. It is not subtlety, but frankness, which underlies the best of this writer's work.

We have said that these earlier stories are not so much inventions as reports of a young man's journey into the world about him, and they hint at a kind of faculty which is sometimes found in a first-rate journalistic reporter. When he takes up reporting in earnest, Mr. Davis shows that he has this faculty in a high degree, but the work done displays a rapid increase in artistic power, and frequent suggestion that the storytelling gift is not an idle plaything, but likely to reassert itself finally as the dominant impulse. Perhaps this increase is due to the change of material. The first book of travel, *The West from a Car Window*, is professedly nothing but a series of newspaper articles thrown off after a hasty run in Texas and Colorado, visits to mining-camps, to an Indian reservation, and at army posts. The sketches are drawn with a free hand; there is a slap-dash manner about them which gives them an ephemeral character, and occasionally the reader is disposed to resent a certain cocksureness in the author; but the most interesting notes are the personal ones, the vivid characterizations of typical lives, and now and then a report of specific adventures. Moreover, there is a wise forbearance in the matter of hearsay; the honesty of the reporter is seen in his determination to confine himself to the results of first-hand information. The dash and freedom of frontier life interest, but do not altogether fascinate him; courage, endurance, the fortitude of the soldier, the patient wisdom of an army officer, these arrest his attention; and though he comes back, as we have shown, to Eastern life with a sigh of relief, he impresses the reader as having

executed a commission with fidelity and with considerable skill.

It is, however, in his second book of travel that Mr. Davis is seen at his best on this side. There could scarcely be a greater contrast in material than that which lies between the Western frontier of the United States and the shores of the Mediterranean. In traveling over the great reaches of the West, Mr. Davis sought for a few characteristic scenes, and sketched them with directness, with some vividness even, but the selective art was shown chiefly in the simple choice of subject. In visiting Gibraltar, Tangier, Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople, he had a more difficult task of selection; he had to choose out of a prodigal range of new and striking scenes those which were best worth painting, and this calls for something more than the reporter's knack. What is observable in this book is the sense of color and form in the picturesque, the shrewd comment on contemporaneous affairs, and the quick perception of the artistic values in the several scenes which present themselves to the traveler. The advance over the art which depicted Western life is considerable, and it is chiefly seen in the compactness and solidity of the entire impression produced. A surer touch is everywhere evident. As in the earlier book, so here, the interest in persons is never very absent; yet it seems as if the scene, the setting, had a stronger power over the writer, and as if he were not quite ready to speak in confident tones of other nationalities than his own. Be this as it may, the book is clearly more given over to the record of impressions on the eye than to anything else, and the graphic force of Mr. Davis's mind is conspicuous.

If the reader readily pardons the absence of historic allusion in a narrative of travel among historic places, remembering how often he has been bored by travelers who are oppressed with their responsibility in such case, he is likely, all the same, to reflect that a writer al-

most inevitably discloses the furnishing of his mind when he falls to talking about historic cities, and he can scarcely escape the conclusion that Mr. Davis is very distinctly a contemporary, an observer rather than a student, a recorder and artist rather than a historian or a philosopher. He will feel this even more keenly upon looking to see what this writer has to say on so full a topic as *Our English Cousins*. Every man after his kind. There was a young American, of about Mr. Davis's age, who went to England two generations ago and took a survey of the people and the island. He too was a college-bred man, and he visited the universities of English make, and took some account of Englishmen as he found them. We do not wish to chide Mr. Davis for not being Mr. Emerson, but we do not wish to forget that one may be a young man, and still direct his attention, when he is traveling in a historic country, to other aspects of learning and politics than the social.

It is perhaps more to the point that in leaving the Mediterranean and taking up with England Mr. Davis returns more to the point of view where he took his first stand. That is to say, he assumes his background as in his New York stories, and engages directly in sketching the people whom he meets. It is the story-teller's mind that is at work, even though the form is not that of fiction. Here too the people who interest him are mainly the same sort that occupy his attention in his earlier stories, but of the English, and not the New York variety. Again the upper and the lower end of society entertain him, and persons, not problems, present themselves to him.

We said at the outset that Mr. Davis's writings so far intimate his dominant interest to be in seeing the world and taking a coup d'œil of people, and we may reckon his travels as only an extension of the curiosity which first vented itself on New York. His latest collection, *The Exiles and Other Stories*,

gives an agreeable indication that the more exclusively dramatic faculty, certainly the story-telling faculty, is likely to assert itself more emphatically. These stories show how well he can use his experience of travel as a background from which to project his modeling of human figures in interesting relations. The title story is especially suggestive. Here is a character, fast bound apparently in the swatches of convention, set free by being cast unexpectedly upon a society which has tacitly agreed to ignore conventions. Mr. Holcombe preserves his integrity in the midst of the loose fragments of Tangier life, but is impelled to strip himself of his clothes, as it were, and meet his antagonist as man to man. Despite a little forcing of the situation, the story is capably conceived and executed. A similar motive is discoverable in the less successful, indeed rather artificial tale of *His Bad Angel*; but both stories show that Mr. Davis is not likely to be content with the merely dexterous arrangement of characters and scenes brightly taken from a limited and somewhat superficial survey of the nearest society. Yet the most entertaining, and we are inclined to think the most effective piece of work in the book is *The Right of Way*, which has all the air of being but a slightly heightened narrative of actual experience. The aplomb of this tale, the humor of it, the nice reserves as well as the hearty abandon, make it almost seem as if Mr. Davis could never expect to show what he might do unless the European nations would be so obliging as to go to war that he might take the field as special correspondent.

It would be a pity, however, if his capacity for narrating adventure had such exceptional opportunities for expression as to arrest him midway in his development as a novelist. It is too soon to predict what he may do in this direction. His construction in *The Exiles* and in *The Princess Aline* rests on too slender a basis to make one wholly

confident that he has at present the power to hold long a sustained motive in story-telling. At any rate, his earliest, splendid achievement, Gallegher, owed its charm to the swiftness with which a first-rate scheme was carried to a dramatic culmination, and his latest printed tale, *The Princess Aline*, is an amusing involution of a whim, the *dénouement* of which has been anticipated by the reader, who yet follows the turns with enjoyment for the humor of the successive situations. What confidence we have arises from the fact that a reading

of Mr. Davis's books in their chronological sequence leaves us with the impression that a wider survey of the world has given a wider horizon to his mind; that his facility in transferring impressions has been confirmed; and that, not content with reporting the modes of men's minds, he has taken to exploring the recesses of human nature. Out of such a study comes a greater sense of the complexity of life, and out of this sense is born that conception of the dramatic meaning of life which underlies the successful construction of wholes in fiction.

TRAMPS WITH AN ENTHUSIAST.

To a brain wearied by the din of the city, the clatter of wheels, the jingle of street cars, the discord of bells, the cries of venders, the ear-splitting whistles of factory and shop, how refreshing is the heavenly stillness of the country! To the soul tortured by the sight of ills it cannot cure, wrongs it cannot right, and sufferings it cannot relieve, how blessed to be alone with nature, with trees living free, unfettered lives, and flowers content each in its native spot, with brooks singing of joy and good cheer, with mountains preaching divine peace and rest!

Thus musing one evening, soon after my arrival at a lone farmhouse in the heart of the Green Mountains, I seated myself at the window to make acquaintance with my neighbors. Not the human; I wished for a time to turn away from the world of people, to find rest and recreation in the world outside the walls of houses.

My room was a wing lately added to the side of the cottage farthest from the life that went on in it, from the kitchen and dairy, from the sight of barns and henhouses. It was, consequently, as solitary as it could be, and yet retain a slight

hold upon humanity. It was connected with the family and farm life by two doors, which I could shut at will, and be alone with nature, and especially with the beloved birds.

From my window I looked upon a wide view over the road and the green fields, and across the river to a lovely range of the Green Mountains, with one of the highest peaks in the State as a crown. Close at hand was a bank, the beginning of a mountain spur. It was covered from the road up with clumps of fresh green ferns and a few young trees, — a maple or two, half a dozen graceful young hemlocks, and others.

The top of the bank, about as high as my window, was thick with daisy buds, which I had caught that day beginning to open their eyes, sleepily, one lash at a time; and on looking closely I saw ranks of them still asleep, each yellow eye carefully covered with its snow-white fringes. When the blossoms were fully opened, a few days later, my point of view — on a level — made even

"The daisy's frill a wondrous newness wear;"

for I saw only the edges of the flower

faces turned to the sky, while the stems were visible down to the ground, and formed a Lilliputian forest in which it were easy to imagine tiny creatures spending days as secluded and as happy as I enjoyed in my forest of beech and birch and maple, which came down to the very back steps of the house.

On the evening when my story begins, early in June, I was sitting, as I said, at my window, listening to the good-night songs of the earlier birds, enjoying the view of woods and mountains, and waiting till tea should be over before taking my usual evening walk. I had fallen into a reverie, when I was aroused by the sound of wheels, and in a moment a horse appeared, trotting rapidly up the little hill. In his wake was a face. There was of course a body also, and some sort of a vehicle, but neither of them did I see; only a pair of eager, questioning eyes, and an intelligent countenance framed in snow-white curls which streamed back upon the wind,—a picture, a vision, I shall never forget.

I recognized at once my Enthusiast, a dear friend and fellow bird-lover, who I knew was coming to spend some weeks in the village. I rushed to the door to greet her.

"I'm delighted to see you!" she cried, as we clasped hands across the wheels. "I arrived an hour or two ago, and now I want to go where I can hear a hermit thrush. I've come all the way from Chicago to hear that bird."

She dismounted, declined the invitation to tea given by my hostess, who stood speechless with amazement at the erratic taste that would forego tea for the sake of a bird song, and we started at once up the road, where I had seen the bird perched in a partially dead hemlock-tree, and heard

"his ravishing carol ring
From the topmost twig he made his throne."

Everything was perfectly still. Not a bird peeped. Even the tireless vireo, who peopled the woods as the English

sparrow the city streets, was hushed. I began to be anxious; could it be too cool for song? or too late? We walked steadily on, up the beautiful winding road: on one side dense forest, on the other lovely changing views of the hills across the intervals, blue now with approaching night. Crows called as they hurried over; the little sandpiper's "ah weet! weet! weet!" came up from the river bank, but in the woods all was silent.

Still we went on, climbing the steep hills, loitering through the valleys, till suddenly a bird note broke the stillness, quite near us, a low, yearning "wee-o!"

"The veery!" I whispered.

"Is that the veery?" she exclaimed. (She had come from the home of the wood thrush, where hermit and veery were unknown.)

"Yes," I said; "listen."

Again it came, more plaintive than before; once more, in an almost agonized tone; and so it continued, ever growing higher in pitch and more mournful, till we could hardly endure to listen to it. Then arose the matchless song, the very breath of the woods, the solemn, mysterious, wonderful song of the bird, and two listeners, at least, lingered in ecstasy to hear, till it dropped to silence again.

Then, slowly and leisurely, we went on. The dead hemlock, the throne of the hermit, was vacant. On a bank not far off we sat down to wait, talking in hushed tones of the veery, of the oven bird whose rattling call was now just beginning, of the mysterious "see-here" bird whose plaintive call was sounding from the upper twig of another dead-topped tree, of the hermit himself, when, to our amazement, a small bird soared out of the woods, a few feet above our heads, flew around in a circle of perhaps fifteen feet in the air, and plunged again into the trees, singing all the time a rapturous, thrilling song, bewitching both in manner and in tone.

"The oven bird!" we exclaimed in a

breath. That made our walk noteworthy. We should not regret, even if the hermit refused to bless us.

Silently on up the road we passed, till the deepening shadows reminded us of the hour and the long drive before my friend, and we turned back. By this time the sun had set, and the sky was filled with gorgeous rosy clouds floating above the richest red-purple of the mountains. This surely crowned our walk.

We were sauntering homeward, lingering, waiting, we hardly knew for what, since we had given up the hermit, when a single bird note arrested me. Then, as his first rich clause fell upon the air, I turned to my companion, who was a few steps behind me. She stood motionless, both hands raised, but dumb.

"Glorious!" she whispered when she recovered her voice. "Wonderful!" she added, as he warmed into fuller song.

Quietly drawing as near as we dared, we dropped upon the bank and listened in spellbound silence to our unseen melodist. Slow, rapturous, entrancing, was his song, and when it ended we came reluctantly back to earth, stole in the growing darkness down to the farm, and my friend resumed her place in the carriage and drove away, saying with her good-by, "I am already paid for my long journey."

Yet after the first surprise and wonder were over, she swung loyally back to her first love, the wood thrush, of whose sublime voice she says, "The first solemn opening note transports you instantly into a holy cathedral."

For myself, I have never been able to choose permanently between these two glorious singers, and at that time I had been under the spell of the hermit song for days. Morning after morning I had spent in the woods, listening to the marvelous voice, and trying to discover its charm.

The bird began to sing his way down to us about ten o'clock in the morning. I heard him first afar off, then coming nearer and nearer, till he reached some

favorite perch in the woods behind and very near the farmhouse, before noon, where he usually sang at intervals till eight o'clock in the evening. I studied his song carefully. It consisted of but one clause, composed of a single emphasized note followed by two triplets on a descending scale. But while retaining the relative position of these few notes he varied the effect almost infinitely, by changing both the key and the pitch constantly, with such skill that I was astonished to discover the remarkable simplicity of the song. A striking quality of it was an attempt which he frequently made to utter his clause higher on the scale than he could reach, so that the triplets became a sort of trill or tremolo, at the very extreme of his register. Sometimes he gave the triplets alone, without the introductory note, but never, in the weeks that I studied his song, did he sing other than this one clause.

It was only with an effort that I could force myself to analyze the performance. Far easier were it, and far more delightful, to sit enchanted, to be overwhelmed and intoxicated by his thrilling music. For me, the hermit voices the sublimity of the deep woods, while the very expresses its mystery, its unfathomable remoteness. A wood warbler, on the contrary, always brings before me the rush and hurry of the world of people, and the wood pewee its undercurrent of eternal sadness. Into the mood induced by the melancholy pewee song breaks how completely and how happily the cheery optimism of the chickadee! Brooding thoughts are dissipated, all is not a hollow mockery, and life is still worth living.

Often, when listening to the hermit song, I wondered that at the first note of the king of singers all other birds were not mute. But evidently the birds have not enthroned this thrush. Possibly, even, they do not share human admiration for his song. The redstart goes on jerking out his monotonous ditty; chipmy irreverently mounts a perch and trills out his

inane apology for a song; the vireo in yonder tree spares us not one of his never-ending platitudes. But the hermit thrush goes on with sublime indifference to the voices of common folk down below. Sometimes he is answered from afar by another of his kind, who arranges his notes a little differently. The two seem to wait for each other, as if not to mar their divine harmony by vulgar haste or confusion.

"We must find the 'see-here' bird," said my friend the next morning, when she appeared at the door of the farmhouse, and I joined her for our second tramp. This was a bird whose long, deliberate notes, sounding like the above words, had tantalized me from the day of my arrival.

We resolved this time to go into the woods we had skirted the night before. A set of bars admitted us to a most enticing bit of forest, a paradise to city-weary eyes and nature-loving hearts. From the bars rose sharply a rough wood road, while a few steps to the right and a scramble up a rocky path changed the whole world in a moment. We were in a perfect nook, which I had discovered a few days before: with a carpet of dead leaves, a sky of waving branches, the fierce sun shut out by curtains of living green, the air cooled by a clear mountain stream, and the "priceless gift of delicious silence" — silence that had haunted my dreams for months — broken only by the voices of birds, whispers of leaves, and ripple of brook. In this spot,

"where Nature dwells alone,

Of man unknowing, and to man unknown,"

(as I tried to persuade myself) I had established my out-of-door study, and here I had spent perfect days, watching the residents of the vicinity, and saturating my whole being with the delights of sight and sound and scent till it was thrilling happiness just to be alive. Would that I could impart the freshness, the fragrance, the heavenly peace of those days

to this chronicle, to comfort and strengthen my readers not so blessed as to share them!

The dwellers in this delectable spot, where I persuaded my friend to rest a moment, I had not found altogether what I should have chosen; for, unfortunately, the place most desirable for the student is not always the best for birds. They are quite apt to desert the cool, breezy heights charming to wood lovers, to build in some impenetrable tangle, where the ground is wet and full of treacherous quagmires, where mosquitoes abound and flies do greatly flourish, where close-growing branches and leaves keep out every breath of air, and there is no solid rest for the legs of a camp-stool. Such a difference does it make, as to a desirable situation, from which side you look at it.

The principal inhabitant presented himself before we were fairly seated, a chipmunk, who came out of his snug door under the roots of a maple-tree and sat up on his doorstep — one of the roots — to make his morning toilet, dress his sleek fur, scent the sweet fresh air, and enjoy himself generally. In due time he ran down to the little brook before the door, and then started out, evidently after something to eat; and he went nosing about on the ground with a thoroughness to make a bird-lover shudder, for what ground bird's nest could escape him!

I recognize the fact that, from his point of view, chipmunks must live, and why should they not have eggs for breakfast? Doubtless, in squirrel philosophy, it is a self-evident truth that birds were created to supply the tables of their betters in fur, and the pursuit of eggs and nestlings adds the true sportsman's zest to the enjoyment of them. So long, therefore, as the law that "might makes right" prevails in higher quarters, we are forced to acknowledge, however grudgingly, his "right" to his game; but for all that I should like exceedingly to protect it from him.

I could not long keep a bird-lover study-

ing a chipmunk. In a few minutes we started again on our way up the mountain. Each side of our primitive wood road was bordered with ferns in their first tender green, many of them still wearing their droll little hoods. Forward marched the Enthusiast; breathlessly I followed. Up one little hill, down another, over a third we hastened.

"See!" I said, hoping to arrest the tireless steps; "on that tree I saw yesterday a scarlet tanager."

"Oh, did you?" she said carelessly, pausing not an instant in her steady tramp.

Then rose the note we were listening for, far to the left of the road.

"He's over there!" she cried eagerly, leaving the path, and pushing in the direction of the sound. "But I'm afraid I shall tire you," she added. "You sit down here, and I'll just go on a little."

"No, indeed!" I answered hastily, for I knew well what "just go on a little" meant, — I had tried it before: it meant pass out of sight in two minutes, and out of hearing in one more, so absorbed in following an elusive bird note that everything else would be forgotten. "No, indeed!" I repeated. "I shall not be left in these woods; where you go I follow."

"But I won't go out of sight," she urged, her conscience contending with her eager desire to proceed, for well she knew that I did not take my woods by storm in this way.

I said nothing in reply, but I had no intention of being left, for I did not know what dwellers the forest might contain, and I had a vivid remembrance of being greatly startled, only a day or two before, by unearthly cries in these very woods; of seeing a herd of young cattle rushing frantically away, turning apprehensive glances toward the sounds, and huddling in a frightened heap down by the bars, while the strange cries came nearer and nearer, till I should not have been surprised to see any sort of a hor-

ror emerge; of calling out to the farmer whom I met at the door, "Oh, there's something dreadful up in the woods!" and his crushing reply, "Yes, I heard it. It's a fox barking; we hear one now and then."

I cast no doubts on the veracity of that farmer, though I could not but remember the license men sometimes allow themselves when trying to quiet fears they consider foolish; nor did his solution seem to account satisfactorily for the evident terror of the cattle, which had lived in those woods all their lives, and had no reason to fear the "bark" of a fox. I preferred, therefore, not to encounter any such eccentric "fox" alone; hence I refused to listen to my friend's entreaties, but simply followed on, over fallen tree-trunks, under drooping branches, and through unyielding brush: now sinking ankle-deep in a pile of dead leaves, now catching my hair in a broken branch, and now nearly falling over a concealed root; wading through swamps, sliding down banks, cutting and tearing our shoes, and leaving bits of our garments everywhere. On we went recklessly, intent upon one thing only, — seeing the bird who, enthroned on his treetop, calmly and serenely uttered his musical "see-e he-e-re!" while we struggled, and scrambled, and fought our way down below.

We reached a steep bank, and paused a moment, breathless, disheveled, *my* interest in the beguiler long ago cooled.

"There's a brook down there," I said hastily; "we can't cross it."

Could we not? But we did, at the expense of a little further rending, and the addition of wet feet to our other discomforts. But at last! at last! we came in sight of our bird, a mere black speck against the sky.

"It's a flycatcher!" exclaimed my companion eagerly. "See his attitude! I must get around the other side!" and on we went again. A fence loomed before us, a fence of brush, impossible to get through, and almost as impossible to

get over. But what were any of man's devices to an eager bird-hunter! Over that fence she went — like a bird, I was going to say, but like a boy would perhaps be better. More leisurely and with difficulty I followed, for once on the other side I should be content. I knew the road could not be far off, and through the tangled way we had come I was resolved I would not pass again.

Well, we ran him down. He was obliging enough to stay in one spot, indifferent to our noisy presence on the earth below, while we studied him on all sides, and decided him to be the olive-sided flycatcher (*Contopus borealis*). We entered his name and his manners in our notebooks, and we were happy, or at least relieved.

The habit of this bird, as I learned by observation of him afterward, was to sit on the highest twig of a tree dead at the top, where he could command a view of the whole neighborhood, and sing or call by the hour, in a loud, drawling, and rather plaintive tone, somewhat resembling the wood pewee's, though more animated in delivery. I found that the two notes which syllabled themselves to my ear as "see-e he-e-re!" were prefaced by a low, staccato utterance like "quick!" and all were on the same note of the musical scale. Occasionally, but not often, he made a dash into the air, flycatcher fashion, and once I saw him attempt to drive away a golden-winged woodpecker who took the liberty of alighting on a neighboring dead tree-trunk. Down upon him like a small tornado came the flycatcher instantly, expecting, apparently, to annihilate him. But the big, clumsy woodpecker merely slid one side a little, to avoid the onslaught, and calmly went on dressing his feathers, as if no small flycatcher existed. This indifference did not please the olive-sided, but he alighted on a branch below and bided his time; it came soon, when the golden-wing took flight, and he came down upon him like a kingbird

on a crow. I heard the snap of the woodpecker's beak as he passed into the thick woods, but nobody was hurt, and the flycatcher returned to his perch.

When we had rested a little after our mad rush through the woods, we found that the hours were slipping away, and we must go. Passing down the road at the edge of the woods, we were about to cross a tiny brook, when our eyes fell upon a distinguished personage at his bath. He was a rose-breasted grosbeak, and we instantly stopped to see him. He did not linger, but gave himself a thorough splashing, and flew at once to a tree, where he began dressing his plumage in frantic haste, as if he knew he was a "shining mark" for man and beast. He stayed half a minute on one branch, jerked a few feathers through his beak, then flew to another place and hurriedly dressed a few more; and so he kept on, evidently excited and nervous at being temporarily disabled by wet feathers, though I do not think he knew he had human observers, for we were at some distance and perfectly motionless. He was a beauty, even for his lovely family, and the rose color of his wing-linings was the most gorgeous I ever saw.

Moreover, I knew this bird, later, to be as useful as he was beautiful. He it was who took upon himself the care of the potato patch in the garden below, spending hours every day in clearing off the destructive potato beetle, singing as he went to and from his labors, and, when the toils of the day were over, treating us to a delicious evening song from the top of a tree close by.

In that way the grosbeak's time was spent till babies appeared in the hidden nest, when everything was changed, and he set to work like any hod-carrier; appearing silently, near the house, on the lowest board of the fence, looking earnestly for some special luxury for baby beaks. No more singing on the tree-tops, no more hunting of the beetle in stripes; food more delicate was needed

now, and he found it among the brakes that grew in clumps all about under my window. It was curious to see him searching, hopping upon a stalk which bent very much with his weight, peering eagerly inside; then on another, picking off something; then creeping between the stems, going into the bunch out of sight, and reappearing with his mouth full; then flying off to his home. This bird was peculiarly marked, so that I knew him. The red of his breast was continued in a narrow streak down through the white, as if the color had been put on wet, and had dripped at the point.

The third tramp with my Enthusiast was after a warbler. To my fellow bird-students that tells a story. Who among them has not been bewitched by one of those woodland sprites, led a wild dance through bush and brier, satisfied and happy if he could catch an occasional glimpse of the flitting enchanter!

This morning we drove a mile or two out of the village, hitched our horse, — a piece of perfection, who feared nothing, never saw anything on the road, — and started into the pasture. The gate passed, we had first to pick our way through a bog, which had been cut by cows' hoofs into innumerable holes and pitfalls, and then so overgrown by weeds and moss that we could not always tell where it was safe to put a foot. We consoled ourselves for the inconvenience by reflecting that a bog on the side of a mountain must probably be a provision of Mother Nature's, an irrigating scheme for the benefit of the hillside vegetation. If all the water ran off at once, we argued, very little could grow there. So we who love to see our hills covered with trees should not complain, but patiently seek the stepping-stones sometimes to be found, or meekly resign ourselves to going in over boot-tops without a word.

Our first destination was the nest of a hermit thrush, discovered by my friend

the day before, and we stumbled, and slipped, and picked our way a long distance over the dismal swamp, floundering on till we reached a clump of young hemlocks, on ground somewhat more solid, where we could sit down to rest. There was the nest right before us, a nicely made, compact bird home, exquisitely placed in one of the little trees, a foot from the ground.

While waiting for the owners to appear, I was struck with the beauty of the young hemlocks, so different from most evergreen trees. From the time a hemlock has two twigs above ground it is always picturesque in its method of growth. Its twigs, especially the topmost one, bend over gracefully like a plume. There is no rigid uniformity among the smaller branches, no two appear to be of the same length, but there is an artistic variety that makes of the little tree a thing of beauty. When it puts out new leaves in the early summer, and every twig is tipped with light green, it is particularly lovely, as if in bloom.

How different the mathematical precision of the spruce, which might indeed have been laid out upon geometrical lines! When a baby spruce has but three twigs, one will stand stiffly upright, as if it bore the responsibility of upholding the spruce traditions of the ages, while the other twigs will duly spread themselves at nearly right angles, leaving their brother to represent the aspirations of the family, and thus even in infancy reproduce in miniature the full-grown, formal tree.

When, after waiting some time in vain for the birds to appear, we examined the nest before us, we found that it held two thrush eggs and one of the cowbird. The impertinence of this disreputable bird in thrusting her plebeian offspring upon the divine songster, to rear at the expense of her own lovely brood, was not to be tolerated. The dirty speckled egg looked strangely out of place among the gems

that belonged to the nest, and I removed it, careful not to touch nest or eggs. So pertinacious is this parasite upon bird society that my friend says that in Illinois, where the wood thrush represents the charming family, almost every wood-thrush nest, in the early summer, contains a cowbird's egg; and not until they have reared one of the intruders can the birds hope to have a brood of their own. Fortunately they nest twice in the season, and the cowbird does not disturb the second family.

While we sat watching the hermit's nest, we were attracted by another resident of that cozy group of hemlocks and maples. He appeared upon a low shrub within twenty feet of us, and began to sing. First came a long, deliberate note, of the clearest and sweetest tone, then two similar notes, a third higher, followed by three triplets on the same note. Though dressed in sparrow garb, his colors were bright, and he was distinguished and made really beautiful by two broad lines of buff-tinted white over his crown, and a snowy white throat. He was the white-throated sparrow, one of the largest and most interesting of his family. The charm of his song is its clearness of tone and deliberateness of utterance. It is calm as the morning, finished, complete, and almost the only bird song that can be perfectly imitated by a human whistle. I never shared the enthusiasm of some of my fellow bird-lovers for the sparrows till I knew the white-throat and learned to love the dear little song sparrow. It is unfortunate that the song of the former has been translated into a word so unworthy as "peabody," and that the name "peabody bird" has become fastened on him in New England. Far more appropriate the words applied by Elizabeth Akers Allen to an unknown singer, — possibly this very bird, — embodied in her beautiful poem *The Sunset Thrush*. For whatever bird it was intended, the syllables and arrangement correspond to the white-

throat's utterance, and the words are, "Sweet! sweet! sweet! Sorrowful! sorrowful! sorrowful! sorrowful!"

A white-throat who haunted the neighborhood of my farmhouse did not confine himself to the family song; which, by the way, varies less with this species than with any other I know. At first, for some time, he entirely omitted the triplets, making his song consist of four long notes, the fourth being in place of the triplets. Then, later, he dropped the last note a half tone below the others, still omitting the triplets, which, in fact, in three or four weeks of listening and watching, I never once heard him utter. In July of that year, in passing over the Canadian Pacific Railway on my way West, I heard innumerable songs by this bird. Every time the train stopped, white-throat voices rang out on all sides, and with considerable variety. Many dropped half a tone at the end, and some uttered the triplets on that note, while others began the song on a higher note, and gave the rest a third below, instead of above, as usual.

But to return to the singer before us on that memorable day. After singing a long time, he suddenly began to utter the first two notes alone, and then apparently to listen. We also listened, and soon heard a reply of the same two notes on a different pitch. These responsive calls were kept up for some time, and seemed to be signals between the bird and his mate; for neither she nor her nest could be found, though the pair had been startled out of that very bush on the preceding day. We searched the clumps of shrubs carefully, but without success.

I long ago came to the conclusion that the ability to find nests easily is as truly a natural gift as the ability to become a musician, or the power to see a statue in a block of marble. That gift is not mine. I have an almost invincible repugnance to poking into bushes and thrusting aside branches to discover who has hidden there. Moreover, if a bird

seems anxious or alarmed, I never can bear to disturb her. Nor indeed do I care to find many nests. A long list of nests found in a season gives me no pleasure; how many birds belong to a certain district does not concern me in the least. But if I have really studied one or two nests, and made acquaintance with the tricks and manners of the small dwellers therein, I am satisfied and happy.

While we lingered in the little hemlock grove, enraptured with the white-throat, and feeling that

"Here were the place to lie alone all day
On shadowed grass, beneath the blessed
trees,"

a distant note reached our ever-listening ears. It was the voice of a warbler, and a most alluring song. Such indeed we found it, for on the instant the Enthusiast sprang to her feet, alert to her finger-tips, crying, "That's the bird we're after!" adding as usual, as she started across the field, "You sit still! I won't go far," while as usual, also, I snatched my things and followed.

The song was in the tone of one of the most bewitching as well as the most elusive of warblers, the black-throated green; a bird not so big as one's thumb, with a provoking fondness for the tops of the tallest trees, where foliage is thickest, and for keeping in constant motion, flitting from twig to twig, and from tree to tree, throwing out as he goes

"The sweetest sound that ever stirred
A warbler's throat."

This one was tireless, as are all of his tribe, and led us a weary dance over big, steep-sided rocks, through more and more bogs, over a fence, and out of our open fields into deep woods.

Now, my companion in these tramps has a rooted opinion that she is easily fatigued, and must rest frequently; and I have no doubt it is true, when she has no strong interest to urge her on. So she used to burden herself with a clumsy waterproof, to throw on the ground to sit upon; and in compliance with this no-

tion (which was most amusing to those whom she tired out in her tramps), whenever she thought of it — that is, when the bird voice was still for a moment — she would seek a sloping bank, or a place beside a tree where she could lean, and then throw herself down, determined to rest. But always in one minute or less the warbler would be sure to begin again, when away went good resolutions and fatigue, and she sprang up like a Jack-in-the-box, saying, of course, "You sit still; I'll just go on a little," and off we went over brake and brier.

While pursuing this vocal *ignis fatuus* I made a charming discovery. In one of the temporary pauses in our wild career, I was startled by the flight of a bird from the ground very near us, and, searching about, I soon found a veery's nest with one egg. It was daintily placed in a clump of brakes or big ferns, resting on a fallen stick, over and around which the brakes had grown.

The bird was not so pleased with my discovery as I was. She perched on a tree over our heads, and uttered the mournful veery cry; and though I did not so much as lay a finger on that nest, I believe she deserted it at that moment, for several days afterward it was found exactly as on that day, with its one egg cold and abandoned.

If I had not, through two summers' close study, made myself very familiar with the various calls and cries of the veery, I think I should be driven wild by them; for no bird that I know can impart such distance to his notes, and few can get around so silently and unobserved as he. A great charm in his song is that it rarely bursts upon your notice; it appears to steal into your consciousness, and in a moment the air seems full of his breezy, woodsy music, his "quivering, silvery song," as Cheney calls it.

Not long were we allowed to meditate upon the charms of the veery, for again the luring song began, the other side of

the belt of woods, and off we started anew. This time we secured the bird, or his name, which was all we desired. The sweet beguiler turned out to be the warbler mentioned above, the black-throated green, but with a more than usually exquisite arrangement of his notes. Indeed, my friend, who was what I call warbler-mad, — a state of infatuation I have with care and difficulty guarded myself against, — heard in the woods of the neighborhood, during that summer's visit, no less than four different songs from the same species of warbler.

While slowly and wearily dragging myself back to where our patient horse stood waiting, I fell into meditation on this way of making the study of nature hard work instead of rest and refreshment, and the comparative merits of chasing up one's birds and waiting for them to come about one. Without doubt the choice of method is due largely to temperament, but I think it will be found that most of our nature-seers have followed the latter course.

June was now drawing to an end, and the day of my friend's departure had nearly arrived. One more tramp remained to us. It was a walk up a long, lonely road to a solitary thorn-tree, where I was studying a shrike's nest.

Just as we left the village a robin burst into song, and this bird, because of certain associations, was the Enthusiast's favorite singer. We paused to listen. When bird music begins to wane, when thrushes have taken their broods afar, and orioles and catbirds are heard no more, one appreciates the hearty philosophy, the cheerful and pleasing song, of the robin. It is truly delightful then to hear his noisy challenge, his gleeful "laugh," his jolly song. We may indeed rhapsodize over our rare, fine singers, but after all we could better spare one and all of them than our two most common songsters, our faithful stand-bys, upon whom we can always count to preach to

us the gospel of contentment, cheerfulness, and patience, — the dear common robin and the blessed little song sparrow. No weather is so hot that they will not pour out their evangel to us; no rain so wet, no wind so strong, that these two will not let their sweet voices be heard. Blessed, I say, be the common birds, living beside our dwellings, bringing up their young under our very eyes, accepting our advances in a spirit of friendliness, coming earliest, staying latest, and keeping up their song even through the season of feeding, when many become silent. These two are indispensable to us; these two should be dearest to us; these, above all others, should our children be taught to respect and love.

The robin ceased, and we passed on. One more voice saluted us from the last house of the village: a wren, whose nest was placed in a bracket under the roof, sang his gushing little ditty, and then in a moment we were in a different bird world. From one side came the bobolink's voice,

"Preaching boldly to the sad the folly of despair,
And telling whom it may concern that all the world is fair;"

from the other, the plaintive notes of the meadow lark.

Lovely indeed the lark looked among the buttercups in the pasture, stretching himself up from the ground, tall and slim, and almost as yellow as they; and very droll his sputtering cry, as he flew over the road to the deep grass of the meadow, to attend to the wants of his family, for the meadow was full of mysterious sounds under the grass, and seemed to give both bobolink and lark much concern.

The call I name the "sputter," because it sounds like nothing else on earth, is a sort of "retching" note followed by several sputtering utterances, hard to describe, but not unpleasant to hear, perhaps because it suggests the meadow under the warm sun of June, with bobo-

links soaring and singing, and a populous colony beneath the long grass. Now night was coming on, and the larks were passing from the pasture, where they seemed to spend most of the day, some with song and some with sputter, over the road, to drop into the grass and be seen no more;

"While through the blue of the sky the swallows, flitting and flinging,
Sent their slender twitterings down from a thousand throats."

Sometimes, on that lonely road, which I passed over several times a day, I was treated to a fairy-like sight. It was when a recent shower had left little puddles in the clay road, and the eaves swallows from a house across the meadow came down to procure material for their adobe structures. Most daintily they alighted on their tiny feet around the edge, holding up their tails like wrens lest they should soil a feather of their plumage, and raising both wings over their backs like butterflies, fluttering them all the time, as if to keep their balance and partly hold them up from the ground, — a lovely sight which I enjoyed several times.

Under the eaves of the distant house, where the nests of these birds were placed, and which I visited later, were evidences of tragedies. The whole length of the cornice on the back side of the house showed marks of many nests, and there were left at that time but four, two close together at each end of the line. I cannot say positively that the nests had fallen while in use, but in another place, a mile away, I know of a long row having fallen, with young in, every one of whom was killed. Where was the "instinct" of the birds whose hopes thus perished? And was the trouble with their material or with their situation? I noticed this: that the nests had absolutely nothing to rest on, not even a projecting board. They were plastered against a perfectly plain painted board.

Another bird whom I caught in a new rôle, apparently giving a lesson in food-hunting to a youngster, was a phœbe. Hearing a new and strange cry, mingled with tones of a voice familiar to me, I looked up, and discovered a young and an old phœbe. The elder kept up a running series of remarks in the tone peculiar to the species, while the infant answered, at every pause, by a querulous single note in a higher key. Every moment or two the instructor would fly out and capture something, talking all the while, as if to say, "See how easy it is!" but careful not to give the food to the begging and complaining pupil. No sooner did the parent alight than the youngster was after him, following him everywhere he went. After a while the old bird flew away, when that deceiving little rogue took upon himself the business of fly-catching. He flew out, snapped his beak, and, returning to his perch, wiped it carefully. Yet when the elder returned he at once resumed his begging and crying, as if starved and unable to help himself.

A friend and bird-student, whose home is in these mountains, assures me that the phœbes in this vicinity do not confine themselves to the traditional family cry, but have a really pleasing song, which she has heard several times. That, then, is another of the supposed songless birds added to the list of singers. I know both the kingbird and the wood pewee sing, not, to be sure, in a way to be compared to the thrushes, though far excelling the utterances of the warblers. But why are they so shy of exhibiting their talent? Why do they make such a secret of it? Can it be that they are just developing their musical abilities?

When we reached the thorn-tree, on that last evening, we seated ourselves on a bank beside the road, to enjoy the music of the meadow, and to see the shrike family. At the nest all was still, probably settled for the night, but the "lord and master" of that snug home-

stead stood on a tall maple-tree close by, in dignified silence, watching our movements, no doubt. We waited some time, but he refused either to go or to relax his vigilance in the least, till the hour grew late, and we were obliged to turn homeward.

The sun had set, and the sky was filled,

as on that first evening, with soft, rosy sunset clouds, and the distant mountains, with Jay Peak for a crown, were clothed in gorgeous purple again. With all this beauty before us, we slowly walked back to the village, and I felt it a fitting close to my delightful, if exhausting tramps with an Enthusiast.

Olive Thorne Miller.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

SECOND PAPER.

THE following letter I received from the late Astronomer Royal, Sir G. B. Airy, when I was writing the Life of my uncle, Sir Rowland Hill. A few years ago, an American gentleman, to whom I was showing Oxford, spoke of Sir Rowland Hill as if he had not only reformed the postal system of the world, but had also, by way of Sabbath day rest, cracked a good many jokes in the pulpit. When I pointed out to him the strange confusion he was making, he replied, "Down in Illinois we always think the postal reformer and the great pulpit humorist one and the same man." The index-maker of the Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle has fallen into the same blunder. Carlyle, writing of the Rev. Edward Irving, says, "Unless he looks to it, he bids fair for becoming a kind of theological braggadocio, an enlarged edition of the Rev. Rowland Hill." In the index this passage is referred to under "Hill, Sir Rowland." Some of the passages in Sir G. B. Airy's letter are on a subject too deep both for my understanding and for the columns of a magazine. These I omit. Lord Macaulay's "astounding blunder" is to be found in his History of England (vol. v. p. 96 of the original edition), where he says, "In America the Spanish territories spread from the equator northward and south-

ward through all the signs of the Zodiac far into the temperate zone." The "lady" was Mrs. Oliphant, "whose admirable stories," wrote Sir Rowland Hill, "I never miss reading." She in White-ladies represents "a new moon making her way upwards in the pale sky."

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH,
LONDON S. E., 1879, November 2.

DEAR SIR,—I have spent a Sunday morning on the paper containing the Astronomical parts of Sir Rowland Hill's Biography. And I have been much interested in it. . . . I remember the 1811 Comet well. I am surprised that R. H. does not mention the 1807 Comet; I (then in my 7th year) saw it; my father tied a telescope into some pales to show it to me. . . .

Lord Macaulay's blunder is astounding. But you must pardon the lady. Until there is an Academy for Lunarian appearances, ladies, painters, and poets will claim the privilege "quidlibet audendi." Perhaps I may mention the following. A real astronomer had made a picture containing the moon, without any leading stars. On looking at it I said, "This drawing must have been made about the middle of August, between 3^h and 4^h in the morning." And this proved strictly true. My friend was

much surprised at my relying on¹ the accuracy of his lunar picture. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

G. B. AIRY.

The great comet of 1811 Harriet Martineau, "then," as she tells us, "nine years old, and with remarkably good eyes," could not see, apparently from a strange kind of nervous excitement. "Night after night," she records, "the whole family of us went up to the long windows at the top of my father's warehouse; and the exclamations on all hands about the comet perfectly exasperated me, — because I could not see it! 'Why, there it is!' 'It is as big as a saucer.' 'It is as big as a cheese-plate.' 'Nonsense; you might as well pretend not to see the moon.' Such were the mortifying comments on my grudging admission that I could not see the comet. And I never did see it."

My Life of Sir Rowland Hill, with which was incorporated his History of Penny Postage, — a posthumous publication, — I dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, a statesman for whom he had always entertained a feeling of great respect and strong affection. I received the following letter in acknowledgment: —

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
Dec. 11, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — Upon receiving your kind gift, which I highly value, I was sanguine enough to begin the perusal of the Life, in the hope of associating with my thanks some evidence that your work had not been unappreciated. I was very greatly interested in the account of the family. . . . But the urgent circumstances of the present winter have arrested my progress for the time. . . .

Your Uncle was unhappy in the original association of his measure with a state of chronic deficiency for which he

¹ Sir G. B. Airy had first written "at my recognition of."

was in no ways responsible; but on the other hand happy beyond almost all other great projectors in the rapidity with which his plans informed and spread throughout the world, under his eyes.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

G. B. HILL, Esq.

Matthew Arnold, as all who are acquainted with his prose writings know to their cost, was as strong on the unlawfulness of a widower's marriage with his deceased wife's sister as Dr. Primrose was on the monogamy of priests. While the worthy vicar never wearies us by insistence on his great doctrine, Mr. Arnold sometimes bores even those who are of his own way of thinking by his iteration, and now and then, by his want of taste, offends those whose opinions he attacks. In the following correspondence, however, he is seen in that pleasant, gentle light which he so well knew how to diffuse around him: —

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR, — I hope you will excuse this letter's liberty and abruptness. Weak sight makes writing painful, but a sense of duty compels the effort. You are a powerful public teacher, and must feel how important it is that your teaching should be sound. On one point on which I have a strong personal feeling I deem it otherwise. Again and again you have thrown ridicule on those who seek to remove the prohibition on marrying a deceased wife's sister. Now that prohibition has kept me a widower nearly forty years, the alternative having been to act unjustly to my sister-in-law and to my children, mutually and strongly attached. In effect, out of the eighty years of my life I have passed but eight in the married state, and I cannot but thank and honour those who would have released me and many more from a very painful and most unprofitable dilemma.

Pray forgive me for thus writing, and believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

* * * * *

To — — Esq. :

WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE,
WESTMINSTER S. W., December 19th, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have to thank you for your letter, and I assure you I was both interested and touched in reading it. I need not remind you that a rule may operate severely in individual cases, and yet may be for the general advantage. For instance, I can conceive a case in which the prohibition to marry one's niece (a marriage permitted in Protestant Germany) may be felt to press hardly ; yet I have no doubt at all that such a prohibition is for the general advantage. Still, though I may continue to differ from you on the main point in question, I am not the less grieved to have said anything to give pain to one for whom I feel — if you will allow me to say so — such sincere esteem and regard as yourself.

Believe me, dear Mr. —

Most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

My readers must not infer from the address of this letter that Matthew Arnold, who was never weary of scoffing at the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion, lived in the Wesleyan Training College. It was, no doubt, as an inspector of schools that he was visiting it. While the students were writing their answers to the questions he had set them, he would fill up the time by his private correspondence. Against his confident belief on this marriage question it is interesting to set the no less confident belief on the same question of a brother poet, a man of vast learning and a strong Churchman. "Has it never occurred to you," wrote Robert Southey, "that this law is an abominable relic of ecclesiastical tyranny? Of all second marriages, I have

no hesitation in saying that these are the most natural and the most suitable."

Few among my autographs do I value more highly than the following letter from Sir Thomas Browne to the antiquary Dugdale, the author of the *Monasticon*. Browne, Johnson, and Blackstone are the great boasts of Pembroke College, Oxford, in which I passed nearly four years of my student life. By the side of these three great luminaries, her other sons, such as Shenstone and Whitefield, are stars of small magnitude. "Sir Thomas Browne," writes Johnson, "was the first man of eminence graduated from the new college, to which the zeal or gratitude of those that love it most can wish little better than that it may long proceed as it began." De Quincey, in his *Essay on Rhetoric*, speaks of him as "deep, tranquil and majestic as Milton." Johnson, however, described his style as "indeed a tissue of many languages." Nevertheless he sometimes imitated it. When he tells how Frederick the Great "commanded one of his Titanian retinue to marry a tall woman that they might propagate procerity," Boswell accuses him of "indulging his *Brownism*." The "defect of faith" with which Browne had been charged, Johnson victoriously repels. "Nor," he writes, "can contempt of the positive and ritual parts of religion be imputed to him who doubts whether a good man would refuse a poisoned eucharist, and 'who would violate his own arm rather than a church.'" In his *Dictionary*, the great lexicographer, quoting this passage, defines "violate" "to injure by irreverence." In the year in which Browne wrote his letter to Dugdale he took unto himself a wife. The marriage was a happy one, even though he had lately declared in his *Religio Medici* that "the whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth part of man for woman," and that "man is the whole world, but woman only the rib or crooked part of man." With such doctrines as these, he is not likely to

be held in high esteem in Radcliffe College.

HONOR SIR, — Though somewhat late I returne you most heartie thancks for your excellent booke ; For wh the whole nation oweth you see many acknowledgments. I thinke myself exceeding happy to have the libertie of communication with a person of so approoued worth ingenuitie knowledge & integritie as yourself. I should bee restlesse to do you service if it were possibly in my power, & I beseech you to retaine a sensible apprehension of my earnest desires & true affection unto you. I would not omitt to enclose this wh somewhat concerneth the discourse of the fennes of wh I am very glad to learne the world shall not long languish in expectation. worthy Sir I am

Your most affectionat friend
servant & honorer
THO. BROWNE.

Sept xi,
NORWICH.

To my worthy & truly
honord friend Mr Dugdale
to bee left at the
Heralds office
London.

[Endorsed, probably by Dugdale.]

"Dr Browne of Norwich his Letter upon receipt of the second volume of the *Monasticon* Sept xith. 1661."

Among Browne's posthumous pieces is included Answers to Sir William Dugdale's Enquiries about the Fens.

On July 11, 1853, Macaulay recorded in his Diary: "Read Haydon's Memoirs. Haydon was exactly the vulgar idea of a man of genius. He had all the morbid peculiarities which are supposed by fools to belong to intellectual superiority, — eccentricity, jealousy, caprice, infinite disdain for other men ; and yet he was as poor, commonplace a creature as any in the world. He painted signs, and gave himself more airs than if he had painted the Cartoons. Whether you struck him or stroked him, starved

him or fed him, he snapped at your hand in just the same way. He would beg you in piteous accents to buy an acre and a half of canvas that he had spoiled. Some good-natured Lord asks the price. Haydon demands a hundred guineas. His Lordship gives the money out of mere charity, and is rewarded by some such entry as this in Haydon's journal: 'A hundred guineas, and for such a work ! I expected that for very shame he would have made it a thousand. But he is a mean, sordid wretch.' In the mean time the purchaser is looking out for the most retired spot in his house to hide the huge daub which he has bought for ten times its value out of mere compassion." There is somewhere in America, unless the flames have claimed their own, Haydon's "great picture" of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. It was exhibited in London in 1820 ; if we can trust the painter's account, more than fifteen hundred pounds were taken in shillings at the door. It is said that he estimated that his genius deserved three thousand pounds a year, and that at the rate of three thousand pounds a year he had a right to live, whatever income he made. The base tradesmen with whom he dealt, indifferent to genius and its rights, not getting their accounts settled, twice threw him into a debtors' prison. That he would condescend to receive small payments is shown by the following letter, addressed to my mother's cousin, Mr. Tilt, a London publisher, for whom he seems to have been engraving some plates : —

DEAR SIR, — Cash & activity are the sinews of War — if you proceed as you began — You are the man.

I send you 12

To 12 Num. — £2. 5

The rest as soon as dry ; the bearer is trustworthy

Yours &c
B R HAYDON

Ju. 7, 1835.

MR TILT Fleet St.

The following letter from Professor Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol College, was written when I was working at my edition of Boswell. It was by the Clarendon Press — the press and publishing house of the University of Oxford — that the book was brought out. This great establishment was founded with the money made by the sale of Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. Soon after the middle of last century it had sunk into the neglect that overwhelmed learning in the university. In a curious manuscript volume in the possession of the Delegates of the Press it is stated that in 1764 "the under-servants and pressmen were a set of idle, drunken men, and the house appeared more like an ale-house than a printing-room." Of the men who did most to give it fresh life, Sir William Blackstone stands among the first. It has long been famous for the beauty and excellence of its printing. Americans who come to Oxford commonly pay a visit, I am told, to the little shop in the High Street where its publications are sold, so that they may carry away a memorial of the place. A family Bible, I learn, is what they almost always select, — an admirable choice, no doubt, in itself, but not one which brings any satisfaction to authors. They should procure also a specimen of that great division of the Clarendon Press which has always been known as the Learned Side; the wing of the printing-house, that is to say, in which everything is printed which is not a Bible, a prayer-book, or a hymn-book. The general excellence of the workmanship was attested by the Grand Prix which was awarded to the Press at the last great Exhibition in Paris. Nay, even with this distinction the stream of honors did not cease to flow, as is shown by the following invitation: —

"Le Président de la République et Madame Carnot prient Monsieur Clarendon Press Grand Prix (Cl. 9) de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la Soirée

VOL. LXXV. — NO. 451.

43

au Palais de l'Elysée le Jeudi, 17 Octobre, à 9 heures et $\frac{1}{2}$.

"On Dansera.

"*Carte personnelle à remettre en entrant.*

"MONSIEUR CLARENDON PRESS,
à Oxford, Angleterre."

The Press is governed by a board of university men, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges, known as the Delegates, — a close corporation; for every vacancy is filled by the votes of the survivors. The vice-chancellor of the university, during his four years of office, is chairman of the board. It was fortunate for me that so sound and ardent a Johnsonian as the Master of Balliol College held this post when I sent in my proposal for a new edition of Boswell. His letter was addressed to Professor Price, at that time secretary of the Press, now Master of Pembroke College.

DEAR PROFESSOR PRICE, — Will you tell Dr Birkbeck Hill that I shall be very happy to read his notes to the life of Boswell, if he thinks I can be of any use to him.

My impression of Boswell is that he was a great genius, which is the most natural explanation of his having written a great book, but weak and vain-glorious like Goldsmith, and also a rake and a sot unlike Goldsmith, and always sinning and always repenting, which has a most comical effect. The letters to the Rev.^d Mr Temple, the Bishop of Exeter's Grandfather, though they are chiefly a chronicle of rather low amours, are as well and graphically written as the life of Johnson. Macaulay's paradox "that he wrote a good book because he was a great fool," and Carlyle's correction "that he wrote a good book in spite of being a great fool," almost equally miss the mark: the real truth is that he wrote a good book because he was an extraordinary genius of a peculiar kind, gifted with the greatest love of truth and the

skill to express it where it would have been impossible to others; also with the strongest power of attaching himself to others, and drawing them out by sympathy; and he was the most social of human beings, and the greatest lover of human life in every variety of form.

I have been reading lately a book which no doubt Dr Hill knows well: Hawkins' *Life of Johnson*, well worth reading though prolix. Mr Piozzi's diary throws an entirely new light on the family of Thrale. There is also a book about Johnson published by a Dr Campbell, or rather professing to be written by him and published about 30 years ago in N. S. Wales. It contains accounts of Conversations with Johnson — which I believe to be forgeries, though I remember Lord Macaulay reproving me for doubting them. The book was reviewed in the *Edinburgh* about 28 or 30 years ago, and would be worth looking up for a new life of Boswell. My reason for thinking it a forgery is that it agrees too much with Boswell.

I remain,

Yours ever,

B. JOWETT.

OXFORD, Dec. 3rd [1882].

The Master had undertaken a much heavier task than he had dreamed of when he offered to read my notes. In those years he was the busiest man in the university, vice-chancellor, master, professor, and author all rolled into one. After he had seen a few of the proof-sheets he confessed that he was satisfied. To him I dedicated my edition of the *Life of Johnson*. I had to some extent anticipated his view of Boswell's character in a work published a few years earlier under the title, *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and his Critics*. How hard I labored at that little book, for it was my first, and what high hopes I formed! A year passed away, when one morning I received from my publishers, not a check, but a bill for the few copies I had given

away to my friends. My ardor for giving away copies of my various works has ever since remained damped, if not indeed quenched. I still think I was ill used by the world, for who with a calm mind can see his first-born slighted? Let no one suspect me of any greater sin than vanity in thus mentioning my book. It is out of print, and can be found only at second-hand stalls. I do not know that a much better fate befell Boswell's *Letters to the Rev. Mr. Temple*. They have been published nearly forty years, and though they deserve all the praise the Master of Balliol bestowed on them, they have seen no second edition. The "accounts of conversation," which he believed to be forgeries, are, I think, genuine. It is indeed a suspicious circumstance that the author puts a profane expression into Johnson's mouth. Beyond all manner of doubt it was never uttered. Campbell, though a doctor of divinity and a parson, was also an Irishman, and therefore likely enough to have been so free in the use of oaths himself as, without any sense of incongruity or impropriety, to intersperse them wherever a due regard to emphasis seemed to require it. The late Dr. Findlater, the learned editor of Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, gave me an instance of this kind of reporting. One day, in company with a most respectable clergyman of the Church of England, a man as highly starched as his own white tie, he went fishing on a loch near Edinburgh. They had two men to row their boat. One of them, a profane fellow, could not open his mouth without letting fly an oath. The clergyman, greatly shocked, rebuked him more than once. On their return to the inn, the second boatman, without any sense of humor, but with a certain touch of Herodotus's manner of reporting a conversation, told the landlord that his mate had sworn so much that at last the English minister had cried out that he would be d— to h— if he would stand it any longer.

I received a second communication from the *Maître* of Balliol a year later, from which I extract the following acute piece of criticism. The original letter I have had the pleasure to add to the great Johnsonian collection of my friend Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo.

"It is a curious question whether Boswell has unconsciously misrepresented Johnson in any respect. I think, judging from the materials which are supplied chiefly by himself, that in one respect he has — he has represented him more as a sage and philosopher in his conduct as well as his conversation than he really was, and less as a rollicking 'King of Society.' The gravity of Johnson's own writings tends to confirm this, as I suspect, erroneous impression. His religion was fitful and intermittent, and when once the ice was broken he enjoyed Jack Wilkes, though he refused to shake hands with Hume. I was much struck by a remark of Sir John Hawkins (excuse me if I have mentioned this to you before): 'He was the most humorous man I ever knew.' I shall be most happy to talk about the subject when you return to England; *ἐμοὶ περὶ Σωκράτους εἰπεῖν τε καὶ ἀκοῦσαι ἀεὶ ᾗδιον*."¹

The passage in Hawkins to which the *Master* referred is as follows: "In the talent of humour there hardly ever was Johnson's equal, except perhaps among the old comedians." I shall not, in this article, include the autograph which I possess of the great man, for I have already printed it among his Letters. I have in my collection the following curious cutting from a London newspaper, published a day or two after his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey: —

"There were present at the ill-performed service of yesterday not a single Bishop, and not six Curates. — Not one titled individual of our own country, or of the numerous foreigners amongst us.

¹ "For to me there is no greater pleasure than to have Socrates brought to my recollection;

— No official deputations from our Universities or establishments of science. — Scarcely any of the learned professions. — Not even the Choir, and but four of the Chapter of the Cathedral which was honoured with his interment. — The Dean did not make one of those four.

"The only persons who understood themselves and their condition enough to attend as mourners on this sad solemnity were about thirty individuals, distinguished purely by science, sentiment and taste."

Among the mourners were Reynolds and Burke. What was the whole bench of bishops, or a dozen mourning-coaches full of "titled individuals," weighed against either of them?

Shenstone, to whom I will next introduce my readers, was one of "that nest of singing-birds" who last century gave renown to Pembroke College. He died a bachelor; yet he must have known what love was when he wrote so prettily: —

"She gazed as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

It was as a melancholy bachelor that he knew so well how to sing the praises of an inn: —

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

His letter, which bears no address, is as follows: —

Sunday 23d Sept. 1759.

My Comp^{ts} M^r Prattenton sent hither last night to request a Few Fish, of any sort, for his Father's Feast (who is Bailiff elect) on Thursday week — I am as unwilling to excuse myself as I am unable to oblige him, from any Pool of mine at the Leasowes — Could M^r Hylton or M^r Smith of Lapall contrive any means whether I speak myself, or hear another speak of him."

of procuring a good handsome dish, which I should be very glad to send him, at any reasonable expence? I am to let him know this afternoon.

I forgot to acquaint M^r Hylton y^t his method of coloring my grove &c. is to finish everything y^t requires *one* Color, *first*; then every thing of another, &c. By this means he will be able to compleat *five* while he does *one* ye other way — 'Tis ye grand arcanum in all manufactures. — Did I give M^r Hylton *all* my Kingfishers? For upon examining my Drawer I can find *none* — I should be glad of a middlin Dose of Rhubarb & Crem. Tartar by the Bearer.

WILL : SHENSTONE.

M^r Hodgetts & his Sister here — For what various uses, in the Name of Wonder, is ye Implement intended, that came Last Night?

4 o'clock Afternoon — Admiral Smith & a M^r Wood in one Chaise, M^r Harris & Miss Milward in another — Left me about 3 — Lord Stanford's Servants &c. The Day exquisitely fine.

The Leasowes, — Shenstone's pretty place in Worcestershire, — though it covered but a few acres of ground, nevertheless, by the landscape-gardening with which he adorned it, swallowed up most of his fortune. No sooner did he come into possession of the property than "he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." It long remained a show place. I have heard my father say that, in his boyhood, he and his schoolfellows, on a holiday, would walk over to see it all the way from a town many miles off. The bailiff-elect — the office corresponded to that of mayor — probably belonged to Hales-Owen, the neighboring market town. In its grammar school Shenstone

was educated, and in its churchyard he found his last resting-place. The poet's equanimity must have been greatly disturbed by the request for fish. "His pleasure was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fish in his water."

Some years ago, in the course of my reading I came across the following passage in Mrs. Piozzi's Journey through Italy: "I have no roses here [at Florence] equal to those at Lichfield, where on one tree I recollect counting eighty-four within your reach; it grew against the house of Dr. Darwin." It raised in my mind so pleasant a picture of the home of the poet who sang of the Loves of the Plants that I sent a copy to the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, who was, I knew, writing Erasmus Darwin's Life. He replied: —

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT,
July 1st.

DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to you for your kindness in writing to me. My notice of the life of my grandfather will be very short, and I doubt whether I shall go into such detail as to justify my using the little fact communicated by you.

Yours faithfully & obliged,

CH. DARWIN.

When we reflect on the place Darwin holds in the realm of science, — a place which no one has held since Newton died, — the two following entries have a certain air of strangeness about them. Macaulay recorded in his diary on July 17, 1856, "In the evening, Darwin, a geologist and traveller, came to dinner" (at Lord Stanhope's). Little did Macaulay suspect that one greater than Macaulay was there. There is this to be said by way of excuse for him, that The Origin of Species had not at that time been published. Of that work Carlyle

wrote, "Wonderful to me, as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it." A contemporary of Milton's described the immortal poet as "one Mr. Milton, a blind man." Carlyle, with all his learning and all his genius, here puts upon himself a scarcely less ridiculous mark.

From the gentle poet William Cowper I have a letter dated Olney, March 8, 1786, addressed to

Mr. Johnson, Bookseller
No. 72
St. Paul's Church Yard
London.

It is marked "Post pd 4^d" Had Cowper been writing to a man whom he considered his equal or superior in rank, he would not have prepaid his letter. To do so might have been looked upon as an insult, for it would have implied that his correspondent was too poor to afford the postage. Above the address there is the following strange endorsement:—

Capt. Parker
on board Sarah
Griffin's Warf [*sic*]
Cask of wine
Stone Bottell's [*sic*]
A Cradle &c.

As this letter is printed in full in the fifteenth volume of Southey's edition of Cowper's works, I shall quote no more than this extract:—

"I learn with pleasure from my friends in Town that the Subscrip^t prospers, and is likely to be brilliant and numerous. It is very little that in my situation I can contribute to it myself. I have however disposed of most of my papers, and some time about Easter, a friend of mine will attend you with 2 or 3 names and payments that have been pick'd up in this part of the world. The name of that friend is Bull. He is an Humourist and in some respects an oddity, but at the same time a man of ex-

cellent qualities and of much learning. Him I can see but seldom, for he lives at the distance of 5 miles from Olney, and he is the only neighbour of mine with whom I can converse at all."

It was a new version of the Iliad that Cowper was publishing by subscription. He had begun it almost by chance. Three months before the date of his letter he had written to John Newton: "For some weeks after I had finished the Task, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the Iliad; and merely to divert attention, and with no more perception of what I was then entering upon than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the twelve first lines of it. The same necessity pressing me again, I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more." With the success of the subscription he was well pleased. "All the Scotch universities subscribed. Some friend who tried his influence at Oxford received for answer that they subscribed to nothing." To Cambridge he felt himself "much more obliged, and much disposed to admire the liberality of the spirit which had been shown there." Oxford had indeed sunk low in this indifference to literature, and had sunk rapidly. A quarter of a century earlier, when an edition of Swift's works, in seventeen volumes, octavo, was announced, fifty-two copies were subscribed for by the college libraries and residents in Oxford, while in addition fifty-four were ordered by the booksellers. In Cambridge, but thirty copies in all were taken. Pope's success was far greater than Cowper supposed, for he had five hundred and seventy-five subscribers at six guineas each. By the further payment which his bookseller undertook to make he received over five thousand pounds.

Mr. Bull, "the humourist," Cowper sometimes addressed in his letters as "Carissime Taurorum." He described him as "a dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination; or rather, not master of it, — an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enlighten every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party; at other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such a temperament. . . . Such a man is Mr. Bull. But — he smokes tobacco. Nothing is perfect.

'Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.'

From the recluse of Olney — as timid as his own pet hares — to that king of blusterers, Daniel O'Connell, is a long stride; the gulf between the two men can be bridged by verse. Whether the following lines, which are in the handwriting of the great agitator, were composed by him I do not know. Mr. John Dillon, to whom I repeated them, had never heard them before.

Still shalt thou be my waking theme,
Thy glories still my midnight dream,
And every thought and wish of mine,
Unconquered Erin! shall be thine!

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

29th April, 1837.

The first couplet recalls two lines in Pope's *Sappho to Phaon*: —

"T is thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing and my dream by night."

A high place, indeed, did O'Connell hold in "the warm hearts and generous affections" of his countrymen. A year earlier than the date of this autograph Lord Brougham wrote: "Right or wrong, O'Connell has the Irish so attached to him that I see no other way of keep-

ing that country quiet but through him." In 1826, Crabb Robinson chanced to be his fellow-traveler in crossing Ireland. "It was known on the road that 'the glorious Counsellor' was to be on the coach, and therefore at every village and wherever we changed horses there was a knot of people assembled to cheer him." Carlyle, who visited Dublin twenty years later, thus describes "this Demosthenes of blarney:" "I saw Conciliation Hall and the last glimpse of O'Connell, chief quack of the then world; first time I had ever heard the lying scoundrel speak. Every sentence seemed to me a lie, and even to know that it was a detected lie." Another twenty years passed by, when John Bright, in one of his great speeches, said of the old agitator, "I know of nothing that was favorable to freedom, whether in connection with Ireland or England, that O'Connell did not support with all his great powers." Cobden, however, had never trusted him, though they were so often found voting in the same lobby. "He always treated me with friendly attention," he wrote, "but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity."

In the following letter Miss Mitford is, I think, writing about a collection of autographs and letters which she was having bound. These words of hers, coming from no remote past, will be read with all the greater pleasure in Boston, recalling as they do so pleasantly and so truthfully the memory of Mr. Fields.

SWALLOWFIELD, Friday.

No parcel yet, my dear M^r H —, and what is worse I have just received a packet from Boston, — autumn leaves from the American Forests, collected for me by M^r Sparks, wife of the President of Harvard University, — which looks as if the steamer by which *our* parcel might have arrived had come in, so that for this week I have no hopes. Yet I have a letter to-day from M^r [illegible], so it

is not sent there, and all I w^d ask of you is to contrive that room may be left to insert the contents when time permits of their coming, for of M^r Fields I am quite sure, — he never failed in an act requiring energy and kindness in his life, and would certainly not begin by failing towards me. What I asked of him was Portrait and Autograph of Longfellow and a drawing of Washington's House; Portrait and autograph of Whittier; D^r of Holmes, of Ticknor, and of Hawthorne, and I think I said Prescott. To this I added a sweeping clause that we should be glad of as many things bearing upon the book as he could pick up. I also expect from another quarter autographs of M^r Macaulay and Alfred Tennyson; I expect that the friend who has promised these is waiting to bring them to me and prevented by weather, — he lives nine miles off, — but they could go, I suppose, on the top or bottom of the page, pasted on. So probably could some that I expect of M^r [illegible] & Gerald Griffin. By the way, there is a portrait of the last prefixed to his brother's Life of him, a not uncommon book.

M^r Kingsley came to me on Monday all through the rain & sate with me three hours. He brought the promised autograph, but it turned out to be a sonnet to myself so full of gracious compliment as to be quite unfit to send to you — so the note, which is very characteristic and has a date, which the sonnet has not, must do instead. He tells me that the lithograph is a caricature, but that a good print of himself is coming out, if you think it worth keeping a place for. He is a charming person.

I have to-day a delightful letter from M^r Dillon, to whom I am about to write forthwith. Make my kindest compliments to M^r H—. If they have had similar rain in Holland Amsterdam must be under water. Our meadows are turned into lakes. Ever, dear M^r H—, faithfully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

Crabb Robinson, who met Miss Mitford in 1824, describes her as having "pleasing looks, but no words." A very different account of her talk is given by Ticknor, who visited her eleven years later. "She seemed," he writes, "about fifty, short and fat, with very gray hair, perfectly visible under her cap, and nicely arranged in front. She has the kindest and simplest manners, and entertained us for two hours with the most animated conversation and a great variety of anecdote, without any of the pretensions of an author by profession, and without any of the stiffness that generally belongs to single ladies of her age and reputation. We liked her very much, and the time seemed to have been short when, at ten o'clock, we drove back to Reading."

The letter printed below, a mere nothing in itself, but nevertheless showing the natural gracefulness of the writer, was given me by a young Englishman, who by his great learning had won Renan's esteem: —

PERROS-GUIREC (CÔTES DU NORD),
11 Août, 1889.

CHER MONSIEUR — : Nous serons ici jusqu'aux premiers jours d'octobre. Votre visite serait pour nous la plus vive des joies. Venez ; nous n'avons que des rochers ; mais ils sont de belle qualité. Nous vous les montrerons.

Croyez à ma meilleure amitié.

E. RENAN.

Ecrivez-moi quand vous viendrez. Je vous donnerai l'itinéraire pour atteindre notre désert.

From Renan who escaped from the Church of Rome to Newman who escaped to it the transition is not difficult. The cardinal, some years ago, rewrote certain scenes in Terence's *Eunuchus*, so as to render it fit for boys to act. My father, an old schoolmaster, who in his younger days had often made his pupils perform Latin plays, expressed his pleasure in a

letter which Newman saw. He in his turn was pleased, as the following letter shows. I have been told by a friend who for many years lived with him in the closest intimacy that he was peculiarly sensitive to the opinion of others. He always wished to stand well with the world. A defense of himself he had long meditated, when Kingsley, by his onslaught, gave him an opportunity. He seized it with eagerness, caring next to nothing about his assailant, but very much about the esteem of his countrymen. He read with the greatest satisfaction all the favorable reviews of his *Apologia* which came before him. A laudatory article in the *London Times*, when a cardinal's hat was conferred on him, kept him in high spirits for some days.

REDNALL, *Sept.* 21, 1870.

DEAR SIR, — Your uncle's letter has gratified me very much, and I thank you for showing it to me.

It is a bold thing to alter a Classic, and I only did it for our own boys. In receiving the commendation of strangers, I gain what I never aspired to, and what is a pleasant surprise to me.

When you write to Mr. Hill, I hope you will express my acknowledgements to him.

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

From Cardinal Newman, the mender of plays, I pass easily to Mr. Henry Irving, with whom I corresponded last summer about a Johnsonian treasure in his possession. He wrote to me as follows :

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14 *July*, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have no doubt that it was from Thomas Osborne, as you suggest, Johnson received the Shakespeare folio ("The Second Impression") which I possess.

There are three inscriptions, which run thus : —

(1.) "Bo! at Dr Johnson's Sale
Feb. 18. 1785. S. I."

(2.) "This book at ye death of Theobald the editor of Shakspear came into the hands of Osborn ye bookseller of Gray's Inn — who soon after presented it to the late Dr Johnson.

S. I. Feb. 25, 1785."

(3.) (This is a printed cutting pasted in.) "In the late sale of Dr Johnson's books there were several articles which sold wonderfully cheap, particularly the following — a folio edition of Shakespeare, the second, with a large number of notes, MS., in the margin, Johnson's own handwriting. The book had this further incidental circumstance enhancing its value, that it had been the property of Theobald and had many notes also written by him. The title and part of another leaf were wanting. These were the only articles on the *per contra* side; and the book, thus extremely curious, sold for only a guinea!"

I paid £100 for it!

I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

HENRY IRVING.

P. S. Who "S. I." was I have no idea.

"It has," writes Boswell, "been confidently related, with many embellishments, that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber.'" May it not be the case that Mr. Irving's treasure is this great historic folio? In the good old days, in our grammar schools, the unhappy culprit was often required to provide at his own cost the rods with which he was to be birched. Might not Osborne, in like manner, have provided the folio with which he was to be knocked down? Even his "impassive dulness which deadened the shafts of Pope's satires" would

scarcely have been proof against a beating with his own gift. Nichols, indeed, maintains that it was with a "*Biblia Græca Septuaginta fol. 1594*, Frankfurt," that the deed was done. He had himself seen the book in the shop of one Thorpe at Cambridge, and read a note in it by the Rev. Mr. Mills which certified the fact. This folio is not mentioned, however, in the Auction Catalogue

of Johnson's Library. A Greek Bible, I must admit, was left by him as a legacy to a friend. Nevertheless, it seems unlikely that so devout a man as the great moralist would have made so profane a use even of the Septuagint. He who took off his hat when he walked over the ground where a chapel had once stood was little likely to select a Bible wherewith to floor his adversary.

George Birkbeck Hill.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT ASSUÂN.

"Now, Ann, what would you like to do this afternoon?" I once heard an Englishwoman say to her young daughter, as they came slowly down the stairs of a Paris hotel. "Would you like to go to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, or the Salon?" To which the girl replied, with wistful candor, "If you don't really mind, mamma, I should *like* to go and shop."

That child's sentiments were my own when Christmas Eve found us at Assuân, within a stone's throw of the most interesting bazaars on the Nile. In vain our dragoman suggested a second trip to Philæ, and the really intelligent sight-seers of the party reminded me severely that I had not examined half the inscriptions on my previous day's visit. In vain the conscientious members urged that we had never been to the island of Elephantine at all, the sacred island where the god of the cataracts dwelt in his hidden shrine. In vain a few adventurous spirits urged us to ride to a Nubian village amid the sandhills and see a sword-dance, — "the real thing this time, and no mistake." It was Christmas Eve. Shopping was the legitimate employment of the day. I thought of the English girl, and her fine rejection of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Salon, gathered a few unintelligent, un-

conscientious, and unadventurous idlers around me, and started for the bazaars.

Now, shopping on the Nile is a very different matter from shopping on Chestnut Street or Broadway. In the first place, it is not a question of buying what you want, but of buying what you see. In the second place, it is not a question of paying what is asked, but of paying what you please, — provided only that you can get the merchant to agree with you. He begins by asking five times, ten times, twenty times the worth of the article, in hopes that your bid will be correspondingly high. If you are an old and wary bargainer, this false start fails to daunt you; but as it is hard to discover the real market value of a thing, or rather as nothing has a market value, there is no estimate save that of your own desires. How much is it worth to you? I have known a first-class dealer in Cairo to demand forty pounds for an antique basin and ewer of Persian enameled copper, and to end by selling it for fifteen, and he was presumed to be a reliable merchant. The wary Egyptian who stands behind his tiny counter at Assuân is prepared for greater falls than this. One swarthy and excitable person, from whom I wished to purchase a small blue stone toad, fresh from the factory of Luxor, assured me its "last price"

was a sovereign. On my hinting as gently as I could that a shilling would be rather too dear, he flung out his arms with a noble dramatic gesture, and called Heaven to witness that he could get a sovereign for it any day he pleased; many people would be glad to pay that price for such a curious and beautiful antique. We said that he would do well to keep it for these generous customers, and were passing on, when he slipped out of his bazaar, and caught my gown with one hand, while he held up the little monster alluringly with the other. "A pound is cheap—cheap!" he protested. "What then does madame expect to give, if she desires to possess such a treasure?" Madame intimated her willingness to pay sixpence, and no more; whereupon, like Lady Clare's lover,

"He laughed a laugh of merry scorn,"

and swept the toad so swiftly up his sleeve that for one brief moment I was beguiled into believing the thing really had some mysterious value, and that I had betrayed my ignorance by the modesty of my bid. But five minutes later, as we were bargaining at another bazaar for a Soudanese battle-axe, I felt a hand laid persuasively on my arm, and there stood my friend with the toad, more reproachful and more dramatic than ever. The price had fallen now to fifteen shillings. He was downcast, but resigned. Since the rich American lady was unwilling to give more, the poor Egyptian must be content to lose. "Take it for fifteen shillings, and good-by." The rich American lady explained that sixpence was her final offer, and continued her negotiations for the axe. It took a long time for this weapon to fall, by slow degrees, from thirty shillings to eight, at which price it was finally purchased, and I had forgotten all about my toad in this new excitement, when a voice whispered mournfully in my ear, "What you like to give, then? Twelve shillings?" I shook my head. The Egyptian seemed

pained. He looked at me as if I had gone back on my promised word. I moved away. He followed me from stall to stall, and the shillings dropped off at every step, like leaves from a tree in autumn. Nine—eight—seven—six—five—four—three—two—one—then a long, incredulous pause. "Madame will not give one shilling for a stone two thousand years old? Take it for sixpence!" The toad was thrust into my hand, and its former proprietor withdrew, no longer melancholy, but wreathed with smiles, and plainly well pleased with his bargain.

Imitation antiques, however, play but an insignificant part in the trade of an Assuân bazaar. Curious and beautiful things lie heaped up on these narrow shelves; and the dim light that filters down through the loosely timbered roof, in strong contrast to the yellow glare outside, conceals many a flaw and rent, and lends a deceptive charm to the gaudy tissues and barbaric ornaments around us. Here are the gold-embroidered veils of Assiut, so soft in texture that they may be drawn though a woman's bracelet, yet so indestructible that they are handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. These veils are always dear. A good one, well covered with embroidery, costs from two to three pounds; but they represent long weeks of labor, and pass through many hands before reaching the European purchaser. The best are to be bought at Assiut, the only place in Egypt where they are made; but they find their way in small quantities to Assuân, and even to the bazaars of Cairo. At Assuân, too, is the famous red and black pottery of Assiut, displayed in tempting rows, and amazing us by the grace and delicacy of its designs. How can we resist this beautiful and brittle ware, though we know by sad experience the difficulty of carrying it unbroken? The most charming pieces, too, are invariably the most fragile. I can buy a crocodile paper-weight or a

little dish with some chance of security ; but I do not want a dish, and an Assiut paper-weight is a violent accommodation of native pottery to the needs of a saddened civilization which fills me with abhorrence. What I really desire is an incense-box, an oval incense-box, with a tapering lid, and a slender stem at least seven inches high. Its color is a dark, smooth red, and a finely wrought arabesque runs three times around the bowl and the delicate stand which supports it. My companions look askance upon this exquisite and useless toy, the price of which is a paltry shilling, and remind me unkindly of somewhat similar pieces I bought at Assiut, and the fragments of which now lie buried at the bottom of the Nile. But the most wonderful thing about my incense-box is that it unscrews, actually unscrews into five parts, and may be packed and put together again whenever and wherever I please. This discovery makes it irresistible. I point out triumphantly how safely it can be carried, pay my shilling, and walk proudly away. Five minutes later, a small Arab boy, darting through the bazaars, jolts violently against me. My box shivers, unscrews itself with extraordinary facility, and, before I realize what has happened, the stem lies shattered on the ground, while a murmured chorus of "I told you so" rises distinctly, and, I think, joyously, around me. "Learn, my son," says the satirist, "to bear tranquilly the misfortunes of others."

Perhaps the most interesting things at Assuân are the weapons, fantastically arranged, and of a picturesquely ferocious appearance: long and heavy swords, sheathed in snakeskin; spears taller than the tallest man; battle-axes, with inlaid blades and snakeskin handles; rhinoceros shields; double-bladed daggers, curved and sinister; slender knives; slings for throwing stones, after the primitive fashion of David. All these warlike instruments are said to be

of Soudanese workmanship. At least such is the claim of the merchants, though the dragomans are apt to deny it, and to declare that there is not a single real Soudanese weapon in the bazaars. Be this as it may, the Soudan is to the tradesmen of upper Egypt what Paris is to the milliners and dressmakers of America, — a sacred name used to enhance the value of their wares, and to conjure big prices from the credulous. Every string of beads, every silver anklet, every rusty knife and cracked little tom-tom, has the same legend connected with it, and repeated over and over again with serene and hardy assurance, — "Soudanese." After a time this undaunted mendacity wins its way into our estimation. We know, for instance, that these pretty necklaces are made on the spot: we have all of us seen men sitting at the street corners stringing the beads. We know, too, that the beads themselves are imported from England, — everybody knows this; and yet we acquiesce little by little in the pious fiction of the Soudan. We begin, probably, by exhibiting our purchases to one another as "Soudanese ornaments." This does not mean much, because nobody is deceived. It is a mere figure of speech. In a day or two, however, I find myself writing home, "I bought a string of yellow Soudanese beads for two shillings;" and only when it is down in uncompromising black and white do I recognize — yet without compunction — the robust nature of my falsehood. By the time I am back in America, I expect to believe implicitly that all my beads — yellow, and blue, and milky white, like old translucent Venetian glass — are really and truly what they claim to be, "necklaces from the Soudan."

As for the amber which hangs in festoons from many of the bazaars, it is wonderfully cheap, but dull in color and very clumsily cut. The big lumpy beads are sometimes the size of walnuts, and when small they look exactly like ker-

nels of corn strung together by a country child. Yet the native women, especially the jet-black wives of the jet-black Soudanese soldiers stationed at Assuân, value this amber very highly. One sees long strings of it hanging over their bosoms and around their children's necks, and almost always there are silver amulets attached, inscribed with texts from the Koran. I bought two of these amulets in the bazaars, after a great deal of troublesome bargaining. At Assuân, as at Cairo, all silver is sold by weight. English shillings and half-crowns are heaped into the measure until the scale turns, when a moderate additional charge is made for workmanship. It seems the most reasonable system in the world, and is in reality the most delusive. When the same articles differ strikingly in price at rival bazaars, and when each dealer demonstrates that he is asking the value of the silver, one's faith in weights and measures is cruelly shaken.

Indian merchants are wonderful adepts in this gentle art of over-charging; but they make valiant efforts to meet the supposed requirements of their customers. Tea-pots, pepper-pots, fat little cream-jugs, heavy umbrella-handles, salt-cellar, toilet-bottles, — an endless array of useful inutilities, — litter their stalls. The designs and decorations are always the same: a fine tracery of scrolls or arabesques; a succession of Hindu gods sitting on their heels; or a spirited representation of animals chasing each other in a circle, so that one cannot easily determine whether the dog is pursuing the hare, or the hare is capturing the lion, all being of equal size and activity.

The Egyptian goldsmith, however, indulges in none of these alien vagaries. He makes — as his great-grandfather made before him — bracelets, and anklets, and necklaces, and ravishing cups that will not stand, and beautiful clumsy boxes that will not shut, and amulets like those I purchased at Assuân. These cannot be compared for a moment with

the exquisite Byzantine amulets that hang in the old silver-shops of Athens, richly chased, curiously bordered, inlaid with black enamel, and representing with vigorous simplicity the triumph of St. George over the dragon, or one of the six-winged angels of St. Sophia's, half smothered in her excess of plumage. The Byzantine amulet is a work of art. The Egyptian boasts of no such distinction, but it possesses one advantage over its Greek rival: it is still an object of recognized utility, not a mere curio dangling in a shop window for the allurements of unbelieving strangers. There is hardly a barefooted little girl on the Nile who does not wear one of these pious safeguards strung around her neck, and often enough she has a second, wrapped up in rags, and hidden away somewhere amid her scanty drapery. Even the donkeys, provided they are donkeys of substance, well fed and well cared for, are decorated and preserved from evil by a silver amulet, and sometimes by two or three, according to the wealth or piety of their proprietors. The amulets worn by the donkeys are triangular or cylindrical in shape, hung round with tiny balls, and hollow for the accommodation of strips of paper on which are written the sacred texts. They are made of the thinnest and poorest silver, are roughly wrought, and of no especial value, save when a European prices them in the bazaars. Then they rise instantly in native estimation, are handled reverently as if there were none others like them in all Egypt, and can be made to outweigh any number of shillings that the dealer thinks fit.

Much prettier than these are the flat disks or squares of silver, inscribed with texts, and worn, half as ornaments, half as charms, by Egyptian women and children. One of those I secured is engraved on both sides with Arabic characters, and our dragoman, who enjoys the reputation of being the best scholar on the Nile, read me their meaning thus:

"May Allah, the all-powerful and all-merciful, hold you in the wisdom of his ways." This seems a great deal to be conveyed by letters so few in number, but I am too well pleased with the translation to risk its loss by showing it to more reliable authorities.

By the time this last bargain was concluded, the afternoon light was waning fast, and the bazaars had grown dim with shadows. Reluctantly we turned our faces to the river, and started home, laden with Christmas spoils. As boxes, wrapping-paper, string, packages of any kind, are unknown luxuries on the Nile, everybody had a comfortable view of everybody's else purchases, save when a few were laboriously hidden away, to reappear as gifts on the morrow. We presented a curious spectacle as we strolled along the bank in the golden haze of an Egyptian sunset, and our friends on board, who impatiently awaited our return, greeted us with mingled derision and delight. Rows and rows of beads, amber and glass, were strung around our necks, as the least troublesome method of carrying them. Swords and spears were brandished in triumph, and absurd little drums of black clay were beaten joyously with narrow strips of leather. Enthusiastic members of the party had invested in "Madam Nubias," those brilliant fringes of leather and beads and shells which constitute the simple wardrobe of a Nubian girl until she reaches maturity. The leather is cut into thin strips, and well soaked in castor-oil to make it pliable. The bright-colored beads are woven into a

sort of network, terminating in a row of shells which clatter cheerfully at every step she takes. I had seen children attired in this costume, eked out by a necklace or two and half a dozen bracelets, and presenting a very picturesque and comfortable appearance; but I had no ambition to emulate the traveler in *A Scrap of Paper* by carrying home such primitive fashions for the embarrassment of Western decorum. Silver ear-rings and nose-rings prettily fashioned, clumsy anklets hung round with bells, strips of embroidered silk and muslin, and yellow morocco slippers with pointed toes had all been deservedly popular; while those light-hearted travelers who never take into consideration the distance of Egypt from America, or the repressive force of trunks and custom-houses, had invested in copper drinking-vessels, earthenware bowls, and gayly decorated gourds. A few persevering natives followed us even to the water's edge with cheap turquoises or imitation scarabs; and one man held out to me a string of beads, yellow and black, precisely like those I already wore. "Soudanese," he murmured insinuatingly, "only eight shillings." For reply I showed him my own necklace. "Two shillings," I said, "in the bazaars." He nodded intelligently, examined my beads with a pleased smile, and then, shrugging his shoulders with the air of one defeated in argument, handed me the second string. "All right," he answered resignedly. "Take it for five." And he really seemed amazed that I refused.

Agnes Repplier.

A STANDARD THEATRE.

IN this progressive age of ours, it seems, to a younger generation, hardly credible that the stage and all connected therewith lay very lately under a kind of social ban. Yet one need not be much declined into the vale of years to recall a time when, though the playhouse flourished precariously in large cities of the United States, many intelligent minds avoided it; while the players lived apart, and, in spite of Hamlet's plea, were far from well bestowed. We have reformed that altogether with us, to-day. Even Puritan New England now finds no more offense in a good play than in a good novel. The theatre is a recognized place of resort in every small community, and the old unreasonable prejudice against it has died a natural death.

The permanent foothold thus gained so swiftly throughout the land indicates a national taste for the sympathetic art of acting; and the taste is, in fact, a strong one. We have proved ourselves so sensitive to the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin that no great foreign player considers his career complete without a renewal of his triumphs here. Moreover, though hampered by adverse conditions, we have produced more than one player of the first rank, whose name and fame are spread abroad. But two or three fixed stars do not make a firmament; nor does admiration of their incomparable beauty imply a knowledge of astronomy, or even a consciousness of one's own ignorance. The fact remains that, while the popular taste has been demonstrated, its cultivation goes on but slowly. The fertile soil is unimproved. While, during the last twenty years, Music, Painting, and Sculpture have made a superb advance upon this side of the Atlantic, Acting, the youngest of the arts, still lags painfully behind her elder sisters.

The cause of this disproportionate growth is easily determined. Private enterprise, which in our republic nobly supplements the scanty allowance of government patronage, has bestowed upon us splendid museums, — treasure-houses constantly enriched by new bequests, with their attendant schools of instruction and traveling scholarships. The American art student, now made free of the best examples, has no one but himself to blame if he fails to profit by them; and that he improves these advantages was clearly shown at the Columbian Exhibition. In music our advantages are even greater, falling indeed little short of absolute perfection. New York has an opera house second to none, where the work of the great composers is interpreted with all possible completeness of detail by the best singers that the world affords; and, through the generosity of a single citizen, Boston is endowed with an orchestra, justly famous. The public has attested in the heartiest way its appreciation of these gifts. Their success is proved beyond dispute. With them all, art stands precisely where it should. The commercial element, when the thought of it exists, holds but a secondary place; a desire to attain supreme excellence for the public benefit is the noble ambition that controls and guides them.

This true artistic spirit it is which governs the stage in France, and makes its reputation world-wide. There, the state grants annually large subsidies to certain Parisian theatres, upon condition that the masterpieces of literature shall alternate in performance with the reigning successes of the day. The value of such a system is inestimable and manifold. Thereby the public taste is quickened and cultivated through acquaintance with the classics, which grow familiar as household words. The modern author,

writing for a trained audience capable of critical comparison, knows that his play will be judged upon its literary or dramatic merit; his spectators are by no means "barren," and to win their favor he must strive for vivid, truthful characterization, with accompanying graces of style. No cheap, theatrical device, no splendor of tinsel and lime-light, will serve his turn. Obeying Shakespeare's injunctions to the letter, he may "show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." The greater his accomplishment upon these simple lines, the stronger is his assurance of success. He submits his manuscript to a management freed from the necessity of mere money-getting, eager for good work and fully qualified to recognize it; one also having at its command a fine company, which, continually reinforced by prize-winners of the Conservatoire, is kept on the alert for new parts in comedy, tragedy, or poetic drama, as the case may be. A liberal treatment of the art, as an art, has resulted in those splendid organizations of the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, where even a *succès d'estime* is rare, and absolute failure an unheard-of thing. Every year the *répertoire* of these theatres is extended by new plays, worthy of the name, which hold the stage through all the changing seasons. The theatrical amateur, whatever his walk of life, becomes, in consequence, an enlightened being. Even the gallery gods grow keenly intelligent, and the public gain is incalculable.

Woefully different is the condition of things theatrical in the United States, where the stage is still a prey to private speculation. With us the successful manager is a shrewd business man, seeking personal profit, demanding from his author novelty, or the semblance of it, at any sacrifice. Too often he gives no evidence whatever of artistic impulse. But should such an impulse be his, he must smother it religiously, and adopt

for his device the mournful text from Ovid: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." Saddled with the fear of loss which may be his ruin, he can afford to run no risks, but, watching the foreign theatres closely, draws upon their resources for his experiments. If he ventures occasionally to revive an English masterpiece, this must be presented with an elaboration of detail which in itself shall prove a novelty, and so attract the town. The play is not the thing, but text and characters are slaughtered ruthlessly to suit his new setting or the limitations of his salary list. In short, he serves the time; he does not even pretend to influence it. With him the question is purely one of business, not of art. His first thought must be to protect himself, and one can scarcely blame him for the defensive attitude into which he is driven by force of circumstances. But from every point of view except his own the result is deplorable. The public, lured by false fires, with no standard to guide it, with its traditions unguarded and forgotten, condones one fault after another and fails in discrimination. The vicious "star system," hopelessly at variance with the principles of art, prevails, and is accepted meekly. The great French or Italian player comes before us with inadequate support which would not be tolerated in his own land. We study him at a disadvantage that is but imperfectly understood. With all its fondness for the theatre and its natural quickness of perception, the average American audience is certainly the least critical in the world.

The remedy for this defect and all the ills proceeding from it lies in the establishment of a standard theatre, on the broad basis of the Metropolitan Opera House or the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with sufficient capital to relieve it from the urgent necessity of money-making. So long as the theatre is liberally endowed and liberally managed, it matters not whether the capital be fur-

nished by a syndicate, as in the case of the Opera House, or by one man's gift, as the Boston Orchestra was founded; nor does it matter for the general good what city shall undertake its foundation. The organized company would soon make a name for itself, and by playing supplementary engagements in other cities would set the standard far and wide. Opinions may differ as to the precise sum needed for such an enterprise; but, surely, a theatre of the highest class might be carried on with a much smaller fund than that maintained by the New York Opera Syndicate for its famous singers, its important conductor, and its enormous corps of supernumeraries. The auxiliary course of instruction, which should be made a part of the system from the first, would undoubtedly pay its own way. Already New York has a dramatic school, directed by a man of strong artistic feeling, whose success proves that there would be no lack of recruits for a company devoted to the production of the best work in the best possible manner. With the endowed theatre once assured, the training-school must follow as the night the day.

Granting the possibility of such an endowment, the best method of employing it remains to be considered. The attempt made a few years ago to establish what was known as the Theatre of Arts and Letters is still fresh in all minds. Its capital was furnished by a number of small subscribers, and the management pledged itself to produce untried plays at stated intervals before the subscription audience, in a theatre hired for the occasion, with competent actors drawn from various well-known theatrical companies. Its general plan thus bore a close resemblance to that of M. Antoine's *Théâtre Libre* in Paris. The limits and deficiencies of such a scheme were soon apparent. It was a trial theatre of occasional existence, and its performances, interesting as they were to the special audience, made no more impression upon the public at

large than those of its Parisian prototype. Literary merit was desired, and was discernible in all the work accepted, but some of the plays produced, dramatic only in form, gave the entertainment an air of eccentricity which did not commend itself to the average theatre-goer. The fitful experiment was discontinued after one season, with no suggestion of its renewal. Its lines were narrow, and its failure, though regrettable, cannot reasonably be viewed in the light of a discouragement to an enterprise of wider scope. It was an intermittent theatre, at best; and so far as the written work is concerned, the result rather goes to prove that the theatrical art, like any other, has laws and limitations not to be disregarded, which confront the man of letters who would succeed as a dramatist. When he has kept these principles in view and has mastered them, literary skill is certainly no barrier to his success in Paris, where, in spite of M. Antoine's withdrawal from the field, new plays of a very high order are brought forward every year at the subsidized theatres. Had we an endowed theatre which should compare with these in excellence, upholding the best work obtainable, whether new or old, it is safe to say that this would not languish for want of popular favor.

The one essential in the scheme of a standard theatre is that it should be broad enough to overcome any petty prejudice of the hour. No school of writers should govern it, but its list of modern authors should be as comprehensive as that of the *Théâtre Français*, where Dumas Fils and Catulle Mendès stand side by side with François Coppée and Victor Hugo. In these matters, as in those of practical working detail, the long experience of the French Theatre might well serve as guide. Above all, as that theatre is the House of Molière, ours should be the House of Shakespeare, — not in a modern, mutilated acting version, but played with a full text, as Molière is played in Paris.

There, the master's work is presented with scenery entirely adequate, yet involving no long waits, and resolutely subordinated to the necessary question of the play, which moves swiftly from the first word to the last without curtailment. Corneille and Racine, always in readiness, are similarly treated. With these conditions in force, we might hope for a performance of *Hamlet* which should preserve the leading part intact, and should even go so far as to include the character of Fortinbras, whose acquaintance the theatre-goer is never permitted to make. One can imagine the effect of the Norwegian conqueror's solemn entrance at the end, with "the soldier's music and the rites of war." But as things go now, the play is shorn of that, and other abridgments lead to positive obscurity in its representation. This immortal tragedy holds our stage through the favor of some successful actor who makes its title part the touchstone of his inventive powers, warping it to suit himself, distorting all the other parts at pleasure. Many plays of Shakespeare, lending themselves less readily to these barbarisms, are shelved altogether, with those of his great contemporaries; *The Tempest*, for instance, which has not been played these forty years. Marlowe's "mighty line" is never spoken; Jonson and Massinger have become dead letters. The dramatists of the last century fare little better. Even the memories of Goldsmith and Sheridan, so long kept green, are slowly fading. We store up the richest dramatic literature in the world for special students; the general public has no suspicion of its value.

The American painters, sculptors, and composers are rapidly coming to the front, stimulated to high endeavor by intelligent organized protection. Though the government is slow to extend its patronage, our rich men, fortunately, are anything but that, when their sympathies

are once aroused; and their acceptance of duties unprescribed is a most hopeful sign of our civilization. Development in art is a slow matter compared with the building of a railroad, or even of a navy; its growth is gradual, like that of a tree; and, like a tree, it must be watched and tended before it will flourish. Those who are in a position to cultivate our unperfect garden have recognized the necessity in certain instances, and have risen to the occasion with glorious results. When the same care is applied to the theatre, the good work will tell in the same way. Our dramatists of reputation would eagerly contribute their support to an endowed management whose aim should be artistic excellence; and younger men, who, under the present discouragements, turn all their skill into other channels, would soon be tempted to strive seriously for success on such a stage. The dramatic field is one of the broadest and finest in all literature. Why should it be left a desert waste, with rare oases, in this one land?

It cannot be destined for all time to such neglect. The artistic spirit is stirred within us, and its influence widens, slowly but surely, among all sorts and conditions of men. Daily increasing attendance at our museums proves this; so does our hearty appreciation of the best, when the best is attainable. We may grant, if we please, that the general public is an ass, and will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are. The one thing needful is to lead it in the right direction. Sooner or later our slumbering intelligence will awaken to the need, and, either through one man's bounty or through a combination of applied forces, the missing standard, without which we labor helplessly, will be set before us. We have the theatre sense, and, with that, the standard theatre is a thing inevitable. "If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

T. R. Sullivan.

SOME NOTES ON THE ART OF JOHN LA FARGE.

It is always a delicate task to write an appreciation, for his own countrymen, of the work of any living artist past fifty. Introduction seems unnecessary, if not impertinent, criticism foolish, praise absurd. In the case of Mr. John La Farge, however, circumstances have conspired to render the temptation to write irresistible. While Mr. La Farge has received the signal honor of being the first foreigner who has been invited to make a "one man" exhibition in connection with the Salon of the Champ de Mars, comparative study has been made easy by the display, at Durand-Ruel's in New York, of the collection of water-colors and oils destined for Paris, and also of some of the artist's older flower-pieces. Thus it becomes at once interesting, if not imperative, and possible to inquire into the qualities of this art which eminent French painters wish to introduce to the notice of their countrymen.

As we know it, Mr. La Farge's art falls into several distinct groups, held together by consistent principles and the "personal note" pervading them all. There is the artist's easel work in oils, his work as a flower-painter in water-colors, his work in mural decoration and in glass, and last, but not least, his work as a traveler. It is as a traveler and an artist in glass that Mr. La Farge has been invited to exhibit in Paris. It is therefore mainly on these two lines that my comments on his work will be based.

What need is there for further comment on the work in glass of Mr. La Farge? The mastery of his material, the charm of his color, his rank as a colorist, his knowledge of the decorator's craft, his originality as an inventor, meet unquestioned recognition. What further remains to say? Only this, perhaps: that the recognition is often given in an offhand way, without any feeling for

the real value of decorative art (which, when serious, is nothing less than monumental art; that is, the greatest of all art), or for the real importance of color in the life of to-day. It is here that sympathy with and observation of things outside the narrow domain of critical formulas applied in art galleries have, I think, proved themselves specially valuable to the student of art problems. There can be no doubt that the sense of color, so long starved and stultified from a variety of causes, social, artistic, industrial, and moral, is beginning to reassert itself. This is manifested in two ways. There is a growing tendency to handle color in decoration, if not with the unfailing knack and evident joy of the great coloristic epochs and nations, at least with some right understanding of principles and some feeling for the results to be obtained. Much of this is doubtless due to training; some of it to the conscious work of rehabilitation, begun half a century ago by Gottfried Semper and Owen Jones; more, perhaps, to the opportunities for study of the practice of the East, the rich color-symphonies of India and Persia and the unsurpassed poems in color of the Japanese,—sweet and peaceful, light and airy, gleefully symbolical or joyously brilliant, but always appealing, in their color combination alone, to something beyond the mere pleasure of the senses. It is interesting to speculate, in regarding this combination, upon what the probable or possible effects might have been if all this influx of new art forms and conceptions had taken place in a period of concentration instead of a period of expansion and sympathetic intellectual curiosity. As it is, it has taken place in a period not only of expansion, but of fermentation, of which the ultimate results are beyond our ken. No one can doubt the receptive attitude of mind,

however. A certain amount of training in such delicate matters as æsthetic perception and æsthetic demands has thus become possible. But training would have been of no avail, if the aptitude had not been lying dormant, and the craving ready to awaken. There is a real demand for color; crude, distorted, misunderstood, misdirected in many ways, listening to many false prophets, but unmistakably there. It goes with our love of nature, which, from the sentimental, is passing into the joyous, spontaneous, healthy stage; with the love of the external world for its own beautiful sake, that generally goes by the name of paganism, which is only the natural outcome of this century of great discoveries and increased knowledge of the inexhaustible beauties of nature. In this respect Mr. La Farge's work in glass is of peculiar significance. While it gives the deep, often grave sensuous joy craved by the quickened pulse of the time, by our growing conviction of the beauty of God's creation, it is itself largely inspired by and built on the discoveries of science within the domain of optics. These were not so easily accessible as they are now, in handbooks and treatises, when Mr. La Farge was first attracted by them; but some books there were, and some articles in periodicals, which helped him and his chosen friend along in their speculations. Most of the artist's wonderful effects are obtained by his study of the phenomena of polarization and of interference (especially as shown in opalescent media), and his thorough knowledge of the nature of complementary contrast. In glass this tells in two ways: contrast always serves to enhance color, giving both richer glow and deeper significance; the use of the complementary color instead of shading by means of shadows and modeling preserves, nay enriches, the quality of the glass, which would be dulled or impoverished by any attempt at modeling by painting on the glass. This knowledge,

this scientific basis, would be of no avail, however, if the material were poor or the artist lacking in intuition. We all know that in Mr. La Farge's work scientific interest has only served, never chilled, the strong, warm, thrilling artistic joy of the artist in the handling of color for its own sake; that it has served, not as a basis for theory only, but as a basis for inventions, which have intensified this joy by the delight of finding, developing, perfecting one's own material. Mr. La Farge's work as an artist in glass cannot be ranked too high. It has that excellence, life, and charm which come of inspiration from the material; it is fresh, original, strong, coming as direct from the fountain head of the deep, mystic, and musical charm of translucent color as the early mediæval glass itself; it is a splendid instrument, perfectly fitted to express both the healthy joy of our open-air ideals and the yearning spirituality of our reaction against the crudeness of materialism. It is, to my mind, one of the great artistic utterances of the age, if not of all ages, combining as it does spiritual tendencies with the last word in material and mechanical progress, in a form to characterize which I must quote a Frenchman's quaint expression. The Frenchman was M. Tournel, himself an artist and an inventor of glass processes, crippled by poverty and obscurity, while a caustic critic of others, as pursuers of ideals are apt to be. We were speaking of Mr. La Farge's work, of which he had seen some solitary specimens. He expressed himself with a boundless enthusiasm, which he summed up, as it were, by saying with emphasis, "*Enfin, c'est un verrier!*"

We must not leave Mr. La Farge's work without a tribute to the beauty of his line. For reasons given above, and also because quality in line is more recondite than quality in color, it does not appeal to the general public as much as his color. But it is there, nevertheless; the hand of the master of the Pied Piper

of Hamelin has gained, not lost, in cunning, by attacking the intricate problems involved. For those who have not made a special study of Mr. La Farge's lead-lines, I will add that his problem has been threefold. The leading had to be elevated to the dignity of line, helping out the design, not criss-crossing it; in this respect Mr. La Farge goes back to the best traditions of the art of glass. To an artist of Mr. La Farge's temper this line had to be intrinsically good, as a pattern only, irrespective of anatomy, drawing, or handling of the subject; it had also to follow the forms of the pieces of glass, as made necessary by the modulation of color.

To proceed to Mr. La Farge's work as a traveler. His painting here falls into two distinct groups: his Japanese pictures, painted in 1886, and the sketches and water-colors which he brought home from his one year's sojourn in the South Seas. His Japanese work at once brings up for discussion some very interesting points. It is evident to all that this work is different in character, and perhaps in artistic aim, from the quick, direct renderings of atmosphere, water, color, motion, life, on the islands of Hawaii, Samoa, and Tahiti. To many it is less interesting. Nor does it all profess to be important. Much of it is of the kind which appeals only to those who care for notes of technical skill, and evidences of an inquisitive artistic temperament. Nearly all of it has, at first sight, a curious strangeness, which neither shocks nor fascinates, quiet and reserved, and without the piquant charm of exotic fairyland. This strangeness, which we all feel, though we may interpret it differently, is due to the fact, I believe, that the artist has looked at his subjects through the medium of his intelligence. In the South Sea Islands, perhaps especially in Hawaii, he has been the painter only; looking for color, line, motion, atmosphere; giving poetry and character incidentally, though in no unstinted

measure. In his Japanese things he is a painter, but he has looked at nature, it would seem, in an entirely different way; very much in the same way, I fancy, as Theodore Rousseau looked at the forest of Fontainebleau, quietly, profoundly, with certain intellectual musings on the character of the scene that somehow get into the picture, and impress the chance and hurried spectator as strange, while the student finds more and more of these musings revealed to him the more he studies the picture. This is synthesis in painting, indeed, if it is still possible to use this much-abused word in a deep and comprehensive sense. This synthesis of the characteristics of a country would hardly be possible without study and assimilation of the artistic traditions of the country when they have found an utterance in art. Naturalistic representations of Holland, whether impressionist or otherwise, might be made without any reference to the artistic traditions of Holland; it is impossible to conceive a synthetic representation of Dutch landscape—a representation, that is, which aims at summing up the characteristics of the landscape and the artist's impressions of its peculiar poetry—that would not be deepened and strengthened by the study of Ruysdael, Holbein, and Cuyp. So Mr. La Farge has imitated, or rather assimilated Japanese art. In this direction goes one of his most ambitious and interesting efforts exhibited here, the large oil-painting of Kuwannon. Let us listen to Mr. La Farge himself, in his notes of travel appended to the New York catalogue, to hear how he has conceived the subject:—

“And here, again, the intense silence, broken by the rush of the waterfall, recalled the pictures of Kuwannon, whose meaning and whose images bring back to me the Buddhistic idea of Compassion. The god, or goddess, as more often depicted, seated in abstraction by the falling waters of life, represents, I sup-

pose, more especially an ideal of Contemplation, and the name used to be said to mean Dominus Contemplationis — I spare you the original Indian name."

It is here the poetic idea, not the means of expression, that has been assimilated. The execution is in our artistic idiom. There is no attempt at Japanesque treatment. The flow of line is absorbed in the color and tone of the oils; there is complete modeling of the body; the personality is Aryan. The whole thing is one of the most interesting attempts at translation that I have seen, full of passages of quality, of beauty in tone, of a kind of prismatic poetry of color. The goddess is robed in delicate pink against the rich tender green and white of the grass and waterfall. A halo plays round her head; light is diffused everywhere. As a translation, however, this picture is not successful; the deep poetry conceived by the artist fails somehow to reach us. It is one of the great might-have-beens, which we cannot call melancholy because they are so supremely interesting, as showing the intellectual curiosity, the desire for sympathetic assimilation of our time.

I have left myself but little space to speak of Mr. La Farge's South Sea Island sketches. Much might be said about the difference of treatment of the different localities, varying with the mood of the artist, the opportunities for study, the difference in salient characteristics as felt and seen by him, with his rare combination of penetrative insight and prompt artistic vision. Some notes must suffice to suggest my meaning. Thus he shows us in Hawaii the impressive mystery of nature as seen at dawn from mountain tops, or from the inner slopes of twilight craters with sulphurous vapors rising into the evening sky; in Samoa, the charm of rhythm in motion, of the expressiveness of hands, of a rhetoric of the human body as a means of expression which belongs to all the fine arts at once, allied to the "enchantment of the South

Seas" shown in simple open-air life, in beauty of nature and kindliness of climate; in Tahiti, a perfect fairyland of ideal yet convincing loveliness, poetry, and grandeur of sea and sky, atmosphere and reflections, of weird moonlight and intense afterglow, of sunlit films of rain seen between palms and guava-trees, of mountain quietude in the suggestive tropical gloaming, — a whole gamut of impressions, varying from the most serious to the most exquisitely delicate, together composing a poem of all the deepest and choicest themes of nature, expressed in perfect pictorial language.

At the risk of being prosy, I must add here, to modify this word "perfect," that not all these sketches can lay claim to equal pictorial importance. Mr. La Farge is too much of an observer and a *chercheur* to be always making pictures. Some words of the preface to the New York catalogue may be quoted here: —

"According to my interest at the moment, I made these drawings and paintings with more or less attention to some special point; either tone or local color, or drawing of form or of motion. It would please me if my studies were looked at as they were by my good friends called savages. Very much as cultivated painters might, they looked at my pictures in the way best suited to help the illusion, — sometimes from near, sometimes from very far, in strong light or in shadow; in whatever way they thought the special case required."

In conclusion, I should like to say, in connection with what I have said above about Mr. La Farge's glass as an expression of the art feeling of our times, that if ours is an age of globe-trotters, idle gatherers of superficial impressions, it is also an age when travel has helped to strengthen and confirm one of our deepest tendencies, the intense intellectual sympathy and wakeful curiosity, cognizant of deeper issues, of our century. There are many globe-trotters among painters. There are not many La Farges.

Cecilia Waern.

LECONTE DE LISLE.

THE constellation of contemporary French poets has recently lost one of its most brilliant stars. Compared with the great luminaries of the Romantic time, this one can hardly be considered as of the first magnitude; and during the last few years, its light, though still constant and clear, had lost something of its glow in coming, as it seemed, from a region of vast spaces and lucid atmosphere, but too distant and too cold to keep up life in a human heart. Our generation, however, saw the fullness and steadiness of its earlier glory, and may well pause for a moment over the memory of what is now extinguished forever.

None of the current easy varieties of materialism help one much in an attempt to account for the very rare and peculiar qualities of the poetry of Leconte de Lisle, for, so far as can be seen, the ascertainable external facts of his life have here very little significance, if any. Some future biographer may perhaps discover in the ancestry of the poet or among the influences of his intellectual training causes, other than are now known, which may tend more fully to explain the singular discrepancy that appears to lie between his origin and his subsequent literary career. For Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle was born in the Ile Bourbon, under the burning skies and in the midst of the tropical splendors which Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has forever associated in our minds with the group of French possessions in the Indian Ocean. After spending some years on his native island, he went to Paris at the time when the Romantic school, flushed with the elation of success, was in its heyday, the austere critics scarcely venturing to whisper that such a triumph must some day come to an end. Surely, it might have been predicted, this was enough to fill a young artist's heart with all the ex-

uberance of passion, and thus decide his career as a lyrical poet. But from the outset he broke with the reigning literary mode of the day. Standing somewhat haughtily aloof from the throng of poets and poetasters who worshiped at the feet of Hugo, he soon struck out into a narrow path of his own, followed in time by a small band, and insisted on restricting the scope of poetry in a manner strongly contrasting with the cloudy theories then in vogue among the lesser Romanticists, so admirably caricatured in the *Lettres de Dupuis et Cotonet* of Alfred de Musset. This, so far from being the youthful turbulence of a mere *frondeur* of letters, was the resolve of one who, even at that early age, had determined on the ideal to which, with steady purpose, he continued to cling during his whole life. Age modified his opinions only in such a way as to make them still more reactionary. When the time came, many years later, for clearly defining his position before the French Academy as the successor of Hugo, his address showed that he still combated some of the most important principles that had been the war-cry of the generation of 1830. For the Romanticists every pulse of human feeling or emotion had poetical value; passion, in their eyes, was sacred, its very fullness and spontaneity, wherever it might occur, making of it preëminently the subject of poetical expression. As with matter, so with form. Among the many metrical inventions of the time, some are no doubt known to the reader as masterpieces of ingenuity, — I had almost said of eccentric ingenuity. With Leconte de Lisle, passion, especially the commonplace passion of the ordinary mortal, is utterly irreconcilable with the mood of the poet who rightly understands his ideal function. The *Sturm und Drang* period of a man's life is not

the time of his best work. The true artist is impersonal, impassive; the wreck of a nation, a system, or a human heart may disturb the worldling, but the poet stands far above such accidents of place and time, contemplating them with immovable serenity as the phenomena of inevitable fate. In his "central calm" he practices the lesson taught him by the spectacle of inexorable nature.

"Pour qui sait pénétrer, Nature, dans tes voies,
L'illusion t'enserre et ta surface ment;
Au fond de tes fureurs, comme au fond de
tes joies,
Ta force est sans ivresse et sans emportement.

"Tel parmi les sanglots, les rires et les haines,
Heureux qui porte en soi, d'indifférence empli,
Un impossible cœur sourd aux rumeurs hu-
maines,

Un gouffre inviolé de silence et d'oubli!"

(La Ravine Saint-Gilles.)

Man must suffer, but let him, especially if he be a poet, bear his pain in silence. It is vulgar and immodest to drag one's heart, as a showman leads his chained beast, before the gaping crowd of the curious (Les Montreurs). And why weep when neither tears nor rage can avail us anything?

"La vie est ainsi faite, il nous la faut subir.
Le faible souffre et pleure, et l'insensé s'irrite;
Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit
mourir.

Rentre au tombeau muet où l'homme enfin
s'abrite,

Et là, sans nul souci de la terre et du ciel,
Repose, ô malheureux, pour le temps éternel!"

(Requies.)

There is, however, very little of the laughter of perfect wisdom in the poetry of Leconte de Lisle. These opinions quickened his contempt for Lamartine and Musset; for any poet, in short, in whose work the agony of the soul seeks relief through wailing or in gnashing of teeth. A still more paradoxical result of this æsthetic postulate is the exclusion from poetry of the passion of love, which comes under the general ban. The

ordinary reader, with a very pardonable vicarious, if indiscreet interest in a poet's affections, must make up his mind to disappointment, if he expects to be thrilled with such heartrending cries as *La Nuit de Mai* or *To Mary in Heaven*. That is not the note of love on the relatively few occasions when Leconte de Lisle condescends to sing of so unpoetic a subject. He never tells us clearly what joy or despair it may have brought into his own life. *Les Roses d'Ispahan*, *Le Colibri*, *Le Manchy*, *Le Frais Matin* *Dorait*, in spite of all their beauty, are almost impersonal. We do not pass through them to the inner shrine of the poet's heart.¹ Such a singularity would certainly seem whimsical, if the practice of reserve had not been founded on a conviction which was subsequently formulated in a dogma. The address to the French Academy, above-mentioned, distinctly states the grounds on which the poet based this article of his *credo*. Here there is no need to follow him, for he is Athanasius against the world. "On peut ne pas aimer la lyre larmoyante, mais toute belle âme doit aimer la lyre d'amour." However, he is a faint-hearted poet who does not at times beg a question of first principles, boldly postulate his theory, and then carry it into application. In the vast majority of cases, the less he gives us of *Kunst-Theorie*, as the too prolific German calls it, the better for us. But the verification of a principle (which is a method not sacred to science alone) is what we demand in art; and if Leconte de Lisle has failed to satisfy one natural craving in his readers, he was, at all events, consistent in the practice of his art as he understood it. A great triumph it would be for the quidnuncs of literature should his manuscripts some day reveal that he too had unpacked his heart with the words of a love-lyric.

¹ As for the love-songs in *Poèmes Antiques* which go by the name of *Etudes Latines*, and the *Chansons Ecossaises*, these are but exqui-

sitely finished metrical essays in imitation of classical or other models.

Many readers may feel still less inclined to overlook a further deliberate omission from poetry of themes which, since the time of Burns in Great Britain and Béranger in France, most of us have grown to look on as the essence of some of the best that the last hundred years have produced; I mean the humble domestic relations, and the sufferings of the poor and needy. But if, in accordance with the demands of a rigorous æsthetic, the art of poetry, strictly understood, must confine itself within a sort of aristocratic pale, reserving its energy for the high expression of the few ideas and feelings that literally deserve the name of *noble*, all that can in justice be exacted of the poet is that he be true to himself. Here again the discussion of ultimate principles must be waived. Leconte de Lisle is in this respect simply an anti-Wordsworthian; and they who on this account decline to read him expose their limitations no less clearly than he proclaimed his, — probably with less plausibility in argument. What Leconte de Lisle thought of Béranger may or may not matter. M. Brunetière, the most emphatic of contemporary critics, wonders that Béranger can be called a poet at all. But when an uncompromising theory forces us to include in our contempt the graceful and touching poetry of François Coppée, who got himself into the black books of the greater poet by writing much about humble folk and turning to the homely side of life for many of his subjects, we can assuredly feel justified in believing that what thousands of human hearts, both in France and out of it, have felt to be true and beautiful will always be poetry, whether Leconte de Lisle approved of it or not. And there are not wanting those who will say that this applies to Béranger as well.

This is the reason why Leconte de Lisle so rarely strikes one as being possessed by his subject with the divine madness described in *Ion*. His poems have often been compared to the motion-

less white figures of a sculpture gallery; and the pet phrase *splendeur marmoréenne* has become so hackneyed with his French critics that one almost shrinks from quoting it. To change slightly the figure used by Gautier, instead of being, as in the superb comparison of Hugo's Mazeppa, bound hand and foot on his Pegasus, he controls him firmly, and guides him to serene heights far above the murmur and wrangling of men. Whatever may be thought about these restrictions in so far as they affect poetry, there is much that is morally inspiring in the robustness and manly dignity they imply. It is refreshing to find that incontestably the greatest poet of France since the day of Hugo resolutely set his face against the prevailing ego-worship, which so easily degenerates into sensualism. Towards the *sensitif-impulsif* (in the trick phrase of our modern neuro-psychologists¹), for whom even the law courts are beginning to show a flabby sort of pity, such a nature can feel nothing but lofty scorn. And though such reserve may seem, as has been freely admitted, to confine poetic energy within bounds where the great mass of men, and possibly a greater number of women, can never follow it with whole-heartedness; though it may in time noticeably chill the poet's feeling for struggling humanity; yet the manly resolution, free from the slightest taint of affectation, with which this purpose was carried out must command our respect, — nay, our veneration. Since his death we have learnt that there never was any dividing line between the artistic work and the most intimate private life of Leconte de Lisle. To him who will read the poetry itself and between its lines, it must be evident that he is in presence of a character which, through sturdy resisting of temptation, through courage and self-control, reached a moral level not too

¹ What this last word means it might be a puzzle to explain. It comes from a well-known scientific periodical.

often exemplified in the lives of great creative artists at any time, and, unfortunately, it must be added, not often among such men in France during the last two generations.

It is remarkable indeed that this philosophical attitude should be taken by a Creole brought up in the tropics. What the Creole nature is, we in America have been fully taught by Mr. Cable and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. But in Leconte de Lisle there are no violent changes of mood from listless, voluptuous apathy to ungovernable passion. A recent writer in the *Revue Bleue* seems inclined to trace here the influence of the Norman origin of the poet's family, as well as of the Voltairean training of his father, to both of which something may be attributed without granting that they give an adequate explanation of a curious psychological puzzle. The gorgeousness of the southern climate and scenery, however, could hardly fail to leave its mark on even the most self-repressed poet, and one finds poem after poem glowing with warmth and color, such as the southern hemisphere alone can inspire. To quote with fairness from any of these (*Midi*, *La Forêt Vierge*, *Les Eléphants*, *La Fontaine aux Lianes*, etc.) would be difficult; besides, the best of them, *Midi* and *Les Eléphants*, have found their way into the anthologies, and have almost sunk to the level of drawing-room pieces. These two, with a study of night and cold above the mountain tops, called *Le Sommeil du Condor*, represent to many readers all the work of Leconte de Lisle. Of all these poems, an intimate knowledge of southern nature, minutely because lovingly observed, is the dominant mark. From the humming-bird to the elephant, from the frailest flower to the great tree of the jungle, everything between earth and sky bears its testimony to the loving devotion of the poet to the beauties of his native island. It is worth while to contrast with such work as this, which bears every sign of genuine

interest and feeling, a short study in snow and ice (*Le Paysage Polaire*), of which the outlines are so vague and general that the material may easily have been obtained from a visit to the white bears' cave in the *Jardin des Plantes*, or out of the pages of M. Elisée Reclus. Still, with all his love for the beauty of nature, Leconte de Lisle does not allow it long to mollify his soul. Such stanzas as the following lovely ones from *Le Bernica* are extremely rare in his poems:

"Ce sont des chœurs soudains, des chansons
infinies,
Un long gazouillement d'appels joyeux mêlé,
Ou des plaintes d'amour à des rires unies;
Et si douces, pourtant, flottent ces harmonies,
Que le repos de l'air n'en est jamais troublé.

"Mais l'âme s'en pénètre; elle se plonge en-
tière,
Dans l'heureuse beauté de ce monde char-
mant;
Elle se sent oiseau, fleur, eau vive et lumière;
Elle revêt ta robe, ô pureté première,
Et se repose en Dieu silencieusement."

But the poet does not often fall into what Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy, the fallacy that appeals to us of weaker mould when it is found in the perfect verses of Le Vallon, or in the star-song of Musset. "*La nature est là, qui t'invite et qui t'aime*," says Lamartine. No, a thousand times no, is the stern answer. Science has taken the soul out of Nature. She is blind, deaf, dumb. Everything, from the atom to the great cyclic changes of the heavens, is the slave of inexorable and inexplicable law. And as tears and rage are equally useless and puerile, so the thought of Nature as the great consoler is the supreme illusion, inherited by us from the ages of anthropomorphic faith. Her sole boon to self-torturing man is the veil she draws over the eyes that close in death.

"Oui! le mal éternel est dans sa plénitude!
L'air du siècle est mauvais aux esprits ulcérés,
Salut, oubli du monde et de la multitude!
Reprends-nous, ô Nature, entre tes bras
sacrés!

"Sopirs majestueux des ondes apaisées,
Murmurez plus profonds en nos cœurs sou-
cieux !
Répandez, ô forêts, vos urnes de rosées !
Ruisselle en nous, silence étincelant des
cieux !

"Consolez-nous enfin des espérances vaines :
La route infructueuse a blessé nos pieds nus.
Du sommet des grands caps, loin des rumeurs
humaines,
O vents ! emportez-nous vers les Dieux in-
connus.

"*Mais si rien ne répond dans l'immense étendue,
Que le stérile écho de l'éternel désir,
Adieu, déserts, où l'âme ouvre une aile éper-
due,
Adieu, songe sublime, impossible à saisir !*

"Et toi, divine Mort, où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille tes enfants dans ton sein étoilé,
Affranchis-nous du temps, du nombre et de
l'espace,
Et rends-nous le repos que la vie a troublé !"
(Dies Iræ.)

With these, from one point of view, rather vital omissions, the range of poetical sympathy and of subjects admissible for poetic treatment still remains comprehensive enough. In these *Poèmes* — for only a few of them go by the lighter name of *poésies* — we find a great variety of topics: mythology, religion, history, legends, tales, philosophy, beauty abstract and concrete, nature, man. The compression of so much material into the three dainty volumes of a Lemerre edition is in itself a sign of consummate literary skill. Each of these subjects is grasped and unfolded with the easy strength of the master who does not shrink from the toil of learning to control both his themes and himself. There is no groping about in the vagueness of incoherent thought that has not been given time to clear itself of mist. The definite influence of Leconte de Lisle on the poets of his time may still be a matter of discussion; but in this respect he remains free from the formidable charge which Mr. William Watson — with some justice, be it said — recently brought against Shelley. No nebulous

poet shall say that his own style was formed on the model of so lucid a master. And nothing, except perhaps a natural turn for clear thinking, contributes so much to this result as study and mature reflection. The subjects in which these characteristics are most pronounced are mythology and classical story. In the former, the reader is made to pass, with apparently the same facility, from the tangled legends of India to the runes of the north, and even to subjects still further outside the range of ordinary knowledge. It must be said that the most patient of readers has some ground for finding a good many of these compositions just a trifle heavy, notwithstanding the perfection of their form. Such familiarity as the poet possesses with the details of Vedic lore and the sagas is seldom met with except among specialists; and one forms the unfortunate suspicion that these poems were not written at white heat. Besides, the bizarre appearance of such names as Çunacépa, Kenware'h, Baghavat, and so forth, is far from reassuring. Whether these things are in themselves unsuited to French or to any poetry, it is hardly worth while to inquire here; but one can, at all events, take comfort in a quotation from Gautier: "Through some rift or other, the serene thought of the poet always appears, commanding his work like a white Himalayan peak whose eternal and spotless snow can never be thawed by any sun, not even by that of India."

It is different when one turns to the superb succession, in *Poèmes Antiques*, of odes and other verses on the mythology, history, and legends of Greece and Rome. This is, for the majority of competent readers, at least, much firmer and less debatable ground. Here too, interpreting the poet's feelings through one's own, one becomes convinced that Leconte de Lisle was all a-quiver with emotion at the very thought of the glory of ancient Greece. Where in any of his poems on such uncongenial subjects as Çurya or

Viswamitra, does one come upon verses of such ample movement and faultless rhythm as in Klytie, *Le Dernier Dieu*, or the following stanzas from *Hypatie*?

"O vierge, qui, d'un pan de ta robe pieuse,
Couvris la tombe auguste où s'endormaient tes
Dieux,
De leur culte éclipsé prêtresse harmonieuse,
Chaste et dernier rayon détaché de leurs
cieux!

"Je t'aime et te salue, ô vierge magnanime!
Quand l'orage ébranla le monde paternel,
Tu suivis dans l'exil cet *Œdipe* sublime,
Et tu l'enveloppas d'un amour éternel.

"Debout, dans ta pâleur, sous les sacrés por-
tiques
Que des peuples ingrats abandonnait l'essaim,
Pythonisse enchaînée aux trépieds prophé-
tiques,
Les Immortels trahis palpaient dans ton
sein.

"Tu les voyais passer dans la nue enflammée!
De science et d'amour ils t'abreuvaient encor;
Et la terre écoutait, de ton rêve charmée,
Chanter l'abeille attique entre tes lèvres d'or."

Yes, when it comes to the final test, there is none better than this. If the reader's pulses thrill and his voice grows husky, depend upon it the words have fallen throbbing from the poet's pen. A Frenchman trained in the great literary traditions of his race finds it incomprehensible that such verses as those just quoted should ever pass for anything less than the most magnificent poetry. By some English critics, they, or others very like them, have been considered as dangerously near to that eloquence which is the bane of poetry.¹ A still greater difficulty is that certain of our latter-day judges, not altogether ignorant in these matters, who sincerely believe that "the back of the Alexandrine has been broken" once for all, remain quite unresponsive,

¹ In such cases, one of the most important conditions for the enjoyment of poetry in a foreign tongue is too often overlooked, namely, the value of words merely as *sounds*. Ever since hearing Matthew Arnold quote a few words from *Sainte-Beuve*, I have not wondered that a critic with a hopelessly English accent and intonation was never so carried away by the

or even hostile, declaring that the fault lies with the poet, and not in themselves. The fallacy is too obvious to need refutation. Above all, let us, in such disputable questions, keep our words of contempt for the incompetent and insincere; there are enough of these, at any rate, to give occupation to all the critics in the world, and that is saying a great deal. A brilliant writer, whose sympathies in literature have too strongly biased his opinions, exclaims, "Oh, the vile old professor of rhetoric!" Poor professor of rhetoric! his is too often a hard lot, but in this case, fortunately, the shot is nowhere near the mark. It is regrettable indeed that such words should ever make their way out of a *brasserie d'étudiants*.

The reason of the poet's love for Greece and her mythology is not far to seek. He found there, like so many of his kind, the types of ideal beauty, his one undying passion. His interest in the thousand and one strange gods of the East, the mystical speculations of Brahminism and Buddhism, and the bold legends of the north was possibly acquired; but the disappearance of truth, and hence of beauty, from the religious fables of Greece leaves him, because of his want of faith in our own time, in inconsolable despair (*Le Dernier Dieu*). Philosophy and science have traveled a long way since Schiller comforted his soul after having written *Die Götter Griechenlands*; and Leconte de Lisle was not the man to dupe himself with the empty words of Musset's *L'Espoir en Dieu*. The wounds of reason, we have been told by a high authority,² can be healed only by reason. Well, in the Babel of metaphysical system-building, who can say, as one who knows, that reason

music of Hugo's verse as, for a moment at least, to forget what looked like "charlatanism" in his poetry. Naturally, such limitations are rarely perceived in one's self, and still more rarely acknowledged, however readily they are detected in others.

² Edward Caird, *The Philosophy of Kant*.

is doing its work? No wonder that the Middle Ages found no favor in this poet's eyes. To the heart of the Romanticist they appealed by the evident sincerity of their simple faith; to his artistic sense, by their pageantry. Leconte de Lisle saw only their dark side, and in a poem entitled *Les Siècles Maudits*, "Hideux siècles de foi, de lèpre et de famine," he leaves no doubt whatever as to his feelings. It would have been interesting to hear him discourse on the Inferno.

Far too much has been made of his detachment from the civilization of his time, and the interests bound up with it. It is perfectly true that, for the most part, he lived in the past, keeping his ideals behind rather than in front of him, and looking on all ages since the golden days of Greece as times of barbarism or of decadence. Still, the two splendid poems of *L'Italie* and *Le Sacre de Paris* bring out all his French patriotism, and vindicate him from the common charge of indifference. Well may he say to Hypatia, —

"Dors! l'impure laideur est la reine du monde,
Et nous avons perdu le chemin de Paros!"

and yet the fortunes of his own country, as well as of the neighbor who ought to be her natural ally, can stir a responsive chord in him.

To us, accustomed as we are to see new fads change the spelling and pronunciation of classical words about once in ten years, the quaint inventions of the *Poèmes Antiques* (Khiron, Klytie, etc.) come with less of a shock than to the readers of thirty years ago. These touches of pedantry, or something very near akin to it, provoked a good deal of discussion in those days. Gustave Planche undertook to teach Leconte de Lisle the correct French equivalent for

κρημίν, but for once in his life, at least, met his match. It must have been no small triumph to wring even a grumbling apology from so ungracious a critic. One can understand why Sainte-Beuve could actually so far forget his caution as to call Planche a *cuvistre*.

The various attempts of the great world-religions to explain the relations of the Maker to the universe find, as was said, their place in these poems. In most cases, especially with the religions of the far East, the treatment is generous, or, as Mr. Dowden says, cosmopolitan; for there is not much in these beliefs to rouse the spirit of opposition always latent in a man of early Voltairean training. Oriental creeds have hitherto had too little direct influence on Europe to be either hated or dreaded. With the God of the Old Testament and the message of Christianity it fares much worse; these two subjects lie outside the boundaries of the poet's toleration. And yet the former inspired the poet's masterpiece. Different moods or temperaments may find their enjoyment in this poem or in that. Midi, for instance, fills the soul with restfulness through its assurances of ultimate peace. Hypatie echoes our loving regret for the loss of ideal beauty in the world. *Dies Iræ*, the poem of disillusion, represents the hopelessness of all things, — *le mal du siècle*, in short. But still deeper lie the questions, the eternally insoluble problems, of the existence of evil and the hardness of fate, taken up in a new reading of the story of Cain, — the poem of Qain, first of the *Poèmes Barbares*.¹ Thogorma, a seer of the Israelites during the Assyrian captivity, has the following vision: Beyond the mountains, in the far-off red of sunset, he beholds the iron walls of the

¹ An admirable discourse by Mr. Stopford Brooke on Byron's *Cain*, heard by the present writer some years ago, suggested a good many parallels that might be drawn between these two poems. The attractive but difficult subject of possible indebtedness on the part of Le-

conte de Lisle is, however, too wide to be taken up here. It is significant that the theme of *Cain* has inspired three of the greatest poets of the century, — Byron, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle. Hugo, of course, treats it from a less heterodox point of view than the other two.

city of Hénokhia, built by Cain's mighty brood. While its teeming life is asleep, a mysterious horseman is seen, in the stillness of the night, coming out of the darkness to hurl the curse of Javeh against the city of rebellion and pride, the dwelling of the accursed, and against Cain himself. Then the old Titan, who has slumbered for a thousand years on the topmost point of its battlements, raises himself slowly to answer the accuser in the presence of all his descendants, who are gathered around. Defeated, though undismayed, he gives back defiance for curses, charging the Maker with the sin of Eden and the first bloodshed. Not on man, not on Cain, rests the burden of wrong: it falls on the unjust origin of all.

"Ai-je dit à l'argile inerte: Souffre et pleure!
 Au près de la défense ai-je mis le désir,
 L'ardent attrait d'un bien impossible à saisir,
 Et le songe immortel dans le néant de l'heure?
 Ai-je dit de vouloir et puni d'obéir?"

"O misère! Ai-je dit à l'implacable Maître,
 Au Jaloux, tourmenteur du monde et des vivants,
 Qui gronde dans la foudre et chevauche les vents,
 La vie assurément est bonne, je veux naître!
 Que m'importait la vie au prix où tu la vends?"

Cain will not bow the knee in submission to Him who made Abel gentle, and the first murderer violent. In his Promethean anger he becomes the avenger of mankind by insisting on the eternal *why*. The answer will come with the consummation of all things, and then will be asserted the dignity of man.

"Et ce sera mon jour! Et, d'étoile en étoile,
 Le bienheureux Eden longuement regretté
 Verra renaître Abel sur mon cœur abrité;
 Et toi, mort et cousin sous la funèbre toile,
 Tu t'anéantiras dans ta stérilité."

Then comes the Flood. Through its mists Thogorma the Seer, pale with affright, sees the great form of Cain advancing slowly, amidst the death that lies

around, towards the ark looming big in the darkness. Leconte de Lisle could not, like Shelley, end his poem with the fairy vision of the statelier Eden come back to men; nor could his Cain echo the last verse of Omar Khayyám's well-known stanza:—

"O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
 And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake,
 For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and
 take!"

Blasphemy? Yes, a good deal of the finest poetry in the world is blasphemous. Some have been known to maintain that all rebellion against the established order of things, human or divine, implies blasphemy. How much one can stand of it is generally a question of the direction it takes; and in any direction, largely a question of degree. It needs no great penetration to infer from this that Le Nazaréen, in the same volume, was not written with a view to the Sunday school.

Obviously, therefore, the conclusion lies in proud pessimism, for the poet is too self-respecting to follow in the cynic's way. Austere, uncompromising, he has dared to look on the work of creation, and he finds that it is not good. He is far too consistent a philosopher to buoy himself up with vague hopes, and still less disposed to console his readers with promises of such a vulgar and earthly sort as Sully Prudhomme gives to his hero, Faustus, in the very unequal poem of *Le Bonheur*. Though one may admit, in deference to Mr. Dowden, that Leconte de Lisle here and there (as in *Qain*, for example) seems to see dimly, "for the race of men . . . a far-off life towards which it advances," there is nothing in this that is fundamentally irreconcilable with the assertion that, in the main, despair is his philosophical note. It seems juster to take such exceptional passages as momentary concessions to the sentiment of mysticism, born of faint desire and hope, which never quite dies out in the hardest doubter, especially if he

be a poet. For one such expression, a score — complete poems, indeed — are to be found in the strain of these stanzas from *La Dernière Vision* : —

"Et d'heure en heure aussi, vous vous engloutirez,
O tourbillonnements d'étoiles éperdues,
Dans l'incommensurable effroi des étendues,
Dans les gouffres muets et noirs des cieux sacrés !

"Et ce sera la Nuit aveugle, la grande Ombre,
Informe, dans son vide et sa stérilité,
L'abîme pacifique où gît la vanité
De ce qui fut le temps et l'espace et le nombre."

A word or two must finally be added concerning the more strictly literary qualities of the poet, whose thought has hitherto been mainly discussed in this paper. His learning and scholarship must be apparent enough already. No one has ever ventured a whisper against their thoroughness, as has been more than once the case with the "phenomenal erudition" of Hugo. Indeed, the display of mere book-learning in the first division of *L'Ane*, for instance, is appalling to any one who does not stop to ask himself the question, how could one small head carry all that this man knew? Hugo once privately admitted to Leconte de Lisle that in mature life he never read; his time was too fully occupied with writing. The latter, on the contrary, like Milton, with whom he has, by the bye, several points of affinity, was a prodigious reader, with that rarest of gifts, an orderly mind; the honor of being the most learned of the French poets of our time he divides with his distinguished contemporary, M. Sully Prudhomme. The exactness of scholarship which seems to tinge the *Poèmes Antiques* with affectation finds its right place in admirable translations of *Æschylus* and *Lucretius*, among the very first of their kind. It would require a separate study to do anything like justice to the Miltonic stateliness of diction, the fidelity and vigor in natural descrip-

tion, and the finished metrical beauty of the poems of Leconte de Lisle. I will not attempt to guess what share of those qualities he owed to the laboriousness for which all great French artists are remarkable, what share to natural genius. Not every country possesses poets who undertake the translation of *De Rerum Naturâ pour se former la main*, or, like Gautier, read daily a page of the dictionary, in order to learn the resources of the language in which they write. This poet not only respected, but reasserted the traditions of the high caste to which he felt himself to belong. In its eyes it was a caste, and the first duty of its members was to fulfill the task imposed on them by its exclusive mistress.

"Fuis toujours l'œil impur, et la main du profane
Lumière de l'âme, ô Beauté !"

Hence the restrictions he laid on his own verse, which preserves a purity of form much despised by the *Décadents*. At the same time he freely admitted the best metrical changes introduced under the Romantic movement. Most of his poems being short, the charge of monotony falls to the ground, for no one feels constrained to read them all at one sitting. When taken in the right spirit, from time to time, they impress a serious reader with their solemn and sustained splendor.

Leconte de Lisle never was, and cannot become a popular poet, in the usual sense of the term. His aspirations are too high, his method is too perfect, to find favor in the daily market-place of literature. They who believe that poetry is not a matter of momentary sentiment, still less a dilettante or finicking pursuit, but a serious art, will continue to revere the memory of one who, after working his solitary way through suffering to sublime peace, lived constantly in the serene radiance of his ideals, and left his thoughts in some of the noblest poems of our time.

Paul T. Lafleur.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

In his memorable study of American civilization Mr. Bryce called especial attention to the ardor and industry of our college instructors, and ventured to affirm that, "of all the institutions of the country, the colleges are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future. They are supplying exactly those things which European critics have hitherto found lacking in America, and they are contributing to her political as well as to her contemplative life elements of inestimable worth." To one who overlooks the whole field the facts are indeed impressive and significant. The zeal for learning on the part of the people, the enthusiasm for research on the part of the scholars, remind one of the brilliant days of the Italian renaissance. Our colleges are increasing in size with astonishing rapidity, and, though they constantly plead poverty, some of them have princely endowments. New institutions appear in the twinkling of an eye; universities spring forth fully equipped; boys of the humblest origin and the slightest means struggle for an education and gain it; grown men devote to the abstract loyalties of the intellect the time, the strength, and the ambition which one would not expect to find given over, in a country where money-making is supposed to be the chief object, to anything but the pursuit of wealth. Not only is the American classical college increasing in strength, but its young rival is growing apace, — that curious mongrel creation of ours, the collegiate scientific school, an institution by which raw boys are supposed to obtain a technical education directly, without the time-wasting diversions of a college training. That such schools should arise in America is not to be wondered at. The natural trend of the national genius is in

that direction. We are eager to prepare for that life of action which competition and environment force early on most of us, anxious to learn clever and successful ways of handling tangible objects, and impatient of all that delays professional advancement and worldly progress. So strong is the popular tendency towards a rapid "scientific" education, so noble appears the ideal thus evoked, that, with a really large endowment, it would not be hard to build up among us an institution that would surpass in numbers, and perhaps eventually in influence, our largest and strongest colleges. Unless severe measures are taken to preserve the dignity of some of the technical professions, indeed, we may soon see them largely filled with men narrowly and slightly trained for their work. Irrespective, however, of the real value of our recent movement toward popular scientific education, it is evident that, under present conditions, a so-called higher course of study is practically open to all able-bodied and able-minded youth. An American who cannot, if he chooses, go through a college or a scientific school is either lazy or weak, for any bright boy, unless he has others dependent upon him, can undoubtedly earn money enough for his three or four years of study without extraordinary loss of time or opportunity. Nor are interest and ambition confined to the young student. It is astonishing to notice the increasing ardor with which the great body of teachers discuss theories and principles of education. Indeed, there lies our safety from the dangers to which almost absolute freedom in such matters lays us open. Every college and almost every school can give the amount and kind of instruction which it chooses. But colleges and schools are voluntarily cooperating; school-teachers and school superintendents flock to conventions and

conferences; chairs of pedagogy are established, educational magazines are founded, and the younger generation is being experimented on by its instructors in a fashion that ought eventually to lead to sound current ideas in regard to the principles and practice of the art of teaching.

Meanwhile, the reputation of our colleges at home and abroad is steadily growing. Harvard, for instance, has just been honored by having a book written about her by an accomplished and distinguished Englishman who recently spent a few weeks in Cambridge.¹ Such a publication is significant. The parent element in all our older systems of college education was the English university ideal of culture. It was for that the impressionable Yankee boy yearned, thrilling as he read of Matthew Arnold's Oxford, "steeped in sentiment," "spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages," "calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side." With us college has never been widely conceived of as a resort merely of learning. Education taught how to live, aroused the sluggish taste, tempered the rough character, revealed new and keen enjoyments, forced men to know men, built up a lasting interest in things of the spirit and the intellect, encouraged fine ideals, and laid the foundation of abiding friendships. To be a Harvard man or a Yale man was something more than to have mastered certain arts and sciences: in the one case, it was to have attained a flexible, intelligent, and gracious culture; in the other, to have learned how to live with dignity and success under fierce competition and rigorous training among a host of one's peers. Dr. Hill's

book will encourage the old tradition. The Oxonian has scarcely grasped the wider significance of what he heard and saw in Cambridge on the Charles; at least he has made no attempt to distinguish the elements that Harvard has contributed to American civilization, or to measure the progress of our oldest and largest college toward its double goal of wisdom and culture. But he has done us the new honor of writing about Harvard as he would have written of the university at Prague, at Bologna, or at Oxford, as an interesting institution around which for centuries historic associations have gathered fast, and will still gather. The old Harvard was a power in Massachusetts, in New England, and finally in the United States. We can see now, and rejoice in seeing, that she, and others like her, may be a power in the whole world of scholarship and culture, — a monument of the past, a record of the present, a foundation stone of the future.

But another ideal has been for a generation troubling the minds of American students. It is not enough that we should strive for English culture; we must attain, after the German fashion, supremacy in learning. "To develop youth into men of independence, of independence in thought and purpose, and fully conscious of their own responsibility," — that, according to Professor Paulsen, is the real purpose of the German university. This, perhaps, might be recognized as the aim of higher education in any country, if we were to interpret the words loosely, but the German ideal of university instruction does not apparently allow a great principle to be loosely interpreted. From the beginning to the end of Professor Paulsen's admirable historical and theoretical account of higher education in Germany,² for

¹ *Harvard College by an Oxonian.* By GEORGE BIEKBECK HILL, D. C. L., Honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

² *The German Universities. Their Character*

and Historical Development. By FRIEDRICH PAULSEN. Authorized Translation by EDWARD DELAVAN PERRY. With an Introduction by NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

instance, we are kept face to face with the ideal that the young man, on completing his university course, should have not only the equipment of a sound general education, but that of a sound special training in a certain field of knowledge. He must, furthermore, not only have mastered the known facts of that field, but have shown himself capable of advancing one step beyond his predecessors, and adding new facts to the mass of knowledge previously existing in his department. Once admitted to the university, the youth may study what he pleases, — *Lernfreiheit*; once authorized as an instructor, a man may teach what dogmas or doctrines he pleases, — *Lehrfreiheit*; but teacher and pupil have alike the same aim in view, — not personal culture or the spreading abroad of culture through the acquisition of learning, but the extending of the bounds of human knowledge. It needs only a glance at the facts of the last twenty years to appreciate how strong has been our ambition to walk in the German path. It is with such aims that universities have been founded at Chicago and at Worcester, and that Harvard and Columbia, to mention only prominent examples, have been reconstructed. Learning for learning's sake is the university motto of the hour.

Judging by appearances alone, we have been making extraordinary headway. Judging, on the other hand, by Professor Butler's calm and shrewd estimate of the situation, much of our progress has been imaginary. If from the thousands of students which the university catalogues proudly chronicle we subtract, first, the members of the college pure and simple; second, the men or boys learning how to get a livelihood by the various money-making professions, we shall not in any case have more than a few hundreds — or perhaps scores — of men who are supposed to be giving up their time to the acquisition of abstract knowledge and to the furtherance of research. We shall get a clearer idea of the elements of which

our university work really consists if we analyze the residuum still further. Subtract, third, those members of the schools of philosophy (which Professor Butler rightly calls the core of the university) who are merely prolonging slightly their college course of culture-giving studies in candidacy for an A. M.; subtract, fourth, those who are living near by, and take a course or two during a year or two for reasons rather of propinquity than of passion; subtract, fifth, students who are attracted by fellowships and scholarships, — the old device of the theological seminaries for filling their thinned ranks; subtract, sixth, the men who did not get a fellowship this year, but are keeping themselves *en évidence* for the next competition: how many institutions in the land are there in which the remainder is worth seriously considering? The plain truth of the matter is that our colleges are still colleges, and none too good ones at that, with numerous and prominent technological attachments. But it is easy to see why we are so anxious to call ourselves universities. First, we were submerged by a great wave of influence from Germany. Young men and maidens flocked thither, and returned, after a becoming interval, with wise faces, and generally with an impression that they had previously not sufficiently appreciated the value of home products. The elect, a few rare spirits, came back transformed, after years of absence, into such scholars as the Continent knows how to breed, — keen investigators, sturdy thinkers, men really wise, but prone to think that the multitude of Americans must be fed only with German loaves and fishes. Then began the second period of foreign influence, under which we are now trying to work, — that of adopted systems and remodeled institutions. We are informed that our colleges are in reality merely gymnasia, and boys are taught that glory begins only with a Ph. D. and the right to wrap one's self in a parti-colored academic gown. Through the tangles

of native growth and imitative acquisition it is sometimes hard to see the light ahead, but it will be strange if our period of foreign subjugation continues long unbroken. We are slowly coming to see that real character and actual attainment cannot always be expressed in terms of degrees. There is no need, after all, of such elaborate systems of nomenclature for the slight amount of higher work we are doing. The college is the institution native to us, and most valuable to us. The better we make it, the more we keep our professional schools decently in the background, the better we shall be serving our country and our times. What research-work we do can be properly called by shorter names, done with less blowing of trumpets, and less extensively advertised.

Dr. Hill looks with interest and approbation on one of our colleges. Professor Paulsen scarcely gives them all a chance reference. Our opinion of our own institutions, however, is not dependent upon adventitious praise or blame, but on experience and judgment. American ideas in regard to American colleges are singularly divergent, depending largely upon the class of the community to which the critic belongs. The business man sometimes asserts that college graduates are spoiled for life, so far as the actual conduct of affairs goes, sometimes admits in them a certain superiority of training. Almost always, on the whole, he regards their youthful folly or their comradeship of later years with something like envy, and regrets in his heart that he could not have ordered otherwise his life. The artists and their kin grudge the colleges their prominence, and insist that such education is likely to warp the taste and spoil the senses: how could it be otherwise, they ask, when art is taught either as history or as dogma? Of those actually within the college borders, the undergraduate is perhaps too closely bound

by the ideals imposed upon him by tradition or instruction to express an unbiased judgment. When, nevertheless, he speaks his mind out frankly, it is oftenest the mind of a young barbarian at play, as possibly it should be. He studies with more docility, on the whole, than he gets credit for; he is good humored and usually well bred, but, as a rule, much excited over matters not of the spirit, and honestly convinced that an instructor who conditions a "man" on the crew should be instantly called before a committee of investigation. The college teacher — let us do him the honor of taking him at his best — is a harmless, hard-working, scantily paid person, a little afraid of being unpopular with his students, and not fond of imagining himself unapproved of by those higher than himself in power or influence; too busy for more than dreaming of original research; giving freely to his pupils of his best time and strength, and squandering the residue in endless committees and consultations. He is grieved when his classes are inattentive; honestly proud at some rare word of praise or appreciation; glad, domestic and conservative creature that he is, when lecture-making and lecture-giving are over for the day, of a quiet hour with his wife and babies.

To all college men, however, old or young, the college tradition is more or less sacred, the college ideal one that compels loyalty. Something of this simple faith and affection is evident in a little collection of essays on Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, to which the publishers have given the somewhat grandiose title of *Four American Universities*.¹ For though the authors lay some stress on university apparatus, all of them have instinctively shown that it is of the colleges proper that they speak most willingly. Each essay has its characteristic manner: Harvard is

¹ *Four American Universities*. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, ARTHUR T. HADLEY, WILLIAM M.

SLOANE, and BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

politely oblivious of any institution save "the oldest and chief seat of learning" in America; Yale, like a younger sister at her elder's wedding, explains with somewhat unnecessary elaboration why she is what she is; Princeton is proud of her ancestry and her isolation; Columbia exhibits her fresh and beautiful organization. And each college has its chosen ideal, sacred by tradition: to Harvard belongs manifold scholarship and cosmopolitan culture; to Yale, well-earned success over all competitors in physical, social, and commercial honors, — an ideal so powerful, so human, so democratic, so American, that even the alien heart warms with it; to Princeton, the strength and self-control of men rigorously trained in seclusion, and strong for the battle of life; to Columbia, brilliant facility and tact, the art of planning, organizing, and administering all things, be they spiritual or temporal, scientific or literary, political or commercial. Each ideal is a force scarcely to be estimated, and only to be expressed, if at all, in terms of the enthusiastic devotion of large bodies of graduates, — men who, not bewildered professors or immature students, see what part in their training their college work and life have had, and value

it accordingly. The German universities feed the learned professions and lead the van of research. Inseparable from our colleges, on the contrary, is the glory of a closer connection with the manifold and active life of the country to which they belong, and of which they are the loyal servants. Famous schools of higher learning we shall doubtless have in the end, places of pilgrimage for the searcher after minute and remote truth. We should rather, however, now hold fast to that which we have than rashly stretch out hands for that for which we are not yet ripe. In what we have there is still a wide field for ambition; for our colleges, freshly conscious of their task and its dignity, are in many ways sorely tempted to forsake the paths that made them famous. They yearn, like shopkeepers, for a large patronage; they advertise themselves incessantly, and with little modesty or discrimination; they accept gladly bureaucratic methods of government and instruction, forgetting the older and nobler ideals, which cared little, perhaps, for the "higher" learning, but much for the dignity of the institution, the power of the teacher, and the quiet growth of the student in individuality, in culture, and in real knowledge.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The Macmillans have begun the issue of a series of what may be called forgotten English novels, — books which have a historic interest and some intrinsic value, but have not been kept steadily before the eye of the public. The series opens with Maria Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*. Mrs. Ritchie furnishes an acceptable introduction which is a *résumé* of Miss Edgeworth's career, and there are twoscore illustrations printed with the text, — illustrations in which the interest depends mainly on the composition, since delicacy of detail is forbidden by the

conditions of paper and printing. The effect, however, is often very good, even in the matter of expression, and there is a freedom from over-refinement which is most agreeable. — Another number in the same series is Captain Marryat's *Japhet in Search of a Father*, with an Introduction by David Hannay, and illustrations scarcely so good as those in the earlier volume. — McClurg & Co. (Chicago) have added to their *Laurel Crowned Tales* a translation of Paul and Virginia, with introduction, by Melville B. Anderson. Mr. Anderson adds distinctly to the interest of the book by his biograph-

ical and critical introduction. — Macmillan & Co. continue their issue of Dickens by the publication of *Little Dorrit*, with a preface by Charles Dickens's son of the same name: The publication in a single book, on thin paper, forbids a very satisfactory reproduction of the illustrations; otherwise the volume is an attractive one. — Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London, have begun the issue of an edition of De Foe's *Romances and Narratives* in sixteen volumes, of which three have reached us through Macmillan & Co., New York. These three comprise the whole of *Robinson Crusoe*, including the *Serious Reflections* and *A Vision of the Angelic World*. Mr. George A. Aitken, so well known by his life of Steele, edits the series, and furnishes an introduction which really introduces, providing also special introductions to the separate pieces. Mr. J. B. Yeats's etched illustrations add but little to the distinction of the edition, but the paper, print, and binding are so good that one asks nothing further in the way of book-making. — *Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840-1845*, by John Ruskin. (George Allen, London; Macmillan, New York.) The Ruskin of the early forties talking unconstrainedly on paper to an intimate friend is the very Ruskin of later and ostensibly more formal occasions. His enthusiasm for Turner, for example, was never more vigorously expressed: "He is the epitome of all art, the concentration of all power; there is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for that he cannot do better than the most celebrated." And again, see another bending of the twig: "I have not answered your conversation about the Church, because I sympathize completely in all you say, and I don't see the use of answering unless you have to contradict something or somebody. What a stupid thing conversation would be without contradiction!" These are but two instances of the characteristic flavor of the letters, which must appeal to all the worshippers at Ruskin's shrine. — *The Book-Bills of Narcissus, an Account Rendered*, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Putnam's.) This third edition of a book which, upon accepted principles, could not have been thought likely to prove popular, is enlarged by a chapter relating one of the schoolgirl love-passages in the career of Narcissus. It cannot contribute so much

to one's liking for the whole as a few of the original chapters, notably *The Children of Apollo*, a delightful analysis of the poetic temper, and *That Thirteenth Maid*, which shows Narcissus himself not so thoroughly a child of impulse as to fail of being a man. What is said in the last chapter of all about "the new journalism" might be amusingly connected with current remarks about Mr. Le Gallienne and "the new log-rolling;" yet would the book remain an uncommon-place and pleasurable work. — In *Bohn's Novelist's Library* (George Bell & Sons, London; Macmillan, New York), Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* in two volumes and *Roderick Random* in one are reprinted with Cruikshank's illustrations. It takes a pretty strong stomach to stand some of Smollett, but one brings away certain stout English characters, like *Commodore Trunnion*, for example, which are not willingly forgotten. — The pretty little series of *The Lyric Poets* (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) is further enriched by a selection of the lyric poems of Robert Burns, edited, with an introduction, by Ernest Rhys. The introduction, which quotes liberally from Burns's own account of himself, is pitched in a good key, and will please a lover of Burns. The brief notes accompanying the poems are to the point, and a glossary adds to the convenience of this choice book. — *Gulliver's Travels*, with a Preface by Henry Craik, and one hundred illustrations by Charles E. Brock. (Macmillan.) A very dainty little edition, in which the artist has struggled successfully with the problem of how to make little and big help each other in proportion. — *The Amateur Emigrant*, from the Clyde to Sandy Hook, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) This well-tempered volume, coming almost as a post-humous work, gives one an admirable notion of Stevenson at his quietest. It is a delightful piece of English, and, with its skillful touches in portraiture and clever use of what to most would have been ordinary material, it shows the hand of a master who could play on his instrument, when his theme was a simple variation of a familiar air, in such a way as to deepen the significance of the familiar.

Fiction. *The People of the Mist*, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.) A "record of barefaced and flagrant adventure," the

author calls his tale, which follows the fortunes of a young Englishman who has lost, by his father's misdeeds, ancestral home and worldly goods, and goes to Africa in quest of gold. How he, with the aid of a native dwarf and an old woman, rescues a beautiful girl from the clutches of the Yellow Devil, a notorious slave-trader, destroying the ruffian's "nest" and slaying his fellow-demons, is told with abundant vividness and force. To paint in too strong colors the horrors of slave-driving is beyond even Mr. Haggard's power. But these stirring scenes are only the mild prelude to the journey in quest of the wondrous rubies and sapphires to be found in the city of the People of the Mist, and the so to speak breathless narrative of the strange and fearful haps and mishaps which befell the hero and his friends there. It can be confidently stated that no falling-off is discernible in the writer's power of invention or skill as a *raconteur*. — *Marsena, and Other Stories of the Wartime*, by Harold Frederic. (Scribners.) Mr. Frederic's "specialty," aside from newspaper correspondence, seems to have become the writing of stories of the war, especially with relation to the men and women who stayed at home. His scene, in this book as in others, is laid in the Lempière region of New York State, and a vivid memory of persons and sentiments that impressed his boyish mind gives a strong flavor of reality to what he writes. The resources of humor and pathos, moreover, are not beyond his reach. The exception to his rule of keeping the characters at home is found in the last portion of *Marsena*, the principal story of the book; and there is a true element of the tragic, even if the situation is a trifle forced, in the picture of the foolish woman who has sent two brave admirers to the front, ignoring them both, in her capacity of sanitary nurse in a field hospital, that she may pay fatuous attentions to a picturesque officer far less seriously wounded than either of her former lovers. — *Men Born Equal*, by Harry Perry Robinson. (Harpers.) A showy piece of work with superficial excellences. The author has taken advantage of the attention drawn to strikes, especially as connected with politics, and has aimed to draw the character of a young enthusiast who represents the better element of the Democratic party, and makes great speeches in a fusion

with the Populists. His course, misinterpreted, estranges for a time the affections of the heroine, whose father is a capitalist, and president of steel works and an electric-car company. A strike leads to violence; troops are called out; the hero, seeing how the baser elements of his party have been in collusion with the strikers, loses faith in it and swings off. Mr. Robinson has tried to do two things: tell a story, and show the folly of much of what is called the labor movement. Unfortunately, he fails to penetrate the difficult situation, and gives his treatment a partisan air. He does not convince, and makes the reader impatient at his inadequate handling of the subject; his story, meanwhile, is a transparent one, with conventionally conceived characters. — Books in paper covers: *A Traveller from Altruria*, by W. D. Howells (Harpers); *Martin Hewitt, Investigator*, by Arthur Morrison (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago); *Uncle Sam's Cabins, a Story of American Life Looking Forward a Century*, by Benjamin Rush Davenport (Masco Publishing Co., New York); *Some Every-Day Folks*, by Eden Phillpotts (Harpers); *A Woman of Impulse*, by Justin Huntly McCarthy (Putnams).

Books for the Young. *Tales of the Punjab Told by the People*, by Flora Annie Steel. With Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., and Notes by R. C. Temple. (Macmillan.) These folk-tales have been collected by Mrs. Steel with infinite patience and care after many recitals of the same from various village story-tellers, the hearer meantime rejecting feeble, imperfect, or ill-remembered versions, and comparing and piecing together till she has obtained a coherent whole. Her object has been to secure "a good story in what appears to be its best form; but the tales have not been doctored in any way, not even in the language." Of course variants of some old friends are to be found here, but in their present shape they are distinctly of India in tone and atmosphere. As a collection of fairy-tales the volume should please the most exacting little critic, while Major Temple's admirable notes and appendices make it valuable to the folk-lorist. — *To Greenland and the Pole, a Story of Adventure in the Arctic Regions*, by Gordon Stables, M. D., R. N. (Scribners.) It is pleasant to meet with a story of adventure

for boys that can be so heartily commended as this. Though there is no lack of exciting incidents, they are never of so improbable a sort as to verge on the impossible; and indeed many of the Arctic experiences are drawn from the author's own journals. The youthful heroes do not imperil their own lives, and others as well, by willfulness or insubordination, as is too much the habit of their contemporaries in similar American fiction, and the tone of the book throughout is wholesome and manly. It is a volume of generous dimensions, the scene shifting from Scotland and Norway to Greenland, and finally to the North Pole, — Nansen, "the bravest of Arctic explorers," to whom the tale is dedicated, being the prototype of the Captain Reynolds of the story. — *Sea Yarns for Boys Spun by an Old Salt*, by W. J. Henderson. (Harpers.) Yarns of the old-fashioned order, which do credit to the inventive power and lively imagination of their narrator. They are amusing after their kind, and not without cleverness. — *The Spanish Pioneers*, by Charles F. Lummis. (McClurg.) A lively, sometimes dogmatic narrative, in which Mr. Lummis tries to repair some damages inflicted on the Spanish character, and to set right our general conception as to the persons on both sides most concerned in the Spanish conquest of America. — *The Story of Babette, a Little Creole Girl*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Harpers.) A juvenile romance, as stories of youthful life in New Orleans generally prove to be. The little heroine is a stolen child, who, however, soon falls into the hands of kind protectors, and at the age of eighteen is restored to her own people. It is, on the whole, a pleasantly written and interesting tale, and though it ends with a wedding, the preliminary love-making is wisely omitted. It should be said, too, that broken English and dialect are used with commendable moderation.

Gossip and Curiosities. Chapters from *Some Unwritten Memoirs*, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Harpers.) From the time when the young daughter of a great novelist wrote *The Story of Elizabeth* and retold the old fairy-tales in modern fashion, her faithful readers have never missed from her work a peculiar charm which is nowhere more pervasive than in these delightful reminiscences. We find the graceful, lei-

surely style, sympathetic feeling, kindness of tone, and gentle humor, which we know, on every page of the recollections of her childhood and early girlhood, here set down by the author. The story is divided between Paris — the Paris of Louis Philippe and the second Republic — and London, with sketches of travel interspersed, giving everywhere most agreeable glimpses of personages often very distinguished, occasionally quite undistinguished, — the latter sometimes as admirable bits of portraiture as are to be found in the book. Personally, Thackeray has never been more pleasantly presented to the reading public than as the generous friend and ever-indulgent father of these records, — over-indulgent, the austere Miss Brontë apparently found him. The description of an evening reception where this lady, as the guest of honor, by her shyness froze into silence the clever company assembled; the account of the household life in Young Street, of Weimar revisited, of the first delivery of the opening lecture on the English Humorists, — these passages, and others like them, will also serve as fragments of a memoir which is, to our loss, to remain unwritten. — *Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers*, by Joseph A. Willard. (Houghton.) The autobiographic sketch with which Mr. Willard introduces his volume is a piece of racy writing which will give the reader a pleasurable anticipation of the reminiscences which follow. The official relation which Mr. Willard holds does not seem to have impaired his independence in the least, and it is refreshing to observe the frankness with which he deals with public characters. Any one who knows the authoritative nature of Mr. Willard's notebook will not question the accuracy of his memory. So abundant a collection of anecdotes may be expected to be uneven, but the judicious reader will do himself a service by taking the book as a dessert, and not as a full meal. Nuts and raisins are first rate, but they do not constitute a dinner. A minute index adds to the value of the collection. — *In Old New York*, by Thomas A. Janvier. (Harpers.) Even to one not remembering the first appearance of the papers that are comprised in this book, they would proclaim themselves unmistakably as magazine articles. They are written with the special design of interesting New York readers, and are provided with the aid

of illustrations which as truly serve the same end. This is not to say that the articles, in the book, are incapable of interesting others than metropolitans. On the contrary, any one who knows New York at all must appreciate the charm of studies such as Mr. Janvier has made. As scratching the skin of a Russian shows what he is within, so these articles have a close enough relation to the New York of to-day to make more vivid the impressions of all the stages through which the city's municipal and social growth has passed. — *Wimples and Crisping Pins, Being Studies in the Coiffure and Ornaments of Women*, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) A handsomely bound and printed volume, liberally supplied with illustrations, mostly from the works of famous sculptors and painters, indicating some of the fashions of hair-dressing which prevailed from the days of ancient Egypt to the France of 1830. It is a rather desultory history, and the wimple is but slightly represented in comparison with the work of the crisping pin, which is curious, considering the long spaces of time when caps or head-dresses, graceful, fantastic, or grotesque, nearly concealed the hair of most women. Although the letterpress is plainly written for the pictures, the author shows considerable enthusiasm for his subject, believing that "coiffure is an art, — the chiefest of the decorative arts, inasmuch as its function is to adorn the most perfect of nature's works, the beauty of woman." It may be so; but even in the not very comprehensive and usually favorable examples given here, the art in its most elaborate forms occasionally does its best to disfigure rather than adorn this beauty. — *Early London Theatres [In the Fields]*, by T. Fairman Ordish, F. S. A. The Camden Library. (Macmillan, New York; Elliot Stock, London.) An admirably arranged and also exceedingly readable summary of what is known (often very indefinitely and imperfectly) of the foundation and history of the first London playhouses. Priority belongs to The Theatre, built in the Fields north of the city in 1576, and followed closely, both in time and in situation, by The Curtain, while rival houses soon appeared on the Surrey side, probably one at Newington Butts, destined to be the scene of those successes of the young Shakespeare that roused the ire of Greene, The Rose, with which the poet

had a brief connection, and others of less fame. A fresh and interesting contribution to dramatic history given in this book is the account of the constant warfare waged against the players by the London Corporation. Few of its readers, we imagine, will have realized how intense was the Puritan feeling among the citizens, even in the time of Elizabeth. The Queen and her Privy Council were on the side of the playhouses, but the victory by no means always rested with them. Though this is a theatrical, and not a literary history, it throws much light on the conditions under which were produced the plays of the great age of the English Drama, a subject none too well understood by the general reader. The story of the Globe and of the Blackfriars Theatre is reserved for another volume. — *Colonial Days and Dames*, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With Illustrations by E. S. Holloway. (Lippincott.) Miss Wharton follows her pretty book *Through Colonial Doorways* with another, in which she takes a somewhat wider range from New England to the Southern colonies, though, naturally, she is most at home in Pennsylvania. The book does not profess to draw from unpublished sources, and is the rather light gleanings of an explorer who is looking chiefly for the footprints of women in our history. — *Side Glances from the Colonial Meeting-House*, by William Root Bliss. (Houghton.) Mr. Bliss has a somewhat similar air of gleanings, but his book is more distinctly a contribution to our historical knowledge; for he has the instinct which takes him to the less familiar sources, and the sense of proportion which enables him to bring together the parts of his general subject duly. The study of this side of the New England character is intelligent, and often entertaining. — *Roman Gossip*, by Frances Elliot. (Murray, London.) Mrs. Minto Elliot's recollections run back to the middle of the century, but apparently she does not rely on the advantages which her social position gave her to draw much at first hand. There is little, it is to be said, of her own reminiscences, but a potpourri of anecdote and narrative about such characters as the two Popes, Antonelli, Rossini, Garibaldi, Torlonia, the Buonapartes, as with true English obstinacy she calls them, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and others. There is not much *esprit* in the book, but much of good-

natured comment, which sounds better in conversation than in literature.

History and Biography. The fourth and final volume of the new illustrated edition of J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People* (Harpers) covers the period from 1679 to 1815, with an epilogue summarizing the later part of the century. The scheme of the edition by which illustrations are drawn from actual objects, portraits, and the like is consistently carried out, though we question whether the general reader will greatly care for the large number of medals, and think he would gladly have seen other facsimiles, such as a page of *The Spectator* or the handwriting of Wellington. The illustrations, especially the portraits, serve in many instances to supplement the text: thus there are portraits of Pope and Addison, when their names do not appear in the text, if we may trust a cursory examination and the index, though the index is too meagre for a book of such extent. — *The Crusades, the Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*, by T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. *The Story of the Nations Series.* (Putnams.) Not often does a history told in outline present so many excellent qualities as are to be found in this work. Despite the necessarily severe condensation, the story is neither bald nor colorless; for the authors, having a thorough mastery of their subject, do not fail to distinguish between events of greater and less importance, so that the narrative, comprehensive as it is, never degenerates into a mere enumeration of facts, but is continuously interesting. From history and romance the general story of the Crusades is tolerably familiar, but that forms only a portion of this work, which also gives due consideration to the causes and effects of those great movements, subjects imperfectly understood even by well-informed readers, while its clear summary of the annals of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem will prove especially enlightening. The illustrations are numerous, and so very well selected that the descriptive list of them prefixed to the volume is welcome. — *Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic*, by J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M. A. *Heroes of the Nations Series.* (Putnams.) It is a subject for congratulation that the *Life of Cicero*, in a popular series, should have fallen into such peculiarly competent hands. The book is as readable as it is scholarly, and,

the latter fact being self-evident, the writer has wisely economized the space at his disposal by refraining from controversy, and rarely straying from narration to criticism. Not that he leaves us in any uncertainty as to his feeling regarding Cæsarism, or his sympathy with the last struggles of the defenders of the republic. The materials for the biography are, of course, largely drawn from Cicero's own writings, especially from that confidential correspondence which has made him the most intimately known of all the ancients, and, while it has unveiled his weaknesses to his detractors, has raised for him friends and lovers in every succeeding generation. The illustrations do not add greatly to the value of the work, and are not always particularly relevant. — *The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala, Written by Himself.* In two volumes. (Scribners.) Mr. Sala has been entertaining the public so long with his comment on contemporaneous affairs, with the *sauce piquante* of his own personality, that it is at first a little difficult to see how he can make out two stout octavos afresh; but the matter is explained when one notes that the point of view is shifted. It is now Mr. Sala who is the principal, and events and other personages the incidental. There is much that is amusing in this narrative, much more that is trivial, but the whole is not a bad portrait by himself of the modern personal journalist. A great many other persons besides Mr. Sala are mentioned in the work, and a few are hit off with something like characterization, but no portrait is drawn with so many touches as his own. — *Josiah Wedgwood, F. R. S., his Personal History*, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) Mr. Smiles had in Wedgwood a most sympathetic subject. Here was an Englishman who struggled against all sorts of odds, held bravely to his purpose, and achieved most significant success. Moreover, he was connected with a group of interesting people, and beauty was made useful in his art. Then we have the narrative told in a succession of short sentences which march in an orderly, cheerful manner to the end of the book. — *The Buccaneers of America. A True Account of the most Remarkable Assaults committed of late Years upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers of Jamaica and Tortuga* (both English and French), wherein are contained more

especially the Unparalleled Exploits of Sir Henry Morgan, our English Jamaican Hero, who sacked Porto Bello, burnt Panama, etc. By John Esquemeling, one of the Buccaneers who was Present at those Tragedies. (Imported by Scribners.) The original narrative in Dutch was rendered into English in 1684, and is here reprinted, with an introduction by Henry Powell, and accompanied by contemporary maps and engravings. We are not likely to miss the adventures of the West Indian piratical folk, and it would seem somewhat discouraging to modern story-tellers who affect this period to find the original narratives so racy as they are. — Newton Booth of California, his Speeches and Addresses. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Lauren E. Crane. (Putnams.) A singular compound of biography and writings and speeches: first a chapter of Mr. Booth's orations and addresses; then a chapter of his political life, especially as Governor of California and United States Senator; then a chapter of lectures; and finally a group of his contributions to magazines and newspapers. The career is one worth analyzing. — Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries, by Dr. M. Kayserling. Translated by Charles Gross. (Longmans.) — Mr. Fish and the Alabama Claims, a Chapter in Diplomatic History, by J. C. Baneroft Davis. (Houghton.)

Religion, Ethics, and Theology. As Others Saw Him. A Retrospect. A. D. 54. (Houghton.) A narrative, clearly conceived, supposed to be written by one of the ruling Jews, who had something of the spirit of Nicodemus, but who stopped short of Nicodemus's faith, and ruminated sadly afterward over the way things went. The writer, who conceals his name, is clearly a man of literary power, a sincere man also, and so far in sympathy with modern Judaism that he may be taken as honestly wishing to know how an ancient Jew with the disposition of a modern one might have looked on Jesus, when he was neither an arrogant and obstinate Pharisee, nor a disciple, nor an indifferent Sadducee. The result is a fresh contribution to a great subject. — Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena, by J. M. Buckley, LL. D. (Century Co.) The writer has less sympathy for the logic of Christian Science than for the other themes with which he

deals, such as Somnambulism and Presentiments. The history and philosophy of the various influences from the unseen world are, however, set forth in a manner bespeaking no superficial study of the subjects. — A more recent book which may be mentioned here is Annie Payson Call's *As a Matter of Course*. (Roberts.) Without using the terminology of any school of "healers," it calls upon men and women, especially when subject to nervous strains, to follow the paths of simplicity and nature, to do the things which should be done by normal persons "as a matter of course." There is much truth in the book, if not quite all the freshness of the writer's *Power Through Repose*. — *The Government of God in Relation to the Evolution of Man*, by William Woods Smyth. (Elliot Stock, London.) A new edition of a work published a dozen years ago, in which the author seeks to array what may be called the Bible as interpreted by an Evangelical against the prevalent doctrines of the evolutionists. — *The Johannine Theology, a Study of the Doctrinal Contents of the Gospel and Epistles of the Apostle John*, by George B. Stevens. (Scribners.) A companion volume to the author's treatise on the Pauline Theology, with which indeed he compares this briefly in a closing chapter. Professor Stevens represents an interesting order of theologians, a man well versed in the literature of the subject, yet using independently a method of his own, — a method which may be characterized as direct and free from subtlety, an honest, face-to-face view. — *Bible, Science, and Faith*, by J. A. Zahm. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) An interesting examination of the relation of science to faith, by a man of science who is also a devout adherent to the Roman Catholic faith. The book will have special interest from the free use which Dr. Zahm makes of patristic literature, a contribution not generally made by Protestant apologists. — *The Life and Teachings of Jesus, a Critical Analysis of the Sources of the Gospels, together with a Study of the Sayings of Jesus*, by Arthur Kenyon Rogers. (Putnams.) A book with an irritating tone of reasonableness about it, a calm assumption of individual judgment as to what is real and what legendary in the Biblical narrative; yet the writer succeeds often in making suggestions of value. —

The Gospel of Paul, by Charles Carroll Everett. (Houghton.) Dr. Everett, with a frankness which is most agreeable, introduces himself to the reader as one who has found a new interpretation of Paul's doctrine of the atonement, and has found it, moreover, not in a logical conception into which the apostle's words fit, but in an induction from the words themselves. He makes an interesting point when he shows that the writings of Paul are not strictly systematic, since they were addressed to persons who already accepted the doctrine which he held; and thus Dr. Everett seeks to reconstruct the gospel of Paul by putting himself in the position of a hearer of it, and inquiring into Paul's historical relation to Judaism and to Christianity. — The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life, by George A. Gordon. (Houghton.) A study of the doctrine of immortality as discoverable in Hebrew writings, the poetry and philosophy of the world, the argument of Paul, and the life and doctrine of the Christ. The plan is fresh, the cumulative argument is well managed, the writer has earnestness and a somewhat prolix eloquence. The treatment is so varied that the force of the presentation is greatly increased, since one looks at the

subject now in this light, now in that. — The Monism of Man, or The Unity of the Divine and Human, by David Allyn Gordon. (Putnams.) — The sixth volume of A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church contains the Letters and Select Works of St. Jerome, translated by Canon Fremantle, with the aid of the Rev. G. Lewis and the Rev. W. G. Martley. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.)

Sociology. Wealth against Commonwealth, by Henry Demarest Lloyd. (Harpers.) A spirited recital of what the author believes to be the story of the concentration of industrial power in the hands of a few men and corporations. He fortifies his narrative with many citations from government documents and authoritative statements. Perhaps the tone of a zealous special pleader which characterizes the volume from the start is necessary to arouse attention, but the reader who is desirous of studying carefully the great questions which cause the book will hardly be satisfied with so entirely *ex parte* a judgment. It is something to be thankful for that Mr. Lloyd, after telling this story of gigantic oppression, does not lose one whit his confidence in the final victory of the commonwealth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Modernity Hospital. In this heyday of charitable endeavor, it has always seemed to me strange that two classes of suffering mortals have been overlooked, the New Women and the Yellow Men. Their need of a "retreat" of some sort is beyond question. Why should we delay longer the establishment of a Modernity Hospital?

It is understood that measures have already been taken towards this end. Indeed, I may say, in the confidence of the Club, that they are well under way, and, in order that a full understanding of the enterprise may be spread, I am allowed to state a few of the proposed rules of the institution.

Applicants of each sex must be quite incapable of seeing any happiness in life.

For the New Women's Ward, each applicant must show herself a believer in sex

as a purely modern discovery. For the Yellow Men's Ward, a digestion ordered with special reference to dead-sea fruit — which shall be to it not as lead, but as gold, morning, noon, and night — must be an assured appurtenance of every patient.

Since alleviation rather than complete cure is the aim of the hospital, sufferers from both wards are encouraged to meet as often as possible. (It will probably appear at first that the women's contempt for the men, and the men's admiring distrust of the women, will render these meetings infrequent; but protestations of such feelings from the patients must be ignored. After a few weeks of treatment, it may be expected that afternoon tea for groups from both wards will become a necessary part of each sufferer's routine.)

With the same principle of alleviation in view, the New Women are urged to write as many papers on vexed questions, and the Yellow Men as many "minor poems," as they can. Aside from private readings, which are always encouraged for the prompt relief they have been known to give in many cases, a periodical public reading in the assembly room of the hospital shall take place. It cannot be said exactly how often this reading will occur, but it shall be the duty of the wardens to keep themselves informed as to the quantity of manuscript produced from day to day; and when it shall equal in amount the copy necessary for a monthly magazine, the public reading shall be held. With the hospital in good running order, it may be expected that this will happen about once a fortnight.

The world's notions of conventionality may be ignored so far as the municipal authorities will permit. New Women with a special tendency towards a "common standard" shall suffer no restrictions in the use of tobacco, even if, beginning with cigarettes, the patient becomes addicted in the end to cigars and pipes. Yellow Men with the same desire for equality shall be allowed as much knitting and fancy-work as their strength will permit.

These are but a few of the regulations, but perhaps they are enough to show how thoroughly in sympathy with the methods of contemporary science the founders of the institution are. Is it too much to hope that the public, once informed of the purpose of the Modernity Hospital, will come generously forward to its support? Any person desiring to endow a bed, either for New Women or for Yellow Men, may (or may not) receive further information by applying to the Steward of the Club for which I write.

A Negro Witch — It is quite impossible to determine whether the sleeping negro dreams the remarkable things which he sometimes, with great reluctance, relates, or whether his actual experiences are, by the assistance of an erratic memory, a vivid imagination, and a superstitious trend of thought, translated into fantasies and invested with supernatural accessories. There is reason to believe that the latter is the true solution, for it is certain that the negro regards his superstitions with profound respect and religious veneration.

The following story is simply a specimen of the tales which the negroes habitually relate to one another, and, at rare intervals, to a particularly favored white auditor. No liberties have been taken with it except those of transforming it into English which would be unintelligible to the original narrator, and perhaps of treating his experiences with a lightness which would certainly be repugnant to his tastes and horrifying to his superstitious notions.

About four o'clock, one afternoon, Levin Williams, the hero of this series of adventures, concluded to visit a friend who lived at the distance of ten miles, and, in default of means of more rapid progression, he walked. During the first mile of the journey he noticed the ominous fact that the trees by the roadside were full of jay birds. Only those intimately acquainted with the fancies of the negroes will recognize the full significance of this manifestation. These bewildered people firmly believe that the jay is a bird of evil omen and possessed of Satanic power. The tradition upon which this superstition is based is that, each Friday night, every jay bird in the world visits the beach of the ocean nine successive times, and on each journey brings away one grain of sand, which is carried directly to the abode of his Satanic Majesty. The birds have been doing this since the creation, and will continue in the performance of the task until the end of the world, which event will be determined by the disappearance of the last grain of sand. In return for this service the devil has conferred on the jay bird extraordinary privileges in the line of tormenting humanity, and has empowered witches, wizards, and ghosts to transform themselves into jay birds whenever necessary to further their malicious purposes. It will be understood, then, why the sight of these birds filled the traveler with dismay, and thronged his soul with forebodings of evil; but he bravely determined to pursue his journey in face of the threatening powers that were gathering to the attack.

About six miles from home, his road lying through the forest, Levin became conscious that he had lost his way, and for three or four hours he wandered about in the pine woods in a fruitless effort to regain the devious path. It was nearly midnight when he arrived at a cabin, the appearance of which was unfamiliar, though he

was intimately acquainted with the location of every hut and house in the whole countryside. Approaching the rickety door, he knocked, and a shrill voice bade him enter. Within he found two ancient and weakened black women crouching over a dying fire, and muttering to each other in a language he could not understand. He explained his bewilderment, and one of the old women pointed to a blanket in the corner of the cabin. Accepting this as an invitation to remain until morning, he lay down to repose. But something mysterious in the aspect or conduct of the women aroused his suspicions, and sleep refused to visit his eyelids; yet, with the cunning of his race, he pretended slumber, and his snores loudly testified to the depth of his unconsciousness. The crones continued to mumble their unintelligible jargon, and now and then a sharp eye was directed to the corner where our hero was simulating slumber. It being determined at last that he was really asleep, one of the old women arose, and, from a hiding-place beneath the low eaves, produced a small, round box, which she placed on the floor, between herself and her companion. Unrestrained by the waking presence of the intruder, they now, for the first time, addressed each other in words he could understand.

"Are you ready?" asked the one.

"I am," replied the other.

"Then rub!"

Each of the witches—for by this time their character was patent to the observer—dipped the first finger of each hand into the box, and began to rub, first the palms of her hands, then her elbows, and finally her shoulders; and during the process they muttered to themselves an incantation which sounded like, "Grow feathers! Grow wings! Grow feathers! Grow wings!"

Presently the first witch asked, "Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Then follow me."

Approaching the open fireplace, the first said, "Out I go." And out she went, directly up the chimney. A moment later, the second witch hobbled to the fireplace, and said, "I follow." And follow she did, to the excessive amazement and consternation of the solitary witness of these uncanny proceedings.

Springing from his couch, Levin ran to

the fireplace, but his entertainers had completely disappeared. Glancing at the floor, however, he noticed that they had forgotten the little box and left it behind, in their flight. Picking it up, he examined it with careful scrutiny, and saw that it was half full of a dark compound, which he afterward described as resembling axle grease. As he meditatively held it in his hand, he became unmindful of the warning of the jay birds, and allowed the characteristic curiosity of his race to overcome him. Dipping his fingers in the box, as he had seen the witches do, he rubbed the palms of his hands, his elbows, and his shoulders with the mysterious and potent contents; all the while, in imitation of the witches, repeating the words, "Grow feathers! Grow wings! Grow feathers! Grow wings!"

The incantation had not lost its virtue, for as he uttered it he became conscious that wings were really growing from his shoulders, though these pinions were invisible to the sense of sight. Frightened, but not daunted, he stepped to the fireplace, and said, "Out I go!"

The next moment he found himself soaring among the treetops that embowered the cabin, but, by the aid of his newly acquired wings, he descended and perched safely upon the chimney-top. When he had recovered his breath after this aerial excursion, he observed that the two witches were seated snugly upon the comb of the roof,—for all the world, as he expressed it, like two old turkey buzzards. Realizing his audacity, they grew terribly excited, and one of them repeated some words which he did not understand, but which made the cabin tremble in every beam and rafter. Much chattering and grumbling ensued, but at last, after a whispered consultation, they agreed not to injure him, provided he would promise implicitly to obey their directions,—a condition to which he gladly assented, in the unconsciousness that they were simply giving him a respite in order to prepare for him a more certain and dreadful doom.

"Say what I say!" was the first direction, delivered in a voice like the croak of a crow when he is driven out of a cornfield.

"Away I go!" said the first witch.

"Away I go!" repeated the other.

"Away I go!" quavered Levin.

The words launched them upon a flight which lasted two hours, and carried them

over miles of territory. At last, when directly above a small town, the houses and streets of which were enshrouded in darkness, the commander of the expedition cried, "I pitch!"

"I pitch!" croaked the second.

"I pitch!" said Levin.

This was the signal for immediate descent, and, on reaching the ground, they found themselves in a narrow street fronted on either side by stores. Before the door of the largest of these the trio halted, and the witch who took the precedence said, "Through I go!"

Her attendants repeated the words, and the little company, without further ado, passed through the keyhole into the interior of the shop, which proved to be a grocery. The witches, with great freedom, began to appropriate the goods temptingly displayed on shelves and counters; but not until one of them had conducted Levin to the rear of the store, and there indicated to him a certain barrel, from which a seductive odor seemed to proceed.

When the negro, shaking off the influence of the liquor which the barrel was found to contain, struggled back to consciousness, it was broad daylight, the witches had disappeared, the store was full of men, and an officer appeared who hurried him off to jail.

Now the malicious design of the witches was developed. When, after an interval of several days, Levin was taken to the courtroom, the indictment laid against him was, not for burglary, but for murder. A man had been done to death on the highway, and several witnesses appeared who identified Levin as a strange negro who had been lurking about that particular locality. Bloodstains were found on his clothes, and other incriminating evidence was not lacking. It was in vain that he protested his innocence. The story of his midnight adventure only served to deepen the suspicions of his judges, and in the slow process of law he was finally found guilty and condemned to death.

He lingered in jail for several months, but the fatal morning at last arrived, and, in solemn procession, he was taken to the place of execution. Then, just as the sheriff was advancing to adjust the noose about his neck, an old woman scrambled upon the scaffold and begged the privilege of a word with the

prisoner. The request was granted, and the woman, who was no less a personage than the first witch, whispered something in the negro's ear. It was, "Do what I do! Say what I say!"

Stepping to the edge of the platform, she said aloud, "Up I go!" And up she went, to the intense astonishment of the officers and spectators. The rope dropped from the sheriff's hand, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, Levin took a step forward, and cried, "Up I go!" And up he went. The witch-wings were still on his shoulders, though until this moment it had never occurred to him that they might be made available as means of escape. Now, imitating his rescuer, he sailed in three great circles above the heads of the gaping crowd below, and then, having taken their bearings, witch and negro left the ill-omened town and ghastly scaffold behind them at a speed which rendered pursuit impracticable, and the flight terminated only at the door of the negro's own cabin.

At the time when, with many digressions and repetitions, Levin narrated to us this story, his faith in jay birds was profound, and he emphatically declared that those invisible and impalpable wings were even then attached to his shoulders.

— Boz was the doctor's dog;
Boz and Don.

Don was the rector's. The one, a little, yellow, shaggy, short-legged terrier, was an imp of mischief. The other, a full-blooded Newfoundland, was sedate, dignified, and well bred. Though in character so diverse, in friendship they were one. I have never seen between men a companionship more close or an attachment more sincere than that which existed between these four-footed friends.

Both had passed the years of puppyhood before they met. The acquaintance began on the day the rector came to the little village of M——, to reside next door to the doctor, who lived in the shadow of the elms of the village rectory. Up to that hour, the reserved and handsome Don had looked upon the smaller individuals of his kind with the half-contemptuous, half-pitying, and wholly careless feeling which dignity so often experiences in the presence of triviality. By what subtle law the opposing natures of Don and Boz were reconciled let philosophers decide. From the first meeting of inquiring muzzles friendship was de-

monstrated by a violent wagging of tails ; and until death parted them, each was the sworn bondsman of the other.

I shall never forget the scene of the introduction of Don by Boz into the doctor's family circle, — the rapture expressed by the marvelous contortions of the little yellow body, the violent leaps, the short, sharp barks with which he showed his delight when his really noble companion was approved with friendly pats by the elders, and fond embraces by the children. It was a display of frantic joy of which only a small dog is capable. After that introduction, Don became, by virtue of his intimacy with Boz, more truly an inmate of the doctor's house than of the rector's.

I am quite sure that the worthy rector looked with displeasure on the intimacy of the two dogs. Nor was it surprising that he did. A childless man, to him the grave and gentle Don — and let not this be thought a reflection upon the good man — stood in some sort in the place of that which Heaven had denied to him. He had bestowed more care upon the animal than many a parent gives to his son. His careful training had met its reward. The intelligence of Don was such that it was necessary only to point out a fault in a tone of reproof to insure its future avoidance. With him, actually, to hear was to obey, and a dog of habits more in harmony with the peace and virtuous quiet of a village rectory than those of Don never existed. Was it strange, then, that the man of God should look with apprehension upon the boon companionship of the subject of so many pious labors with a little ragamuffin of a terrier, whose reputation for peace and sobriety was none too good in the neighborhood ? Alas, his fears had ample grounds. Evil communications will corrupt the good manners of dogs as well as of men. Not that Boz was evil, — I will not let that reflection lie upon the memory of the little loyal "heart of oak," — but in his diminutive body there was a restless and ambitious spirit which led him into adventures not always to his credit ; and in these not quite respectable demonstrations of spirit Don came in time to share, to the grief of the good rector. It is best to pass by these indiscretions. Suffice it to say that no enemy of Boz, on four feet or two, counting upon superior size to gain an advantage, was per-

mitted by Don to do so. Nor was the devoted Don particular to inquire with whom the right in the quarrel lay. Even the rector, in his regret over Don's lapses from virtue, was compelled to admit that there was a spirit of chivalry in the Newfoundland which apologized for his conduct.

The companionship of the dogs would have been unbroken had it not been for a sense of duty which compelled Boz to accompany the doctor on his professional rides into the country. I imagine, from the sequel of their long intimacy, that Boz must have impressed upon Don the importance of these rides, by way, perhaps, of excuse for his occasional desertions. Don used to watch his friend's departure at such times with an approving wave of his bushy tail, but he never sought to go with him.

It was a tragedy which parted Boz and Don. One night the former accompanied a member of the doctor's family to the railway station to meet a late train. Curiosity, proverbially fatal, especially to cats, led the terrier on an exploring trip under the cars. The little fellow was rescued alive, but cruelly mangled, — so cruelly that it became necessary to end his agonies with a bullet. The children, who had loved him and whom he had loved, sorrowfully placed his body in a box, and buried it in a little court at the rear of their home. A mound was heaped over the grave, and a stone placed at its head.

Of all this Don was ignorant. How he became aware of what had happened never will be known. The next morning he was found lying by the small grave, his handsome head resting upon his outstretched paws. Evidently he had found the spot in the night-time. All that day he lay near the mound, refusing to leave it even under the influence of hunger. Grief was never more pathetically expressed. Let philosophy say what it will about the difference between "animal instinct" and the operations of the human mind, I never did and I never will believe there is any difference except one of degree. I am convinced that, during that melancholy vigil, Don recalled the virtues of his dead friend just as men do under similar circumstances. I think he must have dwelt upon the pride which the terrier took in accompanying his master on his drives, and the sense of importance which he attached to the duty, so

that he himself formed the resolve to do the one thing by which he could testify most clearly of the love he bore the dead. For when at last Don left the grave of Boz it was to take the place of his friend by the doctor's carriage, and to go with the master of Boz for the first time into the country. Thenceforth, as long as the rector remained in charge of the parish, Don religiously performed the duty which Boz had laid down.

Once or twice the rector tried to break up the practice, but love was stronger than duty. As a result of these attempts, Don gave evidence for the first and only time of a spirit of deceit. Being one day in the doctor's barn, ready to start upon a journey, Don heard the rector's summoning whistle. Bounding over the fence, he ran to his master. The rector reproved him for leaving his home to follow the doctor, and, forbidding him to do so again, threatened to punish him if the command should be disobeyed. The next day, the rector, injunction, duty, — all were forgotten. Again, as he was about to start with the doctor, Don heard the rector's whistle. All animation a moment before, he now hung his head and crept silently from the barn. Instead of leaping over the fence into the rector's yard, as he had done the day before, he crawled through the doctor's yard to the rear of the rectory barn, and, entering it by a back door, came bounding out to the rector, uttering falsehoods with every wave of his tail.

Poor lovable and loving Don! He fell a victim, in after years and in another village, to the insensate fear of hydrophobia, and a dose of poison secretly administered by a coward. If there be a heaven for dogs, as I, with every lover of dogs, hope, I am sure that the broken intimacy with Boz was there renewed, to the everlasting joy of both.

A Descendant of Clovis. — A genealogical tree with its known roots in the fifth century of our era, and its branches still green in the nineteenth, is assuredly of more than family interest. To clear away the obscuring detritus and undergrowth of the ages from one such historic trunk was almost the last work of the regretted Lucien Faucon, who died in late November of 1894, when he was scarcely thirty-three years old. He was already director of the most curious of

Paris museums, — and the one least known to tourists, — installed in the Hôtel Carnavalet, which stands as it came from the hands of the Renaissance architects and decorators in the service of a noble Breton family. Here Madame de Sévigné lived and wrote immortal letters for the twenty years preceding her death; and here, amid the relics of the history of Paris, to which the museum is devoted, the young director ferreted out the secrets of the past for his periodical, *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux*.

The favored descendant of so many known ancestors (for all of us go back through the unknown in generations without number) is Count Albert de Mun. To the political world he is known as the most eloquent of French parliamentary orators since Gambetta. He was the first of the born Royalists to "rally" to the republic at the Pope's bidding, and he has long been giving all his eloquence and labor to the formation of a Catholic workingmen's party. He is personally acceptable even to the Socialists, toward whose doctrines he inclines in more ways than one. They will not take offense at his doubly royal descent, of which, I suspect, he himself had but a vague tradition until the recent publication. The literary world is sure to look on him with sympathetic interest because of his mother, Charlotte Ferron de la Ferronnays, sister of the Olga whom the third sister, Pauline (the late Mrs. Augustus Craven), has enshrined in all hearts by her *Récit d'une Sœur*.

It is with the Muns that our genealogy of fourteen hundred years has to do. There is no difficulty in following them back through the eighteenth-century marquis and the governor of Toulouse, who was married in 1606, to the time of America's discovery, when the head of the house was still in his *seigneurie* of Mun, close to Bigorre and its summer resorts in the Pyrenees. Here, in 1488, Omer de Mun married Florette, of the blood of the Montlezuns, whose backward fortunes we must now follow. Her ancestor, five generations back in 1309, was Bernard, a younger son of one of the Comtes de Pardiac, who themselves reach up, in the year 1025, to the third son of that Comte d'Astarac who had his portion of territory as son of the Count of Gascony. All these are good Gascon names, from that border-

land into which the Moors had more than once driven the remnant of the Goths and Basques of Spain.

Before the year 1000, the Counts of Gascony, lording it over a good part of what is now France, from the Bay of Biscay to Languedoc, numbered many a Garcia and Sanchez and Lupus. Charlemagne was of opinion that Loup II. was a veritable wolf, and so, in 778, ordered him to be hanged to a tree, — which, if it proves anything, goes to show the truth of the old saying, that all family lines can be traced back to the hangman's knot.

It is more than probable, however, that the mighty Emperor of the West was on this occasion no better than an interested judge in his own cause. The Duke of Gascony, as he was then called, was in fact the last of the Merovingians, whose family had been dethroned by Pepin the Short, Charlemagne's grandfather; and it was Loup II.'s grandfather, Waifre, who lost all Aquitaine by fighting against Pepin and the French Revolution of his day. It is a curious though somewhat far-away revenge brought in by the whirligig of time that just as Leo III. then sanctioned the *fait accompli* and the new *régime* by crowning Charlemagne (on Christmas Day, 800) to the prejudice of the Gascon chiefs, so now, nearly eleven hundred years later, Leo XIII. sanctions the overthrow of the legal heirs of Charlemagne by encouraging the adherence to the republic of Adela of Gascony's latest descendant.

Waifre, Adela's husband, was the great-great-grandson of Caribert, king of Aquitaine, and second son of Clotaire II., who was king of all France, and brother of the good King Dagobert himself. But he was also son of the wicked queen Fredegonde, who had his father Chilperic assassinated after setting him against his brothers Gontran

and Sigebert, the latter the husband of her famous rival, Brunehaut. It is, perhaps, an additional virtue of the latter-day republic that although woman's rights may in the end prevail in it, yet the single-handed energies of evil women can no longer upset the whole land, as they did from this first race of the French monarchs down to the latest Bourbons and Bonapartes.

The three brothers were the grandsons of the great Clovis, with whom this genealogy of a Christian gentleman of France might properly and gloriously end. Clovis, as he was the first Christian, was also the first of the Frankish chiefs to reign in that France to which they left its lasting name. It was in 794 that he drove the last Romans from Gaul; they too had by this time received a barbarian for their emperor in the person of the Goth Theodoric. Clovis's own pagan grandfather, Merovæus, after whom this whole line of kings was called, headed his savage tribes in the Belgian marshes round Tournay, whence they made their raids on the Saxons and Germans of the lower Rhine. These rivalries and enmities of race have remained through all the centuries until now.

This truly royal and French ancestry of the Count de Mun, which surpasses that of the Bourbons, who do not go back even to Charlemagne, is strengthened by his being also, like them, a lineal descendant of King Louis XII. This is through his paternal grandmother, by the historic families of Ursel and Salm, by the Guises, and by Tasso's protectors, the Estes of Ferrara. René of France, who married Hercules d'Este, was supposed to have carried Calvinism into Italy. The Russian Orthodox ancestry of her Catholic descendant is known from Mrs. Craven's story. In a very literal sense, there can be few to an equal degree "heir of all the ages."

